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TWO HUNDRED ENGLISH SONGS
OF THE
GEORGIAN PERIOD.

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III

ENGLISH SONGS

OF THE GEORGIAN PERIOD.

A Collection of 200 Songs

EDITED AND ARRANGED WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS

BY

ALFRED MOFFAT.

SUPPLEMENTED WITH HISTORICAL NOTES

BY

FRANK KIDSON.

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M76E5

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PREFACE.

IN the few words of introduction to our previous volume we ventured to intimate that should the public manifest a desire for a further instalment of bygone English lyrics, a wealth of material still lay untouched.

The rapid sale and the favourable notices, public and private, with which the book has been favoured give flattering and unmistakable proof that the public, like the melancholy Jacques, would cry:

> "More, I
> Prithee, more, I do desire you to sing;
> Come, more; another stanza."

Our publishers have therefore asked us to fulfil the demand.

Dealing in the first volume with Songs from the reign of Elizabeth, and ending with those in vogue during the first years of the third George, we now follow on and finish our selection at about the date 1820, in some few cases overstepping our limits where a song of a slightly removed period has, by its merits, tempted us.

As before, the Songs have been taken from books and single sheet publications in the library of the writer of the historical notes, and it will probably be more apparent even than in our former volume that we have selected mainly those Lyrics which are practically unknown to modern singers.

With the exception of perhaps a dozen of the excellent old favourites, our contents have lain undisturbed in their original repositories, old Song-books and volumes of Sheet music, since the time when their original singers ceased to warble.

It will be noticed that much of our material was originally sung at Vauxhall and other public gardens. This may appear strange to those of the present generation who do not know that these places were the nursery of English Vocal Music, and that no higher stamp of merit could be given to a song than "sung at Vauxhall." Under the guidance of Dr. Arne and James Hook it is certainly not to be wondered at that this was the case, and that the Vauxhall music of their day is sufficiently good to be revived for the delight of audiences who come more than a century or a century and a half after the time of these composers.

Of James Hook's works we have taken very freely, for of all English musicians of his period, for excellent prolificness, we find him hard to beat; he has originality, beauty of melody, and good technical qualities.

Thomas Linley in such compositions as "Still the lark finds repose," reaches high merit indeed, and his musicianly qualities are good. Storace, Shield, Dibdin, and Reeve still hold position, and are well represented in our work. We have in it attempted to give a selection which shall comprise the best specimens of English Vocal Music from 1760 to 1820. In nearly every instance the Song has been directly arranged (with due regard to the composer's own bass) from the sheet on which it was first issued. Where this source has failed, we have turned to contemporary collections, and in each case made comparisons with all available copies. In some instances we have been obliged to abbreviate Songs to bring them into the space at our disposal.

In regard to the historical notes, the compiler of them has spared no pains to make each as full of facts respecting the song dealt with as possible.

FRANK KIDSON.
ALFRED MOFFAT.

INDEX OF TITLES AND FIRST LINES.

To facilitate reference, titles and first lines commencing with "A" and "The" are indexed according to the next succeeding word.

PAGE
Absence :—a Pastoral, 278
Ah ! Could You possibly Know, 234
Ah Me ! I am Lost, 122
Ah, once when I was a Very Little Maid, 26
Ah, Well a-day ! 207
Ah, Well a-day, My Poor Heart ! 111
Ah, Whither, My Mary, 278
Aid a Sailor, kind sirs, 256
All will Hail the Joyous Day, 138
All who of Britons Bear the Name, 98
All Ye who would Wish to Succeed with a Lass, 96
Amanda's Fair by all Confessed, 317
Amo Amas, I Love a Lass, 206
An old Maid had, 146
Arethusa, The 66
Army and Navy of Britain, The 56
As 'cross the Fields, 134
As I was a-walking, 136
As Sure as a Gun, 96
Assist Me every, 332

Bay of Biscay, The 327
Be quick, for I'm in haste, 134
Bee, The 290
Beggar Girl, The 248
Ben Block the Veteran, 218
Betty Brown, 232
Billet-Doux, The 240
Billet Doux, oh, did'st thou bear, The 240
Blackbird, The 262
Blithest Bird that sings, The 207
Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind, 270
Bold Jack the Sailor, 22
Bonny Sailor, The 296
Breeze was fresh, The 200
Bright Chanticleer proclaims the Dawn, 17
Britannia's Sons, 284
Broom bloomed so fresh, The 250
By and by, 328
By dimpled Brook, 5
By t'side of a Brig, 24

Captain with the smart Cockade, The 50
Care flies from the Lad that is merry, 242
Carolan, Air by 338
Celia's Invitation, 252
Cherries and Plums, 23
Cheerly, my Hearts of courage true, 150
Chit-Chat, 8
Cloe proves false, 308
Colin's success, 282
Come all you lads, 171
Come all ye jolly sailors bold, 66
Come, buy of Poor Mary, 131
Come buy, pretty Maidens, 95
Come buy ! who'll buy ? 286
Come, come my good shepherd, 59
Come hither, my Country Squire, 213
Come, who'll buy Primroses, 131
Contented Fellow, The 254
Contented am I, 254
Convivials, The 121
Cuckoo, The 142

Darby Kelly, 180
Dilly dally, shilly shally, 62
Disabled Seaman, The 256
Disconsolate Sailor, The 259
Don't you remember a poor Peasant's Daughter, 258
Down in a Valley, 258

PAGE
Earth is Clothed in Cheerful Green, The 252
Easy and gay, 54
Echoing Horn, The 302
Exact to appointment, 192
Enrolled in our bright annals, 260

Fair Rosalie, 30
Fairest of the Virgin Train, 214
Fairy, The ; a Midnight Madrigal, 214
False Phillis, 192
Fife and Drum sound Merrily, The 92
Fight off Camperdown, The 260
Flitch of bacon, The 60
Flora's holiday, 171
For England when with favouring Gale, 184
Forecastle sailor, The 14
Free from noise, free from strife, 310
Free from the bustle, care and strife, 81
Freedom's contribution, 98
From aloft the Sailor looks, 334
From the white blossomed sloe, 246

Gaffer Gray, 281
Gentry to the "King's Head" go, The 333
Gipsy hat, The 148
Girl I left behind me, The 104
Girl of the Seasons, The 285
Give ear to me, 156
Great Britain is the noblest Land, 132
Ground Ivy, 95
Guy Fawkes ; or, It might have been, 74

Happy hours, all hours excelling, 58
Happy man, The 58
Hark ! when the Trumpet now calls, 204
He piped so sweet, 236
Heaving of the lead, The 184
Here a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling, 288
Ho ! why dost thou shiver and shake, 281
Homeward bound, 158
Hounds are all Out, The 245
How blest are we Seamen, 220
How happy a state does the Miller possess, 190
How little do the Landsmen know, 70
How stands the Glass around, 86
How sweet are the flowers, 164
Humming all the trade is, 279
Hunting the hare, 253

I am a brisk and sprightly Lad, 137
I am a cheerful Fellow, 216
I cannot help thinking, 178
I looked and I sighed, 294
I love the Man, 157
I must try another, 318
I sailed in the good ship, the Kitty, 16
I sigh for a maid, 148
I sing a doleful tragedy, 74
I'd wed if I were not too young, 82
I'll be the Squire's bride, 304
I'm a jolly roving tar 88
I'm lonesome since I crossed the Hills, 102
I'm the girl of the Seasons, 285
I've got a little Farm, 272
I've sailed round the World, 320
If you would, so would not I, 239
If your Lovers, Maids, forsake you, 239
In every Port a Wife, 22
In Holiday Gown, 82
In lonely cot by Humberside, 144

PAGE
In pursuit of some lambs, 71
In pursuit of a lass, 232
In storms when clouds obscure the sky, 160
In the world's crooked path, 90

Jack at Greenwich, 20
Jack's gratitude, 320
January, 112
Jessie, 280
John Bull for pastime took a prance, 314

Kitty Fell, 114

Labour in Vain, 71
Lack-a-day, O ! 68
Lad with the Carroty Poll, The 154
Landlord he looks very Big, The 110
Lashed to the Helm, 160
Lass of Humberside, The 144
Lass of Richmond Hill, The 64
Lass that loves a Sailor, The 40
Law, Physic and Divinity, 124
Lay that sullen garland by, 306
Let Gay Ones and Great, 48
Let's Drink and Sing, my Brother Soldiers Bold, 324
Let my Fair One, 326
Let's Seek the Bower of Robin Hood, 168
Lira, lira, la, 322
Little Bess, the Ballad Singer, 298
Little blithesome merry lass, A 328
Little Mary of the Dee, 272
Little Sally's Wooden Ware, 286
Little Thinks the Townsman's Wife, 322
Little Waste, The 216
Live-long Day Forlorn I go, The 336
Loose every sail to the breeze, 158
Lotharia, 244
Loud roared the dreadful thunder, 327
Love and Music, 208
Love's Bacchanal, 306
Lullaby, 97

Marriage Day, The 76
Mid Watch, The 330
Modern Beau, The 213
Moon on the Ocean, The 40
Mounseer Nong Tong Paw, 314
Mountain Maid, A 62
My Banks they are Furnished with Bees, 312
My Betsy is the Blithest Maid, 152
My Bonny Sailor, 296
My Daddy was gone to the Market, two mile, 46
My grandsire beat a drum so neat, 180
My heart with Love is Beating, 264
My name's, d'ye see, Tom Tough, 222
My Phillida, Adieu ! 167
Myrtilla, 202

Nan of Gloster Green, 140
Nancy Gay, 182
Nanny of the Hill, 332
Ned that Died at Sea, 156
Never say No, when you wish to say Yes, 178
Never till now Knew I Love's smart 72
No sooner entered in my teens, 304
Nobody Coming to Marry Me, 106
North Country Lass, The 276
Now the sun is in the West, 142

Oh dear, oh dear, good gentlefolks, 154
Oh ! Dear, what can the Matter be, 212
O good Ale, thou art my Darling, 110
O where are you going, sweet Robin, 44
Oh, who so like my Johnny, 203
Odds, bobs ! What a time, 274
O'er barren hills, 210
Of all the girls I ever saw, 182
Old Commodore, The 274
Old England's a Lion, 115
Old Towler, 17
On Entick's green meadows, 50
On every Tree, in every Plain, 188
On Richmond Hill there lives a lass, 64
On that lone bank, 30
On the Banks of Allan Water, 176
One evening young Lucy, 323
Once Tired of Life, 299
Once, Twice, Thrice, 118
Our Country is our Ship, 102
Over the mountain, 248

PAGE
Peaceful Slumbering on the Ocean, 97
Peggy Wynne, 105
Phillis, talk no more of Passion, 49
Pigeon, The 94
Pleasant Old Age, 157
Ploughman's Ditty, The 177
Poets, in Conscience, The 105
Poor Soul sat sighing, A 233
Post Captain, The 162
Pretty little Damsels, how they chat, 8
Pride of all Nature was sweet Willy, O, The 174
Princess Royal, The 338
Prithee, Sally, speak, 318

Quaker's Song, The 4

Ramchoondra, 146
Reproach, The 49
Retort, The 309
Rural Life, 310

Say, will you leave, 140
See my fair, 112
She Lives in the Valley below, 250
Sheepshearing ballad, A 52
Silent Lover, The 294
Since Dick and Nell, 60
Since Fashion's all, 28
Sing Hey ho, Ne'er say No, 323
Slighted Swain, The 308
Smile from the Girl of my Heart, A 90
Smuggler, The 228
Spinning Wheel, The 32
Still the Lark finds Repose, 1
Sure Sally is the Loveliest Lass, 73
Sweet Bird, whose Heav'nly Native Strain, 238
Sweet Lillies of the Valley, 210
Sweet Mog, the Brunette, 230
Sweet Passion of Love, 172
Sweet Patty, 84
Sweet Poll of Plymouth, 78
Sweet Robin, 44
Sweet Robinette, 268
Sweet Tally-ho, 196
Sweet Willy, O 174

Taverns' Song, The 333
Then Farewell ! my Trim-built Wherry, 292
There was a Fair Maiden, 276
This cold flinty Heart, 172
Tho' Chloe's out of fashion, 34
Thorn, The 246
Three Rosy-faced Topers, 124
Ti, tum, ti (The Quaker's Song), 4
Timothy, 136
'Tis Love that makes all Nature gay, 208
To be Bold in her Cause, 56
To Ease his heart, 32
To Heal the Wound a Bee had Made, 194
To Heal the Smart a Bee had Made, (*Another Setting*), 290
To Hug yourself in perfect Ease, 321
To the Nightingale, 238
To the Voice of a Friend, 121
To the Winds, 111
To Woo me and Win me, 282
Token, The 200
Tom Bowling, 288
Tom Starboard, 80
Tom Steady, 108
True Happiness, 321
'Twas near a Thicket's calm retreat, 170
'Twas on a bank of Daisies sweet, 262
'Twas on the Twenty-first of June, 76
'Twas one Morn, 228
Two Bunches a Penny Primroses 198

Under the Greenwood Tree, 10

Vainly now ye strive to charm me, 244

Was ever Nymph like Rosamond? 126
Water Parted from the Sea, 100
Way to keep him, The 215
We Soldiers Drink, 130
We Tars are all for Fun, 20
Weel may the Keel Row, 203
Well-a-day ! Lack-a-day ! 122
Well, go your ways, 266
What Sport can compare, 253
What's sweeter than the new-blown Rose, 36
When dress as of old, 68

PAGE
When first a babe, 298
When forced from dear Hebe to go, 186
When I was a smart young Lass, 106
When I was a young One, 266
When Molly Smiles beneath her cow, 177
When my Money was gone, 259
When Nature first, 198
When Patty Wanders, 84
When Phœbus begins just to Peep, 38
When Rival lads, 236
When Steerwell heard me first Impart, 162
When the Heart is at Ease, 164
When the Morning Peeps Forth, 224
When 'tis Night, 330
When with Jessie, 280
While Beaux, 114
While high the Foaming Surges rise, 120
While Phillis refuses my Love to Requite, 54
Whip Club, The 28

PAGE
Why Tarries my Love? 94
Wife in Masquerade, The 299
Willow, The 233
Wind blew a Blast from the Northward, The 14
With a Cheerful Old Friend, 269
With a Merry Tale, 279
With Hounds and Horn, 196

Ye Cheerful Virgins, 202
Ye Fair from Man's, 309
Ye Fair, possest of ev'ry Charm, 215
Yea. I, fell in the Fit of Love, 4
Yo, Heave Ho! 222
Yorkshire Man, The 24
Young Jockey he Courted Sweet Moggy so Fair, 175
Young Jockey he Courted Sweet Mog the Brunette, 230
Young Lobski's Fishing Tale, 316
Young Lobski said to his Ugly Wife, 316
Young Lubin was a Shepherd boy, 42

INDEX OF COMPOSERS.

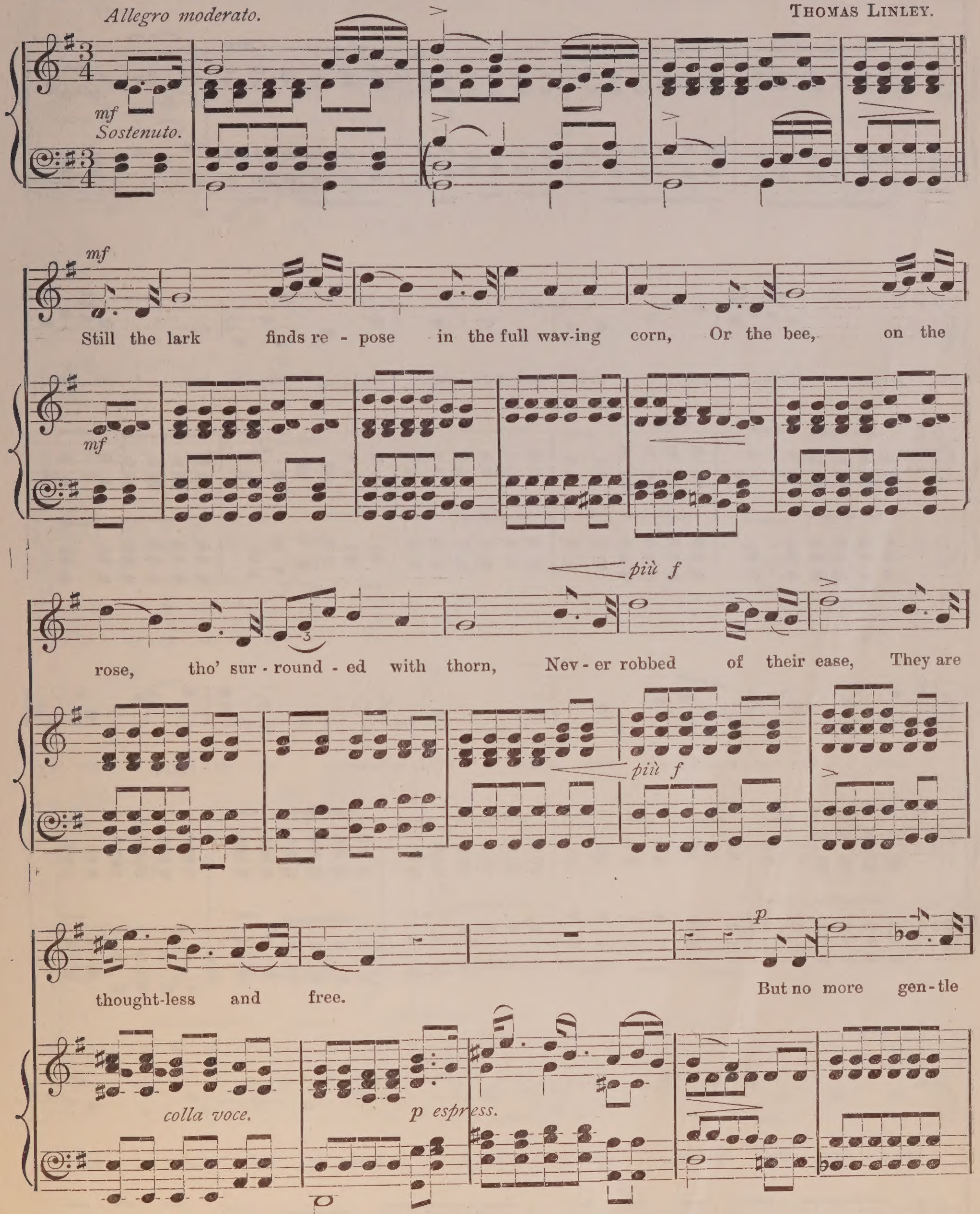
PAGE
ARNE, THOMAS AUGUSTINE, 5, 10, 73, 96, 100, 126
164, 186, 215, 244, 266, 270, 302, 309, 312
ARNE, MICHAEL 52, 78, 158, 172, 242, 310
ARNOLD, SAMUEL 204, 286, 322
ATTWOOD, THOMAS 26
BAILDON, JOSEPH 48
BLEWITT, JONAS 144
BOYCE, WILLIAM 34, 294
CAREY, HENRY 213, 245, 269
CARSON, MARGARET 142
CHANDLER, J. W. 248
COLLETT, JOHN 81
COLLINS, 218
COOKE, T. S. 44
DAVY, J. 228, 327
DIBDIN, CHARLES 16, 20, 22, 23, 40, 98, 156, 174
200, 222, 230, 276, 288, 292, 314, 320
DIEUPART, 321
DIGNUM, CHARLES 30, 256, 260
GEARY, T. A. 14
HOLCOMB, HENRY 58
HOOK, JAMES 50, 60, 62, 64, 68, 84, 112, 118, 148, 160
178, 198, 210, 216, 224, 233, 236, 250
259, 262, 268, 278, 296, 304, 318, 328
HOWARD, SAMUEL 202

PAGE
KING, M. P. 108
KNIGHT, E. 154
KIRSHAW, GEORGE 152
LINLEY, THOMAS 1, 42, 92, 150, 234, 330, 336
LINLEY, THOMAS, Jun., 188, 194
MAZZINGHI, J. 80, 299, 316
MELLISH, MISS 167
MONRO, GEORGE 49
MOULDS, JOHN 95, 131, 170
NEWTON, JAMES 36
PARRY, JOHN 272
POPELY, 124
REEVE, WILLIAM 4, 24, 28, 88, 146, 274, 279, 284
REMY, F. 121
SANDERSON, JAMES 76, 285
SHIELD, WILLIAM 17, 56, 90, 111, 115, 132
162, 168, 184, 240, 246, 264
SOUTHWELL, F. W. 8
STORACE, STEPHEN 97, 102, 122, 138, 258, 334
WHITAKER, JOHN 180
WICKS, GEORGE 82
WORGAN, Dr. 232, 238
WYNNE, JOHN 157. 208, 306
YOUNG, ANTHONY 333

Still the Lark finds Repose.

MARK LONSDALE.

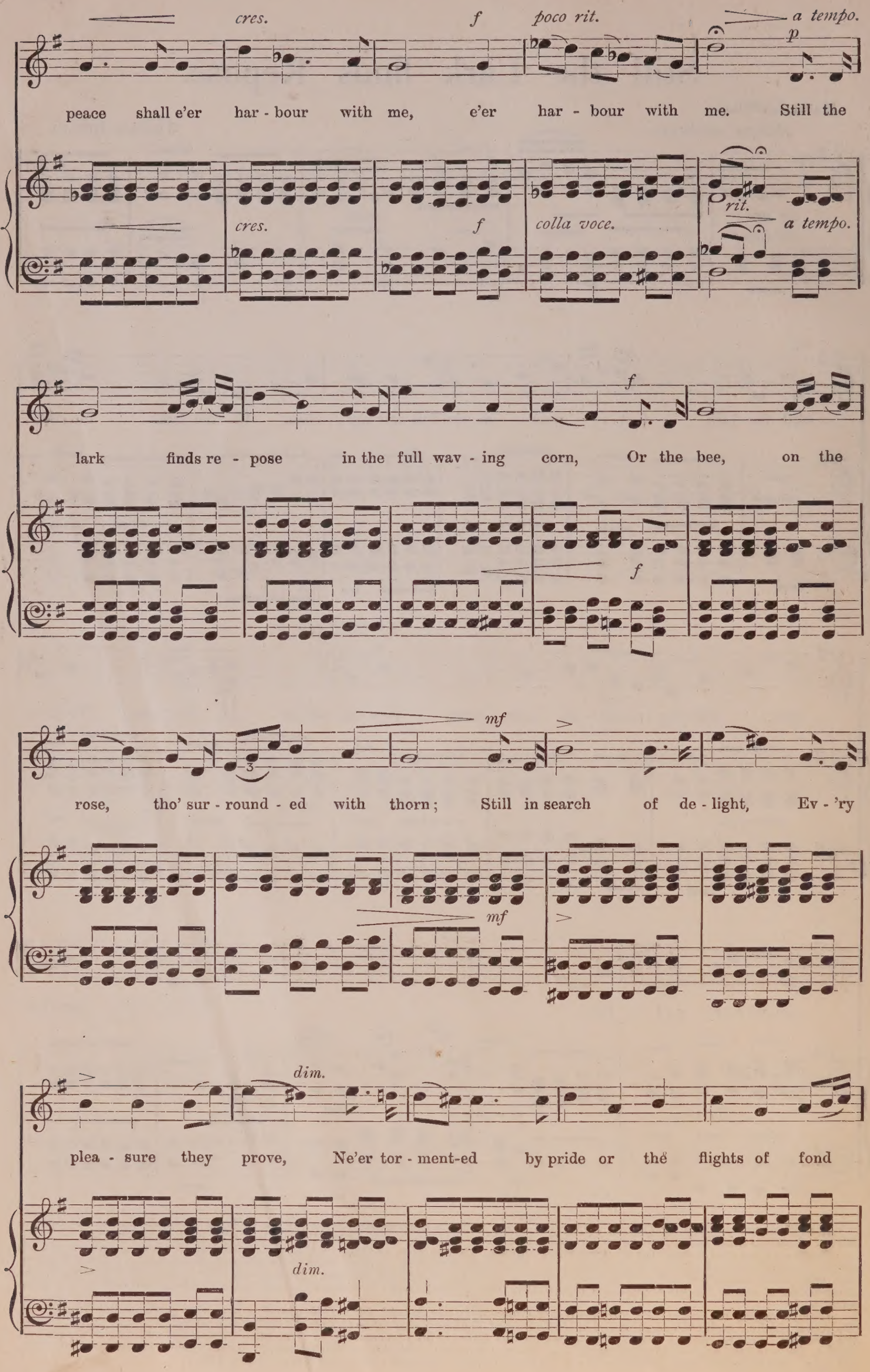
THOMAS LINLEY.

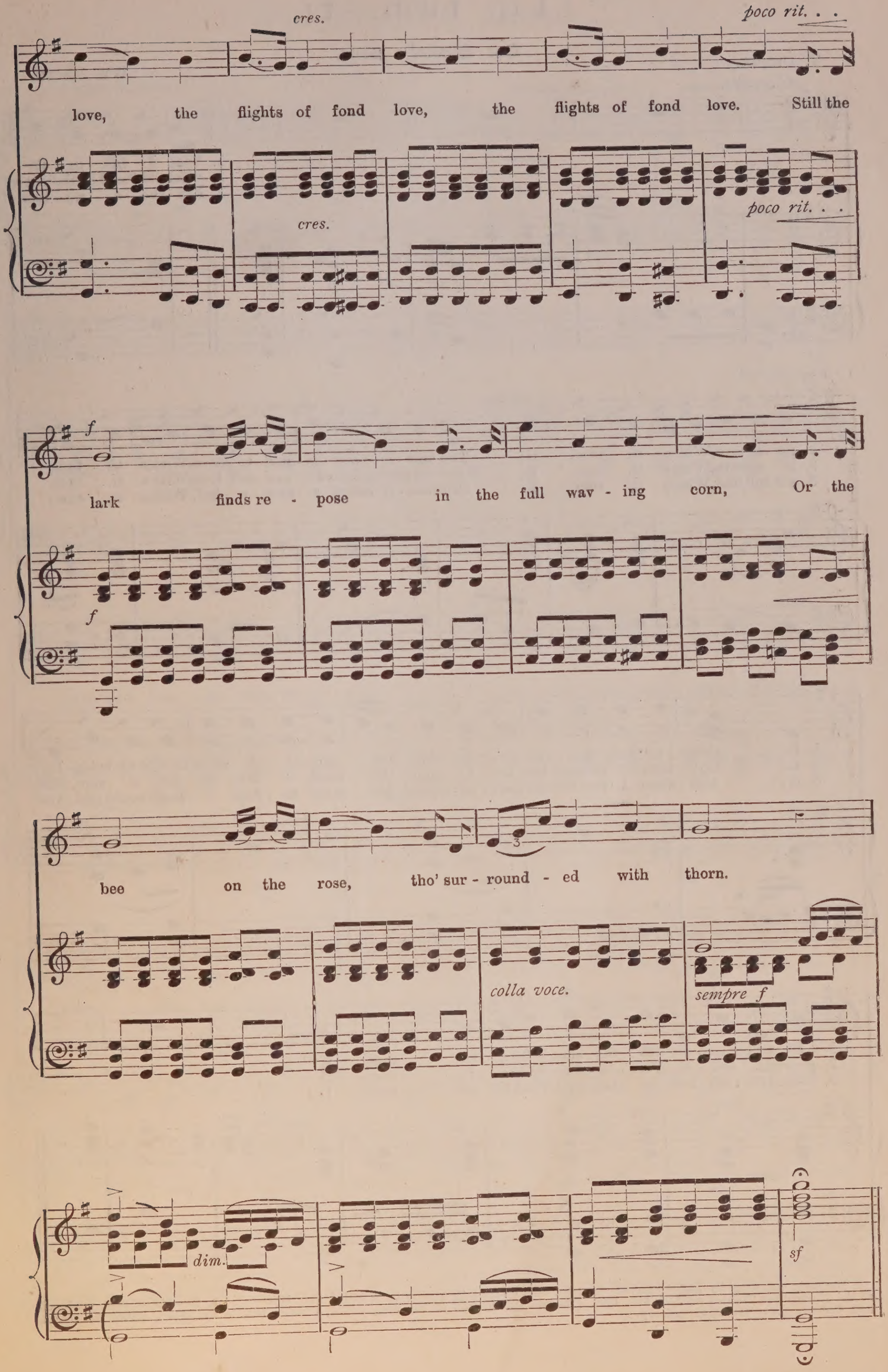

Allegro moderato.
mf
Sostenuto.
mf
Still the lark finds re - pose in the full wav-ing corn, Or the bee, on the
mf
rose, tho' sur - round - ed with thorn, Nev - er robbed of their ease, They are
più f
più f
thought-less and free. But no more gen-tle
p
colla voce.
p espress.

A brilliant composition by Thomas Linley the elder, used in a little musical farce written by Mark Lonsdale, named *The Spanish Rivals*. This was acted at Drury Lane on November 5th, 1784. The song was sung by Miss Phillips, afterwards Mrs. Crouch.

Thomas Linley was a musician of great thoroughness. He was born at Bath in 1725, and studied under Thomas Chilcot. In his native city he conducted concerts and oratorios, but his daughter having married Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Linley came to London, and with his son-in-law purchased, in 1776, the principal share in Drury Lane Theatre. He now entirely turned his attention to the composition of operas for his theatre, his compilation, *The Duenna*, having at Covent Garden, in the previous year, achieved a great success.

Linley's operas, *The Camp* (1776), *The Carnival of Venice* (1781), *The Spanish Rivals* (1784), with others, were performed at Drury Lane. We give songs from each of these pieces. The clever sons of Thomas Linley made their mark on English music. Thomas Linley, junior, his youngest son, had already written much, but he was drowned in Lincolnshire, in 1778, when he was but twenty-three. William Linley, the younger son, wrote some glees, and made a valuable collection of Shakespearian music, published in two thin folio volumes. The daughters were all singers of some degree of talent. Thomas Linley, the father, died in 1795.


cres.
f
poco rit.
a tempo.
p
peace shall e'er har - bour with me, e'er har - bour with me. Still the
cres.
f
colla voce.
rit.
a tempo.
lark finds re - pose in the full wav - ing corn, Or the bee, on the
f
f
rose, tho' sur - round - ed with thorn; Still in search of de - light, Ev - 'ry
3
mf
mf
plea - sure they prove, Ne'er tor - ment-ed by pride or the flights of fond
dim.
dim.

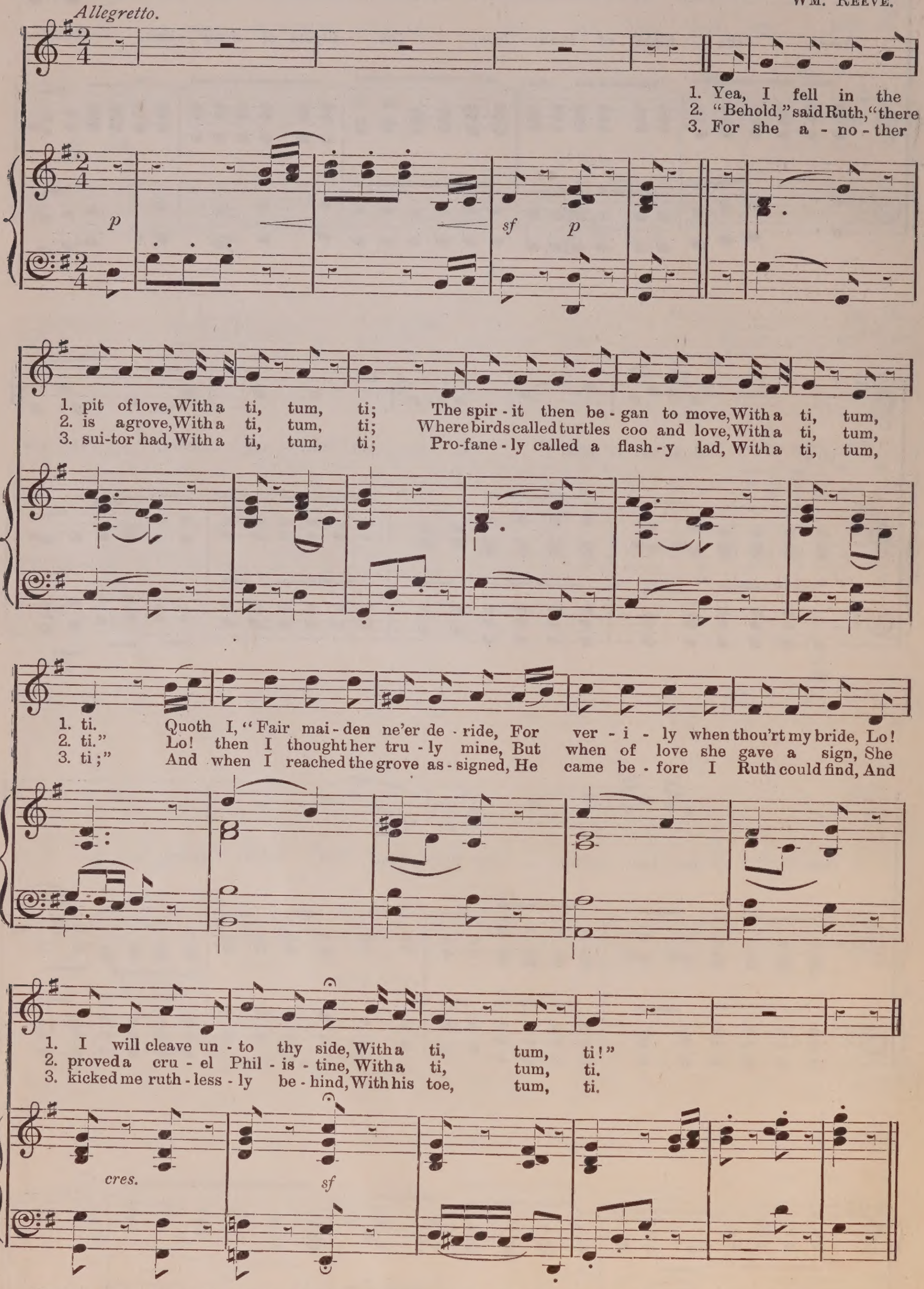

cres.
poco rit. . .
love, the flights of fond love, the flights of fond love. Still the
cres.
poco rit. . .
f
lark finds re - pose in the full wav - ing corn, Or the
f
bee on the rose, tho' sur - round - ed with thorn.
3
colla voce.
sempre f
dim.
sf

Ti, tum, ti.

The Quaker's Song.

T. DIBDIN.

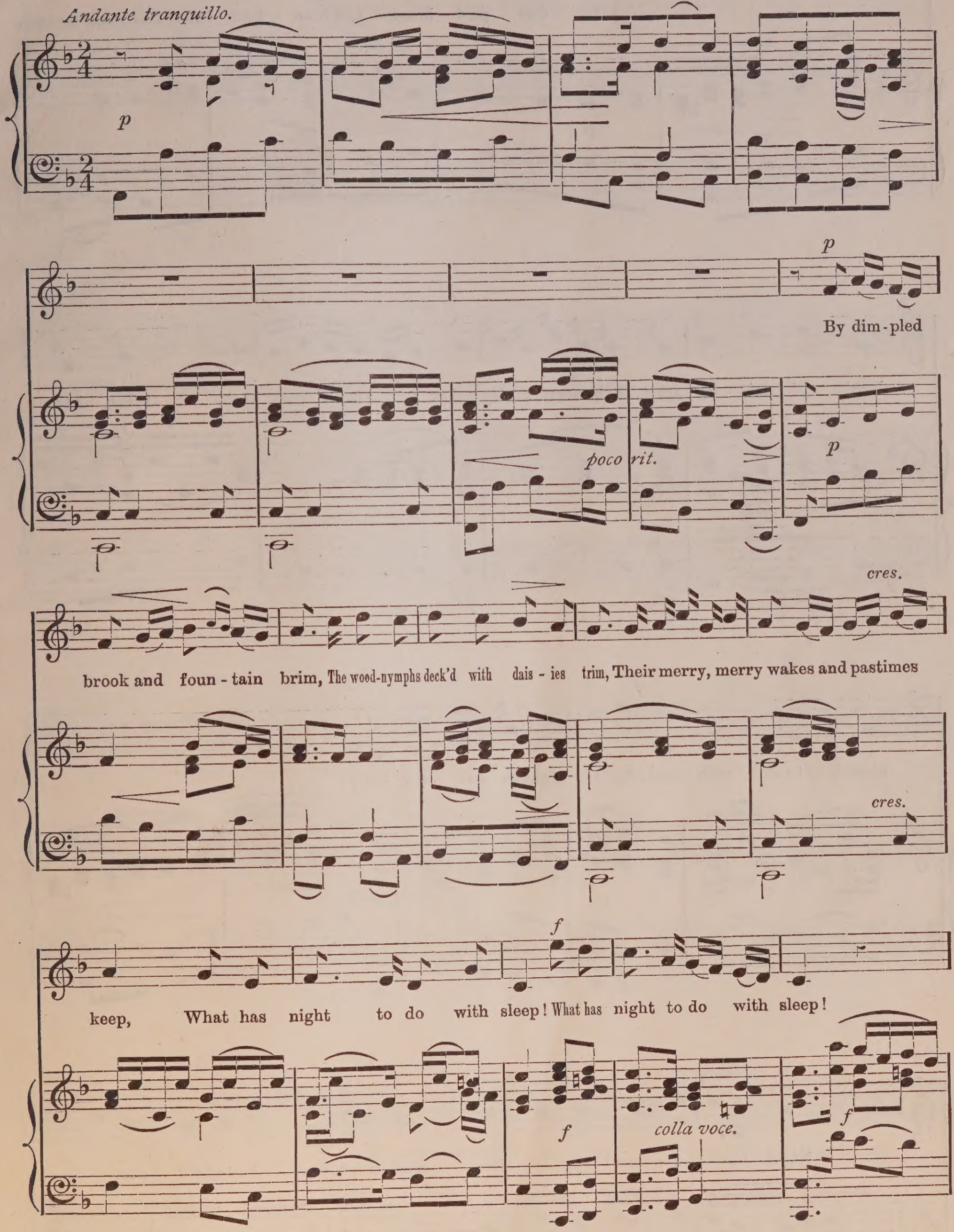
WM. REEVE.


Allegretto.
1. Yea, I fell in the pit of love, With a ti, tum, ti; The spir - it then be - gan to move, With a ti, tum, ti. Quoth I, "Fair mai - den ne'er de - ride, For ver - i - ly when thou'rt my bride, Lo! I will cleave un - to thy side, With a ti, tum, ti!"
2. "Behold," said Ruth, "there is a grove, With a ti, tum, ti; Where birds called turtles coo and love, With a ti, tum, ti." Lo! then I thought her tru - ly mine, But when of love she gave a sign, She proved a cru - el Phil - is - tine, With a ti, tum, ti.
3. For she a - no - ther sui - tor had, With a ti, tum, ti; Pro - fane - ly called a flash - y lad, With a ti, tum, ti; And when I reached the grove as - signed, He came be - fore I Ruth could find, And kicked me ruth - less - ly be - hind, With his toe, tum, ti.
p
sf
p
cres.
sf

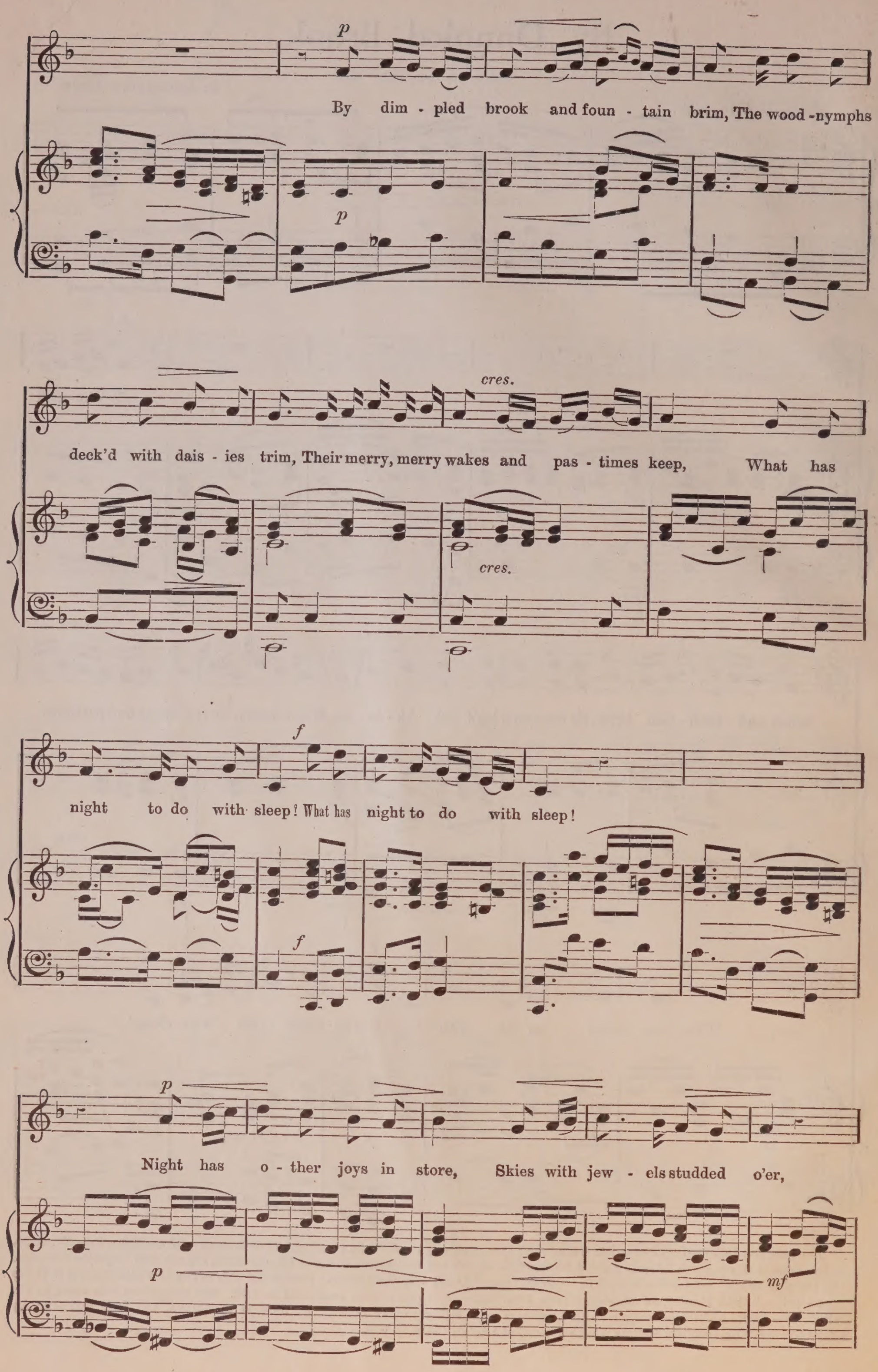
The song was sung by Liston, in the character of a quaker, in a little farce called *Five Miles Off; or, The Finger Post*, produced at the Haymarket Theatre on July 9th, 1806. Thomas Dibdin (son of the song writer, Charles Dibdin the elder), wrote the verses, and William Reeve the clever melody.

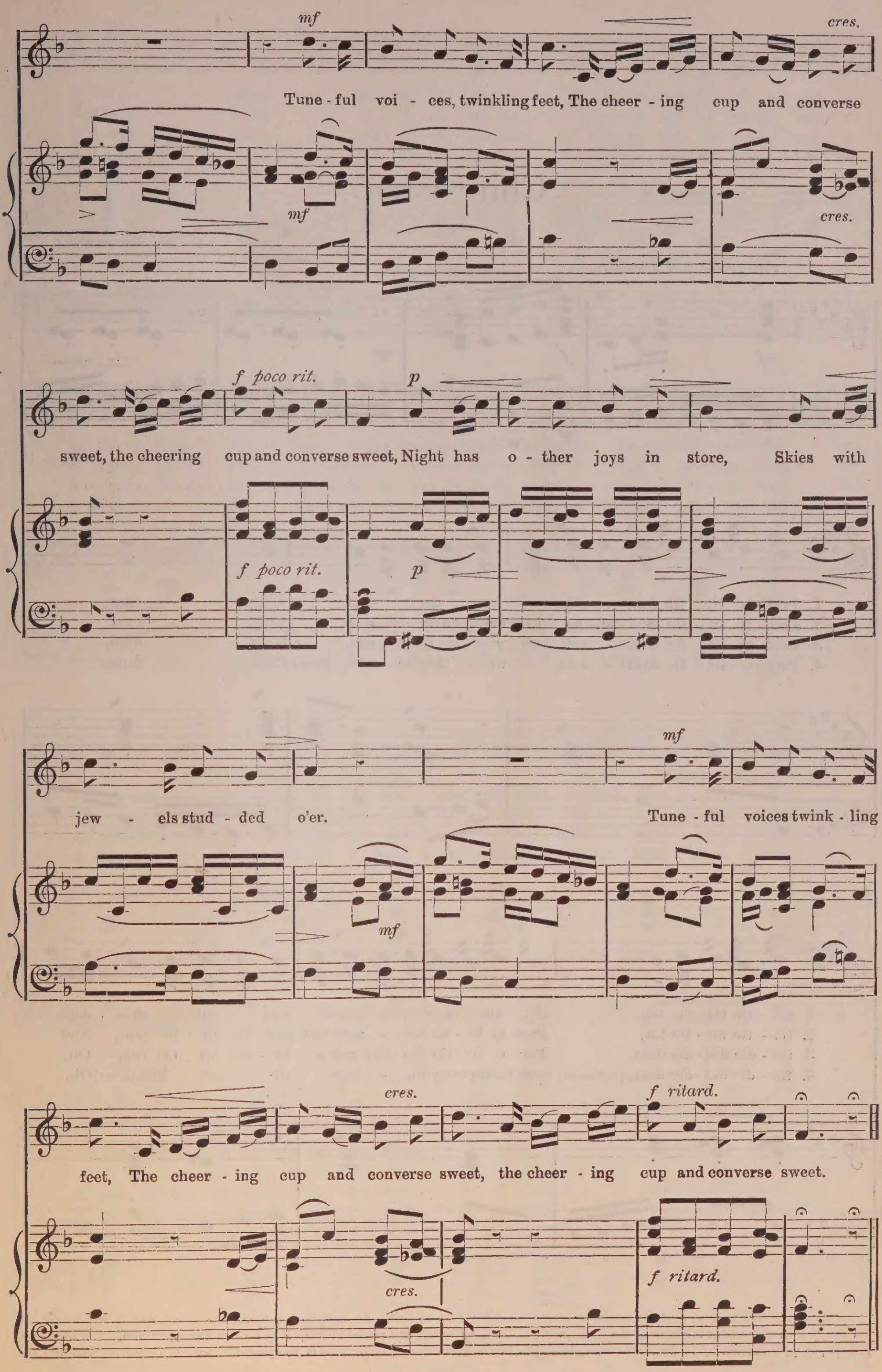
By Dimpled Brook.

T. Augustine Arne.


Andante tranquillo.
p
p
By dim-pled
poco rit.
p
brook and foun-tain brim, The wood-nymphs deck'd with dais-ies trim, Their merry, merry wakes and pastimes
cres.
cres.
keep, What has night to do with sleep! What has night to do with sleep!
f
f
colla voce.
f

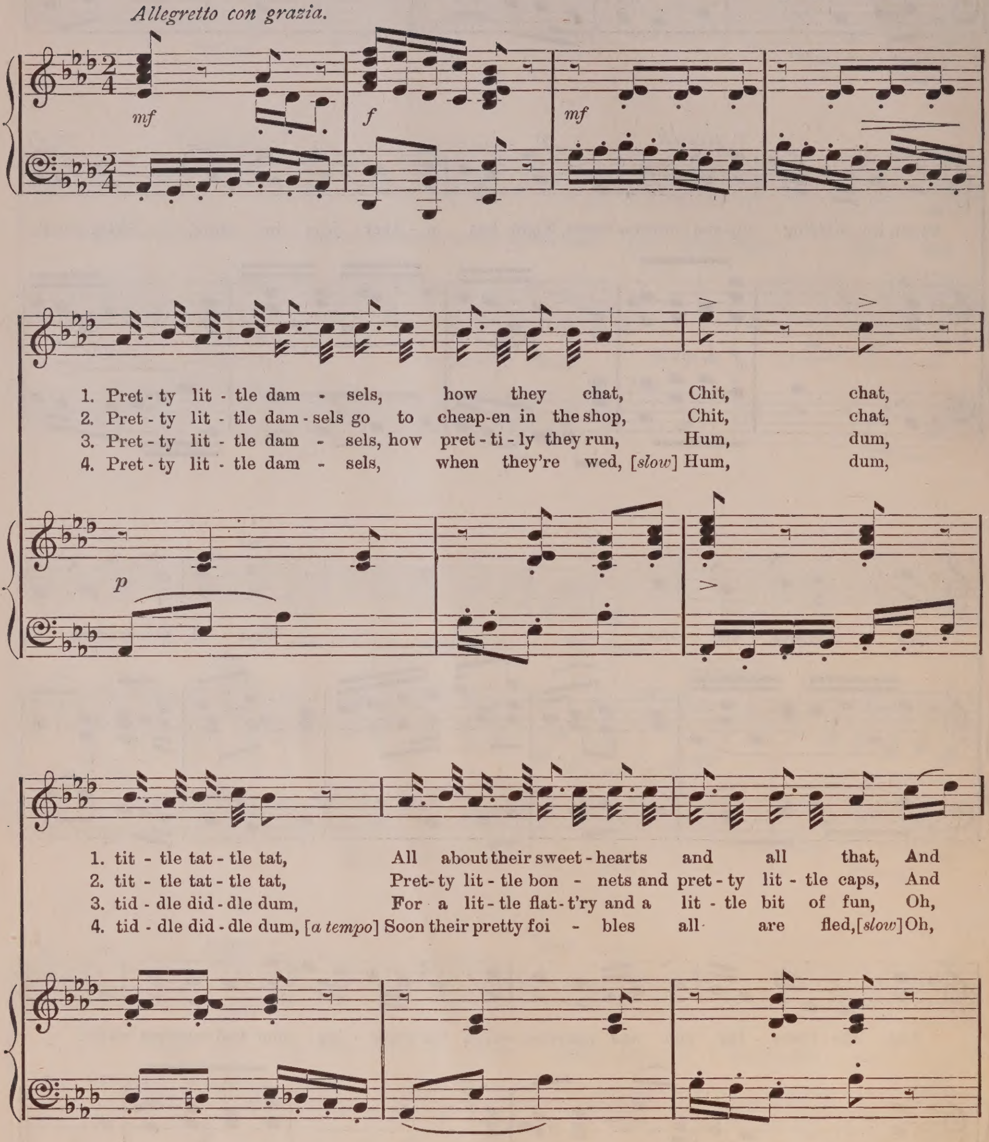
There are few 18th century composers whose work is so generally tuneful and pleasing, yet with more solid qualities, than Dr. Arne. At the present day there is happily a great tendency to search out and revive many of his excellent, though now forgotten numbers. "By Dimpled Brook" is from the Masque of "Comus," one of Arne's very early works; indeed, the title to the first edition gives it as his "opera prima." The Masque, an adaptation from John Milton's "Comus," was performed in 1738. The adaptation was made by Dr. Dalton, who wrote additional songs and used passages from Milton's other works. At its first production the lyric was sung by Kitty Clive. Milton's original Masque was performed at Ludlow Castle in 1634.


p
By dim - pled brook and foun - tain brim, The wood -nymphs
p
deck'd with dais - ies trim, Their merry, merry wakes and pas - times keep, What has
cres.
cres.
night to do with sleep! What has night to do with sleep!
f
f
p
Night has o - ther joys in store, Skies with jew - els studded o'er,
p
mf

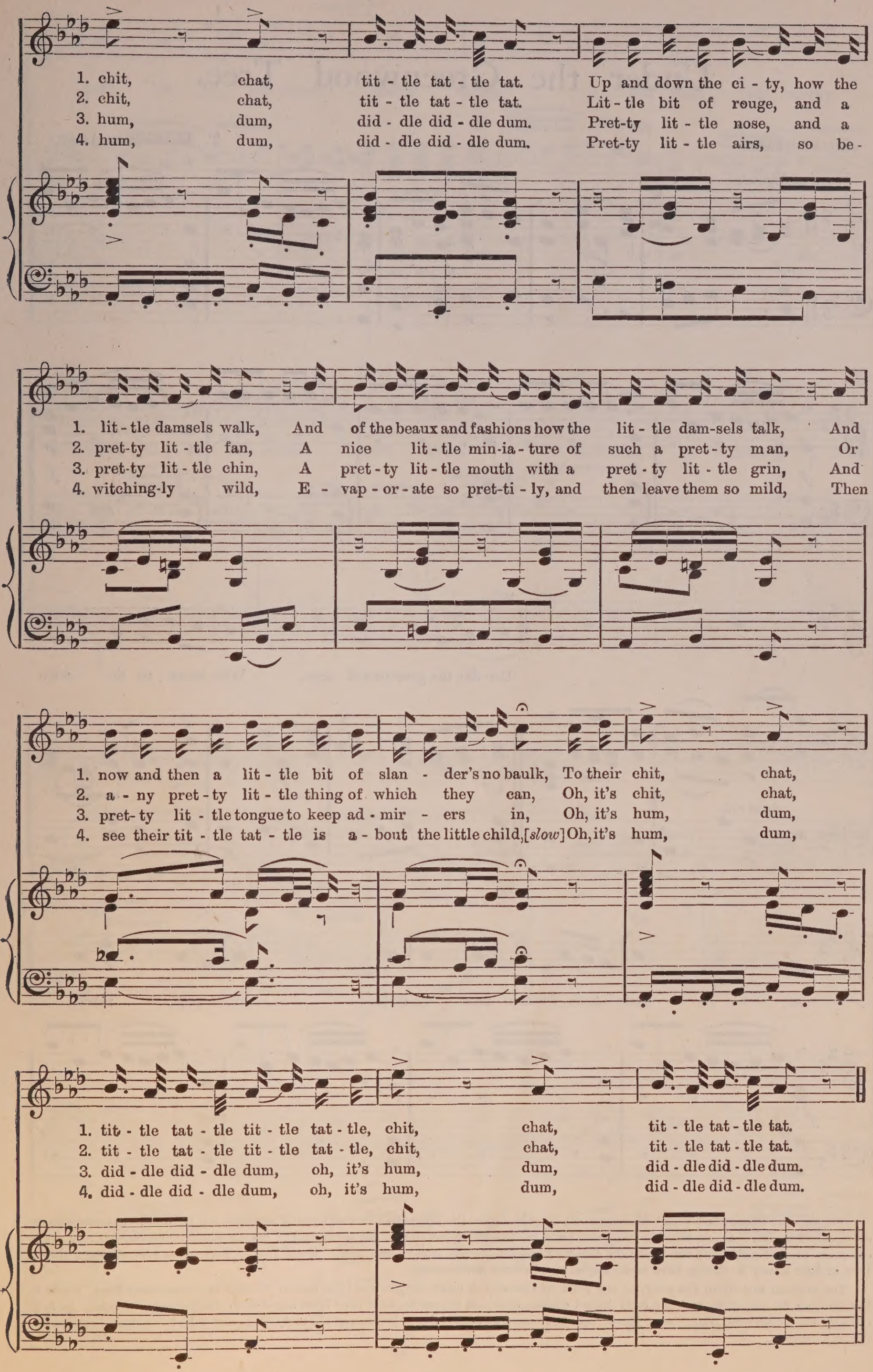

mf
cres.
Tune - ful voi - ces, twinkling feet, The cheer - ing cup and converse
mf
cres.
f poco rit.
p
sweet, the cheering cup and converse sweet, Night has o - ther joys in store, Skies with
f poco rit.
p
mf
jew - els stud - ded o'er. Tune - ful voices twink - ling
mf
cres.
f ritard.
feet, The cheer - ing cup and converse sweet, the cheer - ing cup and converse sweet.
cres.
f ritard.

Chit Chat.

F. W. Southwell.

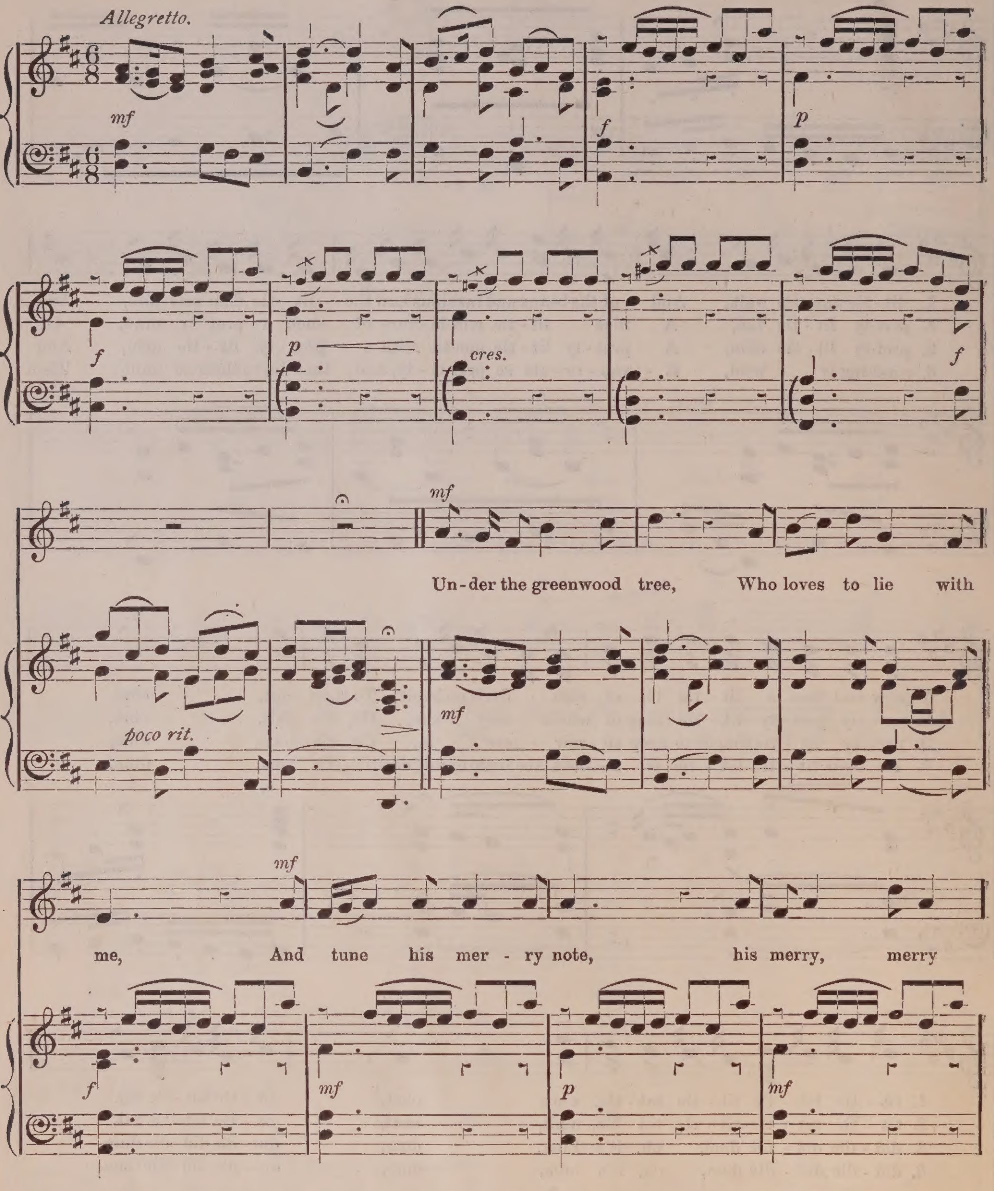

Allegretto con grazia.
mf
f
mf
1. Pret - ty lit - tle dam - sels, how they chat, Chit, chat,
2. Pret - ty lit - tle dam - sels go to cheap-en in the shop, Chit, chat,
3. Pret - ty lit - tle dam - sels, how pret - ti - ly they run, Hum, dum,
4. Pret - ty lit - tle dam - sels, when they're wed, [slow] Hum, dum,
p
1. tit - tle tat - tle tat, All about their sweet - hearts and all that, And
2. tit - tle tat - tle tat, Pret- ty lit - tle bon - nets and pret - ty lit - tle caps, And
3. tid - dle did - dle dum, For a lit - tle flat - t'ry and a lit - tle bit of fun, Oh,
4. tid - dle did - dle dum, [a tempo] Soon their pretty foi - bles all are fled, [slow] Oh,

A song that had a great deal of popularity about the dates 1815 to 1820. An early music sheet informs us that it was "sung by Mr. Jones with unbounded applause at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, and at the Theatre Royal, Crow Street, Dublin. The words by P. I. H., Esq., the music by F. W. Southwell." It will be found in many song collections of the period.


1. chit, chat, tit - tle tat - tle tat. Up and down the ci - ty, how the
2. chit, chat, tit - tle tat - tle tat. Lit - tle bit of rouge, and a
3. hum, dum, did - dle did - dle dum. Pret-ty lit - tle nose, and a
4. hum, dum, did - dle did - dle dum. Pret-ty lit - tle airs, so be -
1. lit - tle damsels walk, And of the beaux and fashions how the lit - tle dam-sels talk, And
2. pret-ty lit - tle fan, A nice lit - tle min-ia - ture of such a pret - ty man, Or
3. pret-ty lit - tle chin, A pret - ty lit - tle mouth with a pret - ty lit - tle grin, And
4. witching-ly wild, E - vap - or - ate so pret-ti - ly, and then leave them so mild, Then
1. now and then a lit - tle bit of slan - der's no baulk, To their chit, chat,
2. a - ny pret - ty lit - tle thing of which they can, Oh, it's chit, chat,
3. pret- ty lit - tle tongue to keep ad - mir - ers in, Oh, it's hum, dum,
4. see their tit - tle tat - tle is a - bout the little child,[slow] Oh, it's hum, dum,
1. tit - tle tat - tle tit - tle tat - tle, chit, chat, tit - tle tat - tle tat.
2. tit - tle tat - tle tit - tle tat - tle, chit, chat, tit - tle tat - tle tat.
3. did - dle did - dle dum, oh, it's hum, dum, did - dle did - dle dum.
4. did - dle did - dle dum, oh, it's hum, dum, did - dle did - dle dum.

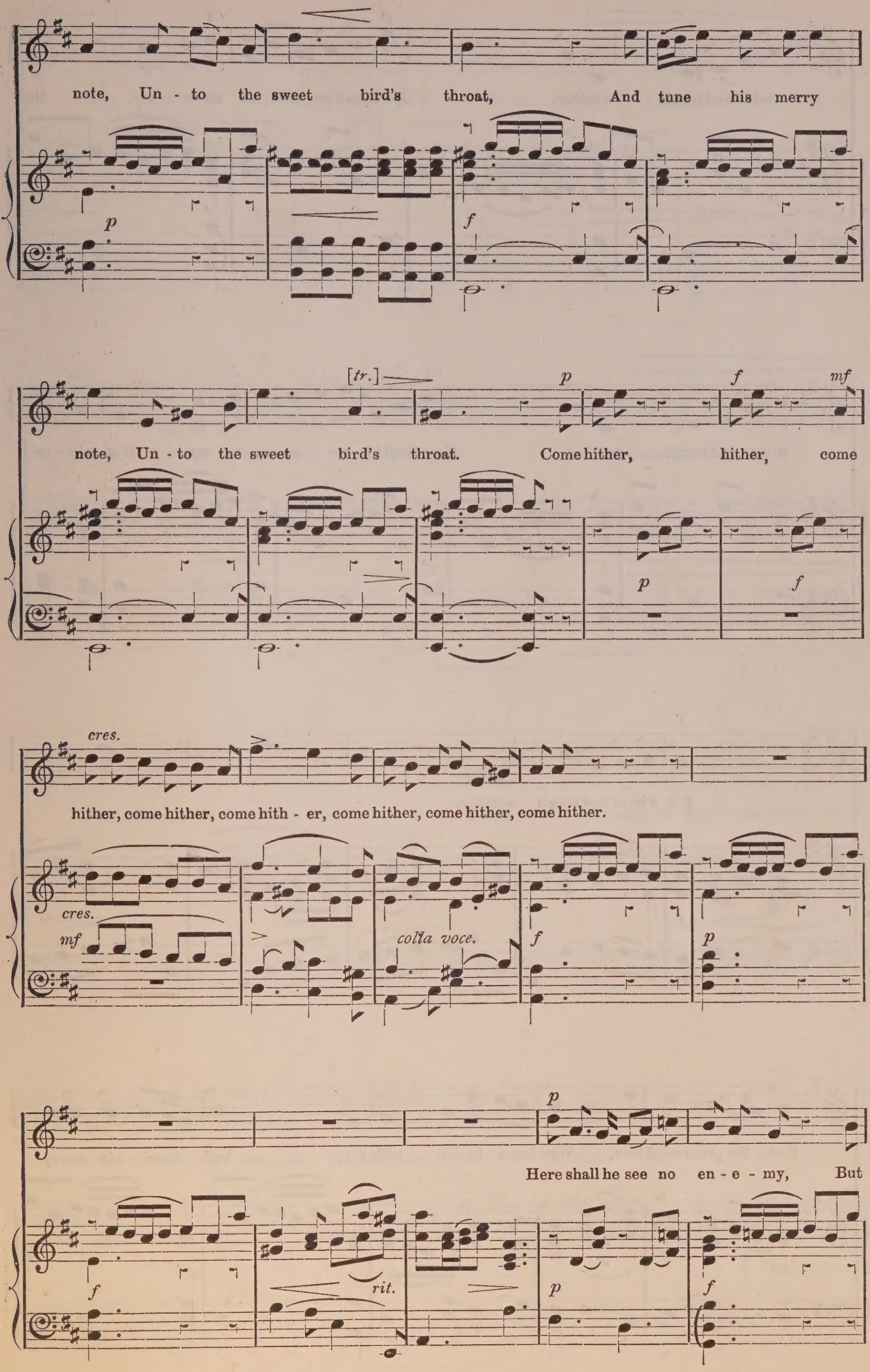
Under the Greenwood Tree.

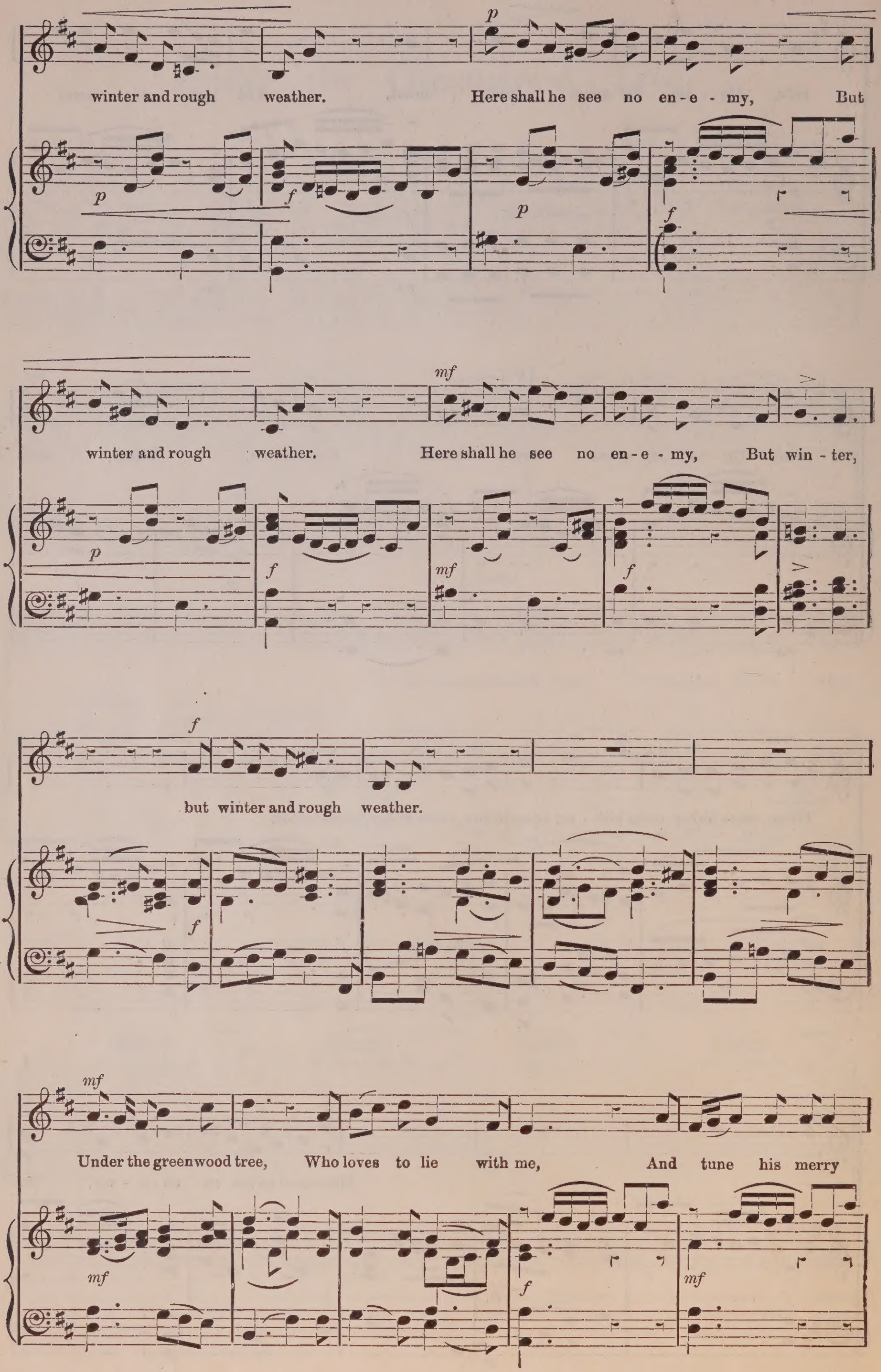
Shakespeare. **T. Augustine Arne.**

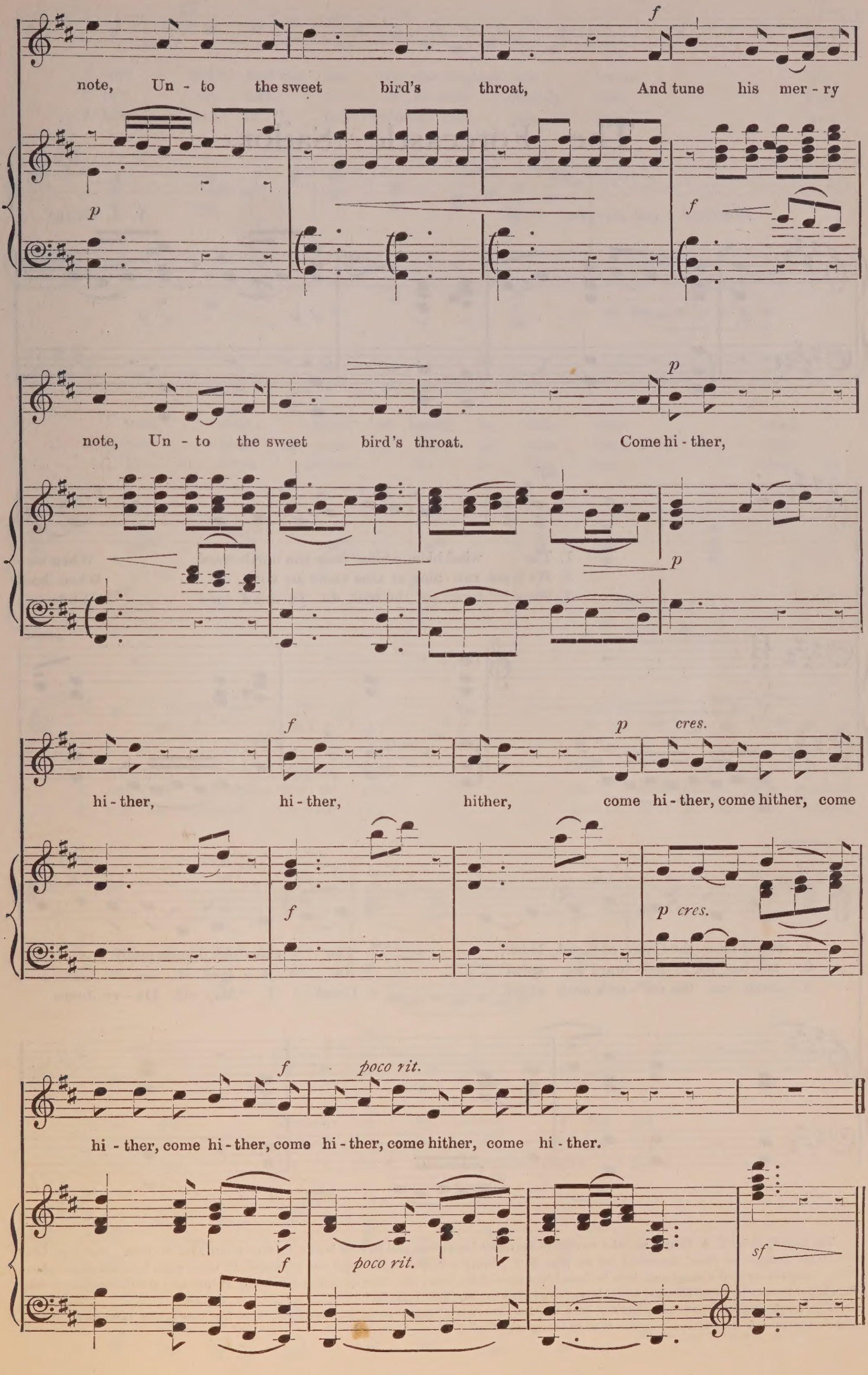

Allegretto.
mf
f
p
f
p
cres.
f
mf
Un-der the greenwood tree, Who loves to lie with
poco rit.
mf
mf
me, And tune his mer - ry note, his merry, merry
f
mf
p
mf

"Under the Greenwood Tree," Shakespeare's song in *As you like it*, has had several musical settings, but Dr. Arne's charming music still holds its own. Arne's air was composed for a revival of *As you like it*, the performance taking place in December, 1740. The composer himself published the music for this play and for *Twelfth Night* about 1741. Maria Hester Park, *circa* 1790, Stafford Smith, 1792, and Sir Henry R. Bishop have each essayed to supersede Arne's music.

The original melody to the song, or any prior to this one, is unknown, for the tune named "Under the Greenwood Tree," found in the *Dancing Master*, *Pills*, and the early ballad operas, does not appear to have ever been adapted to Shakespeare's words. In fact, "Under the Greenwood Tree" as a phrase, seems to have formed a chorus to some of the early songs and ballads reaching backward to the 16th century.

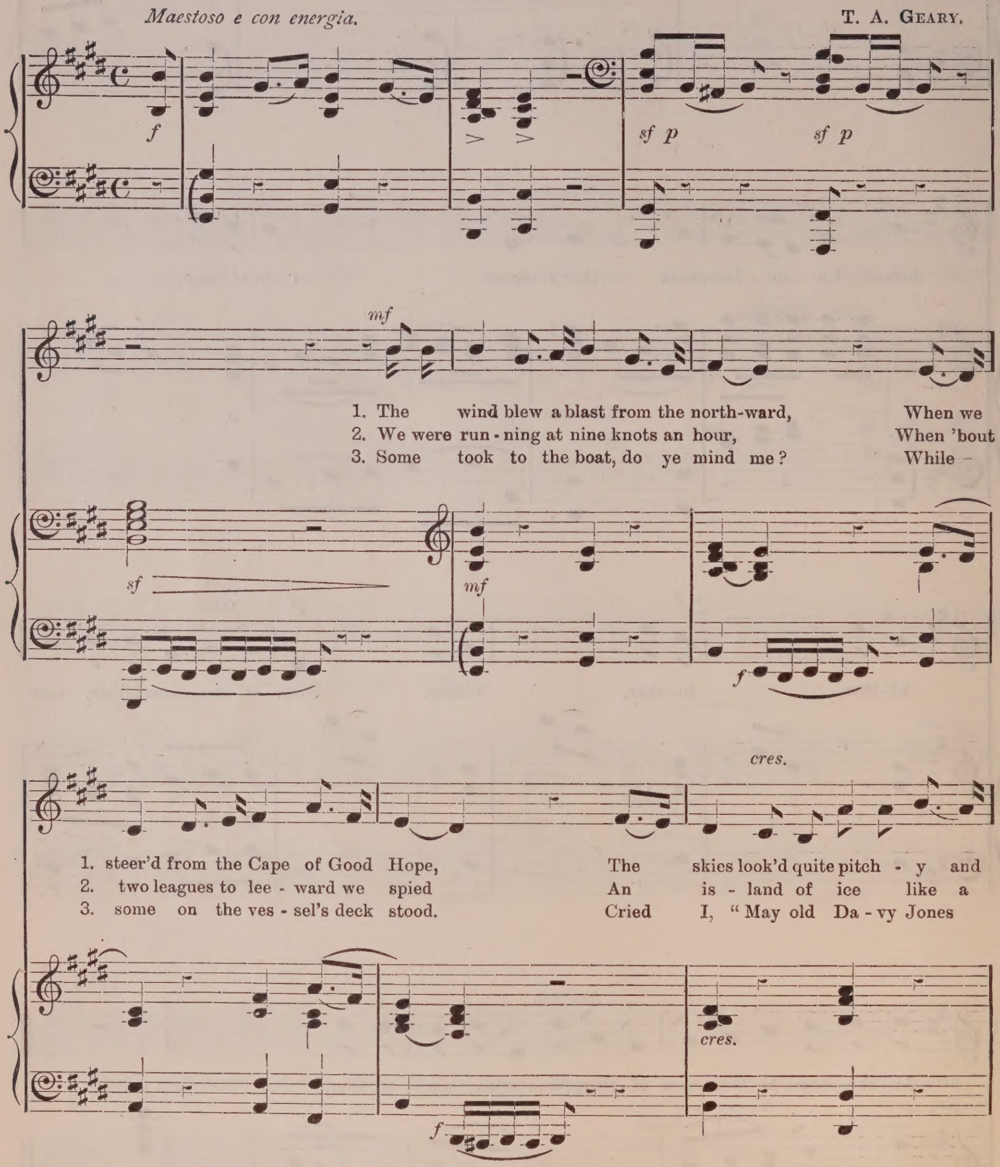

note, Un - to the sweet bird's throat, And tune his merry
p
f
note, Un - to the sweet bird's throat. Come hither, hither, come
[tr.]
p
f
mf
cres.
hither, come hither, come hith - er, come hither, come hither, come hither.
mf
colla voce.
f
p
Here shall he see no en - e - my, But
rit.
f
p


p
winter and rough weather. Here shall he see no en - e - my, But
p
f
p
f
mf
winter and rough weather. Here shall he see no en - e - my, But win - ter,
p
f
mf
f
f
but winter and rough weather.
f
mf
Under the greenwood tree, Who loves to lie with me, And tune his merry
mf
f
mf


f
note, Un - to the sweet bird's throat, And tune his mer - ry
p
f
note, Un - to the sweet bird's throat. Come hi - ther,
p
p
f p cres.
hi - ther, hi - ther, hither, come hi - ther, come hither, come
f
p cres.
f poco rit.
hi - ther, come hi - ther, come hi - ther, come hither, come hi - ther.
f
poco rit.
sf

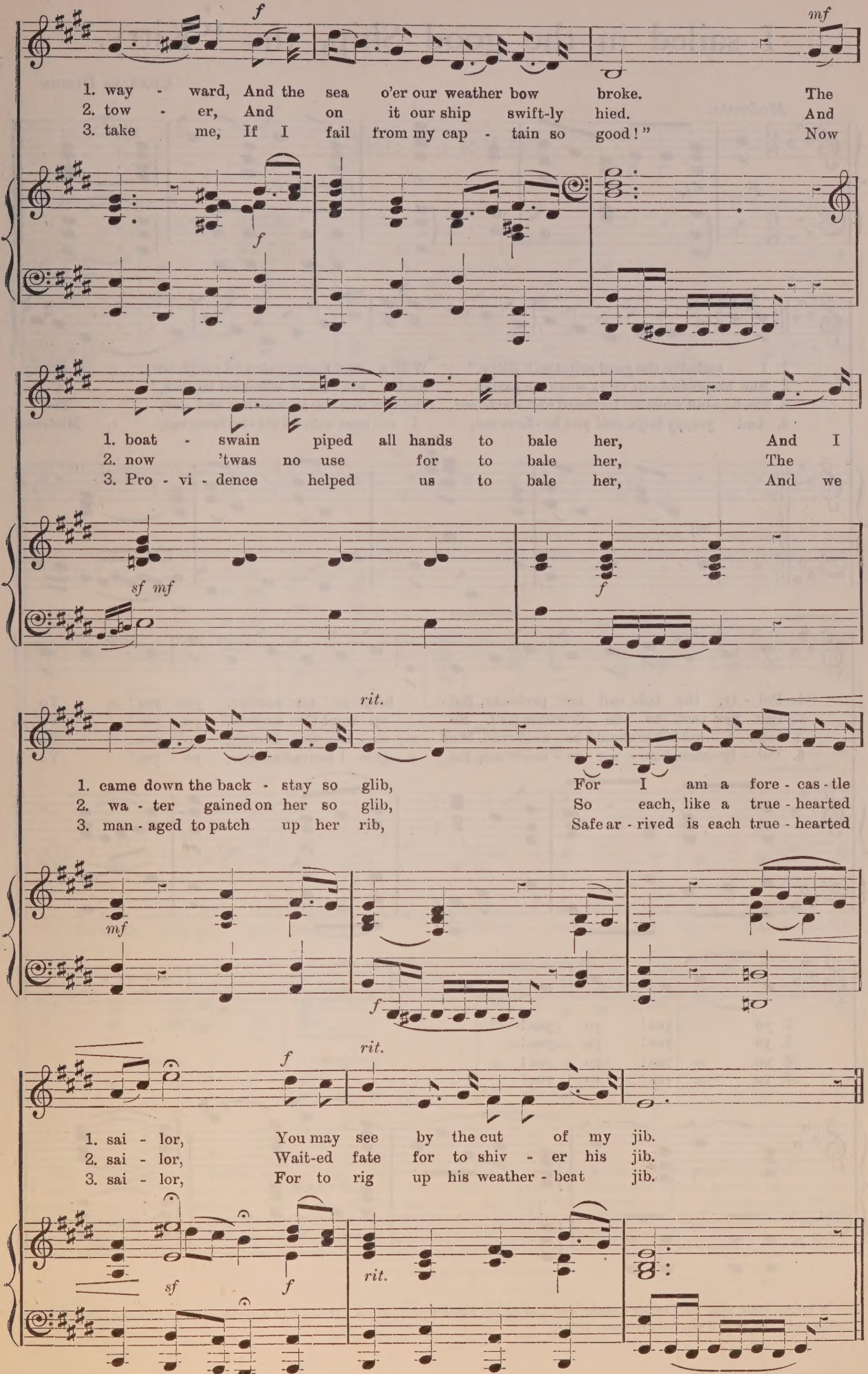
The Forecastle Sailor.

T. A. Geary.


Maestoso e con energia.
f
sf p
sf p
mf
sf
mf
f
1. The wind blew a blast from the north-ward, When we
2. We were run-ning at nine knots an hour, When 'bout
3. Some took to the boat, do ye mind me? While-
cres.
1. steer'd from the Cape of Good Hope, The skies look'd quite pitch-y and
2. two leagues to lee-ward we spied An is-land of ice like a
3. some on the ves-sel's deck stood. Cried I, "May old Da-vy Jones
f
cres.

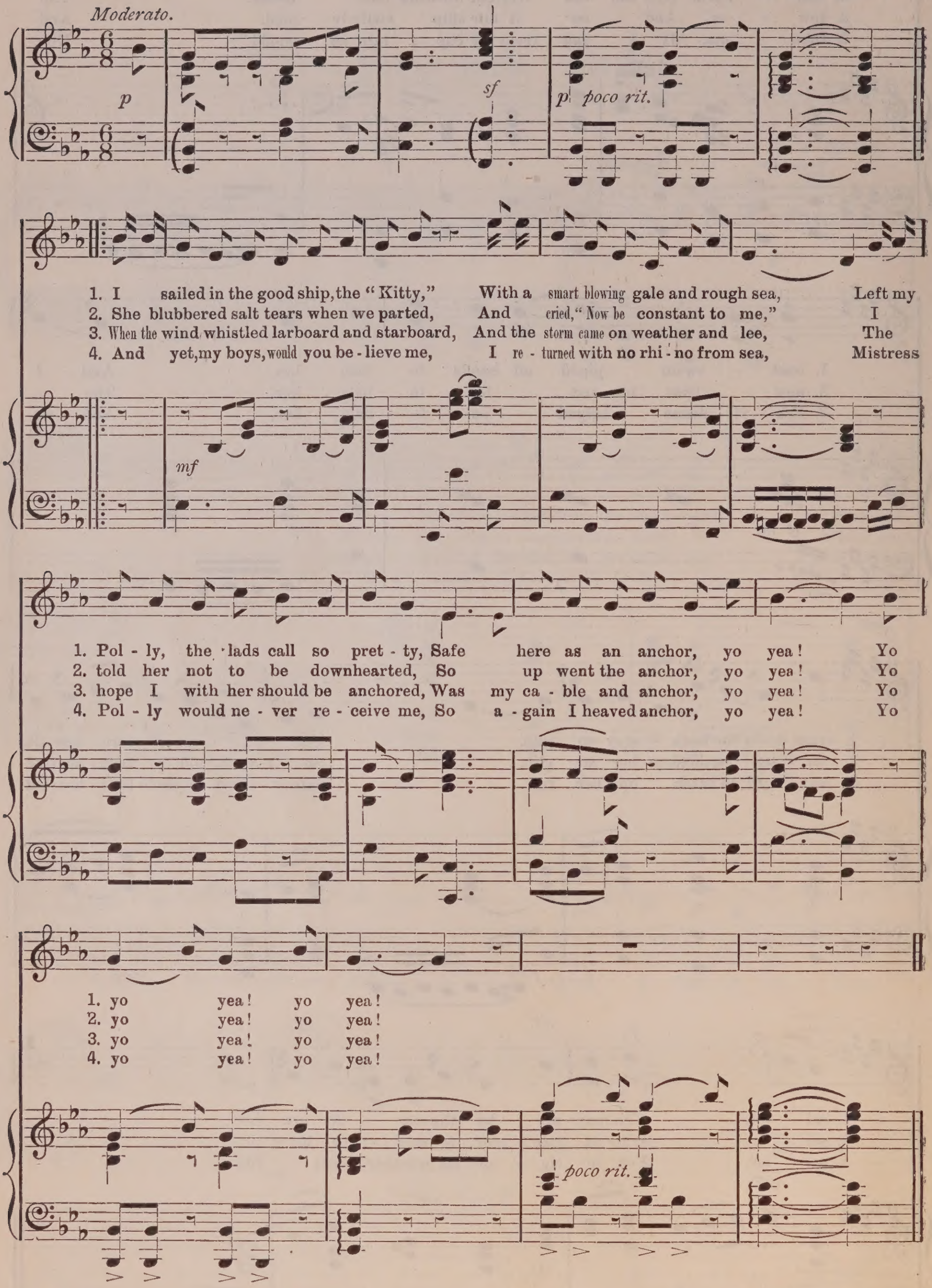
The melody is by **T. A. Geary**, and the words are found on broadsides and in song books, in date about 1785 to 1800. One copy is in the *Muses' Banquet or Vocal Repository for the year 1791.* Geary's music to the song was published in sheet form by John Bland about 1788. Another air to the same song is to be found in a small flute book, *The Man of Feeling* (Goulding Phipps and D'Almaine), *circa* 1803. This latter tune is by John Moulds, but it is not so good as the one here printed.

The words suggest that the song has been written upon some special incident connected with the wreck and abandonment of a frigate named the *Guardian*, about the time the song appeared.


f
mf
1. way - ward, And the sea o'er our weather bow broke. The
2. tow - er, And on it our ship swift-ly hied. And
3. take me, If I fail from my cap - tain so good!" Now
sf mf
1. boat - swain piped all hands to bale her, And I
2. now 'twas no use for to bale her, The
3. Pro - vi - dence helped us to bale her, And we
rit.
1. came down the back - stay so glib, For I am a fore - cas - tle
2. wa - ter gained on her so glib, So each, like a true - hearted
3. man - aged to patch up her rib, Safe ar - rived is each true - hearted
1. sai - lor, You may see by the cut of my jib.
2. sai - lor, Wait-ed fate for to shiv - er his jib.
3. sai - lor, For to rig up his weather - beat jib.
sf
rit.

I sailed in the good Ship, the "Kitty."

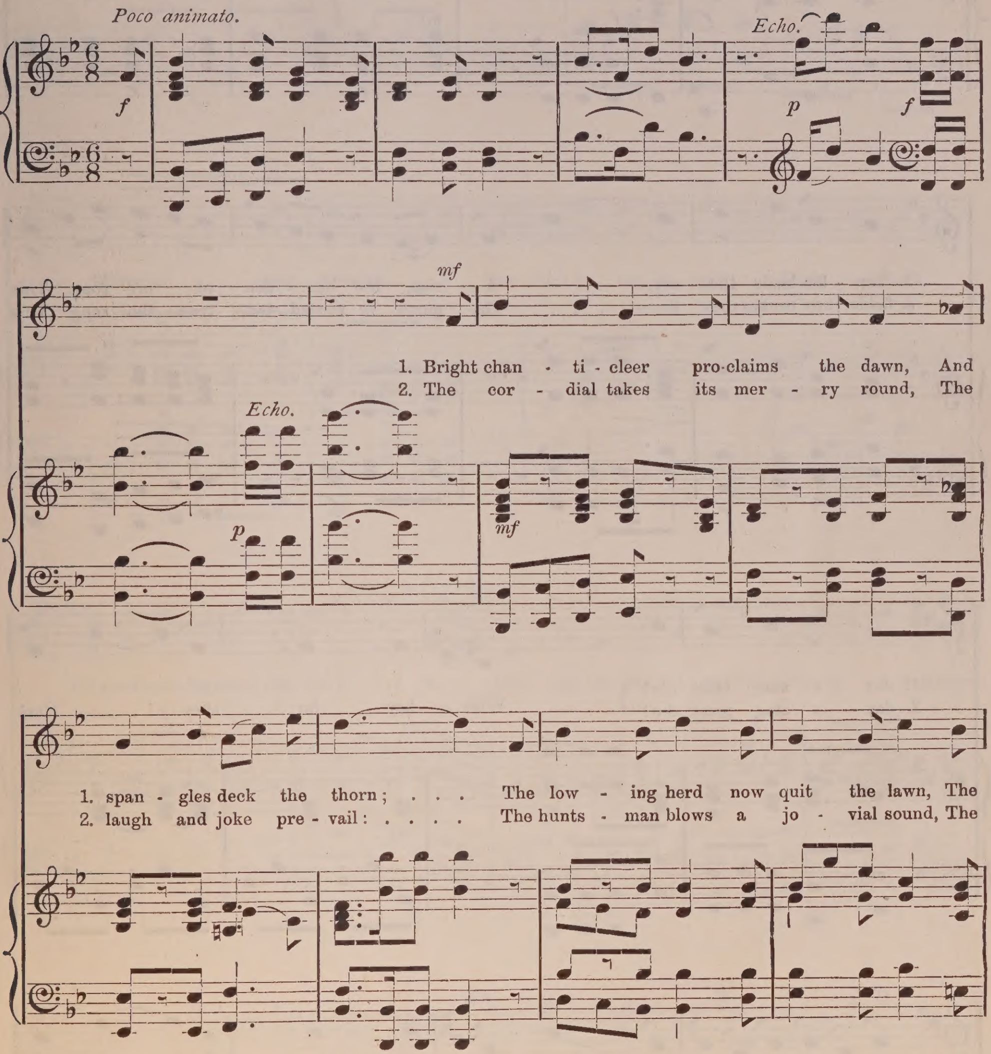
CHARLES DIBDIN.


Moderato.
p
sf
p poco rit.
1. I sailed in the good ship, the "Kitty," With a smart blowing gale and rough sea, Left my
2. She blubbered salt tears when we parted, And cried, "Now be constant to me," I
3. When the wind whistled larboard and starboard, And the storm came on weather and lee, The
4. And yet, my boys, would you be - lieve me, I re - turned with no rhi - no from sea, Mistress
mf
1. Pol - ly, the lads call so pret - ty, Safe here as an anchor, yo yea! Yo
2. told her not to be downhearted, So up went the anchor, yo yea! Yo
3. hope I with her should be anchored, Was my ca - ble and anchor, yo yea! Yo
4. Pol - ly would ne - ver re - ceive me, So a - gain I heaved anchor, yo yea! Yo
1. yo yea! yo yea!
2. yo yea! yo yea!
3. yo yea! yo yea!
4. yo yea! yo yea!
poco rit.

A bright little song by Charles Dibdin, and one of his earliest productions. It was first sung in an entertainment called *Friendly Tars*, acted at Sadlers' Wells Theatre about 1777-8.

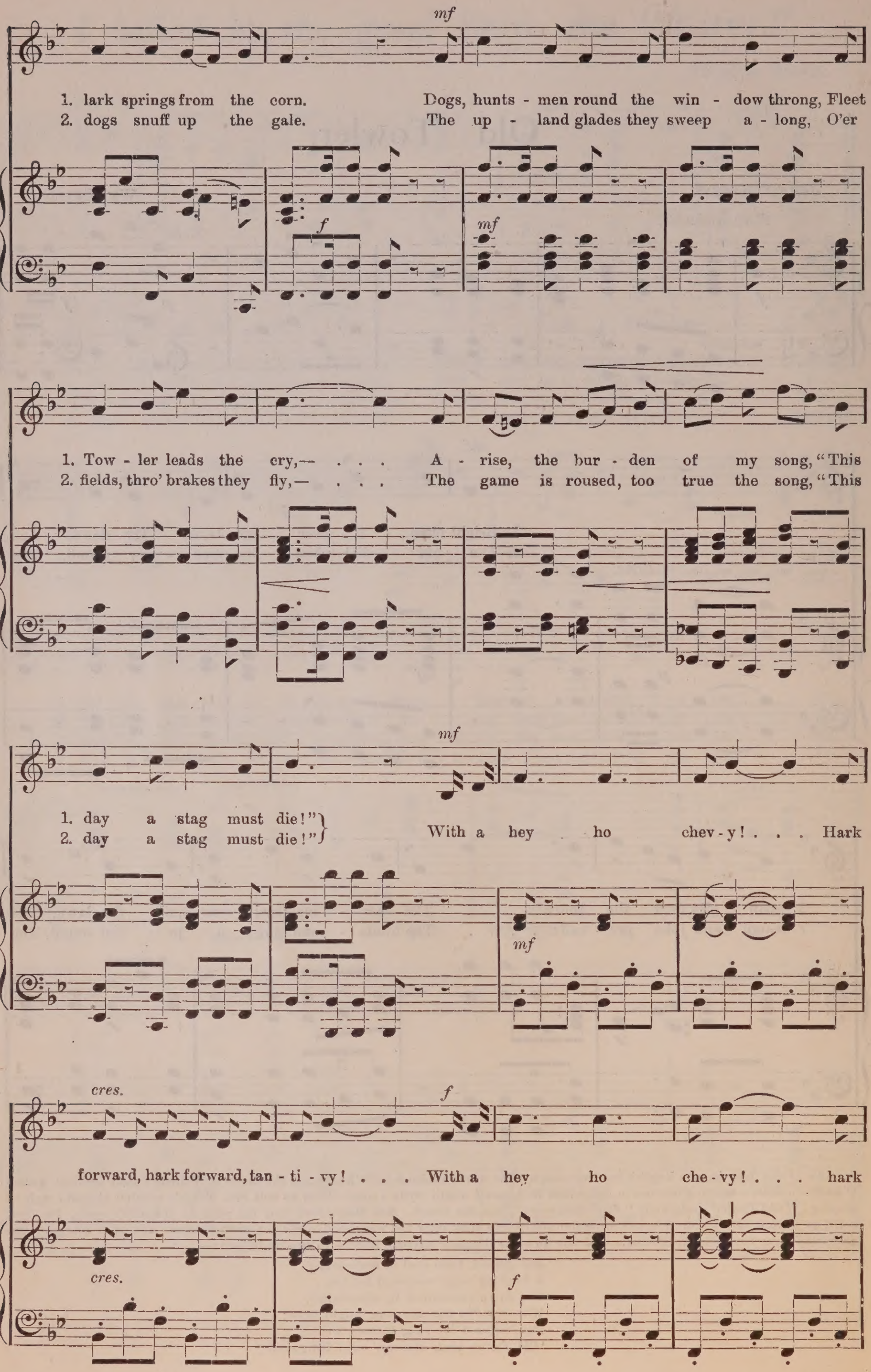
Old Towler.

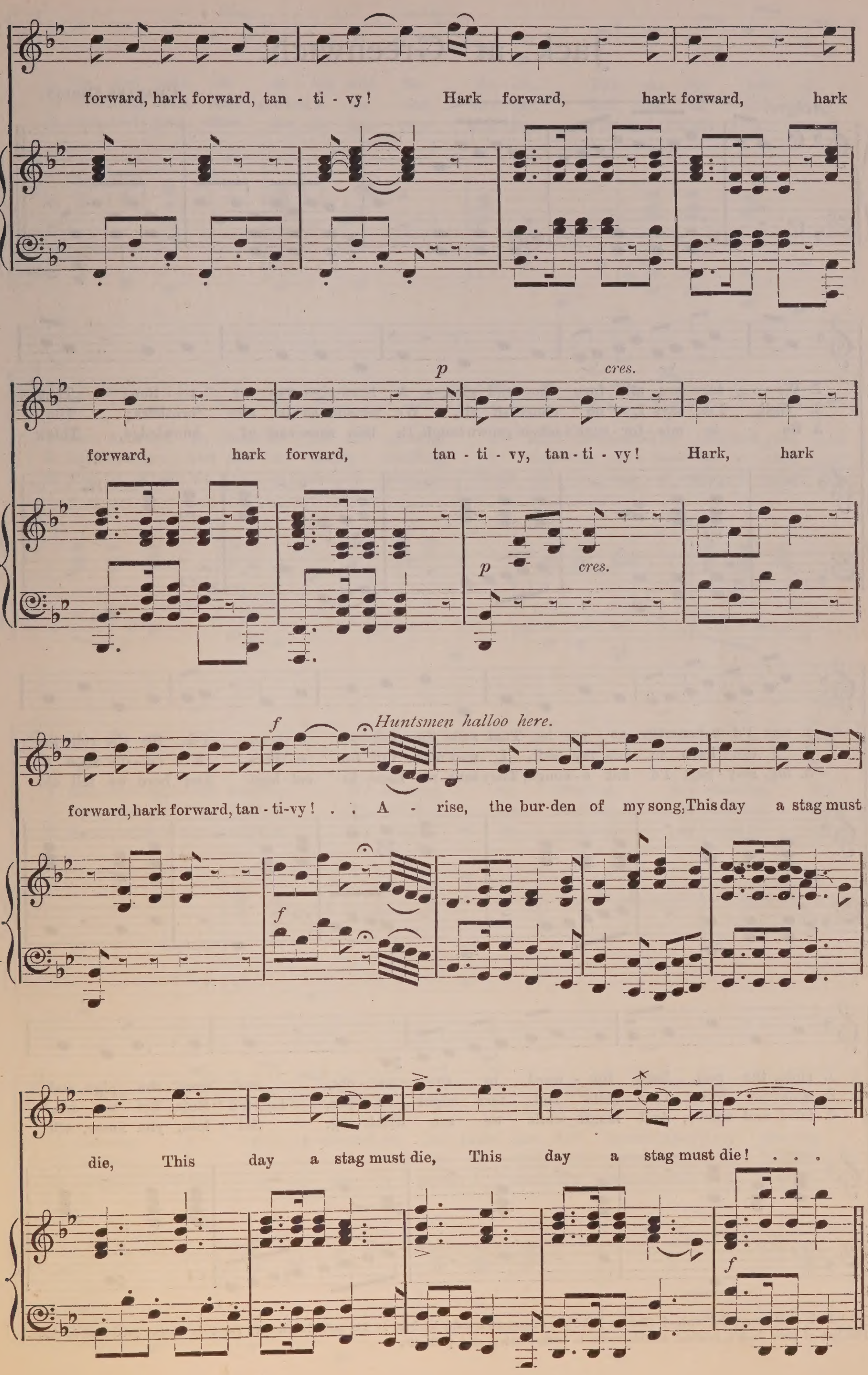
John O'Keeffe. **Wm. Shield.**


Poco animato.
f
Echo.
p
f
mf
1. Bright chan - ti - cleer pro-claims the dawn, And
2. The cor - dial takes its mer - ry round, The
Echo.
p
mf
1. span - gles deck the thorn; . . . The low - ing herd now quit the lawn, The
2. laugh and joke pre - vail: . . . . The hunts - man blows a jo - vial sound, The

One of the best known English hunting songs. The words are by John O'Keeffe and the music by William Shield. Shield wished O'Keeffe to write a hunting bravura in order that he himself might write a composition to suit Mrs. Matyr's peculiar staccato style of singing. "Old Towler" (originally "Fleet Ringwood") was the result. Mrs. Matyr first sang the song in O'Keeffe's opera, *The Czar*, acted at Covent Garden in 1790, but Incledon afterwards took over the song, and made it a great success. It was he who made the alteration from Ringwood to Towler. O'Keeffe, in some doggerel rhymes, alludes to this as follows:—

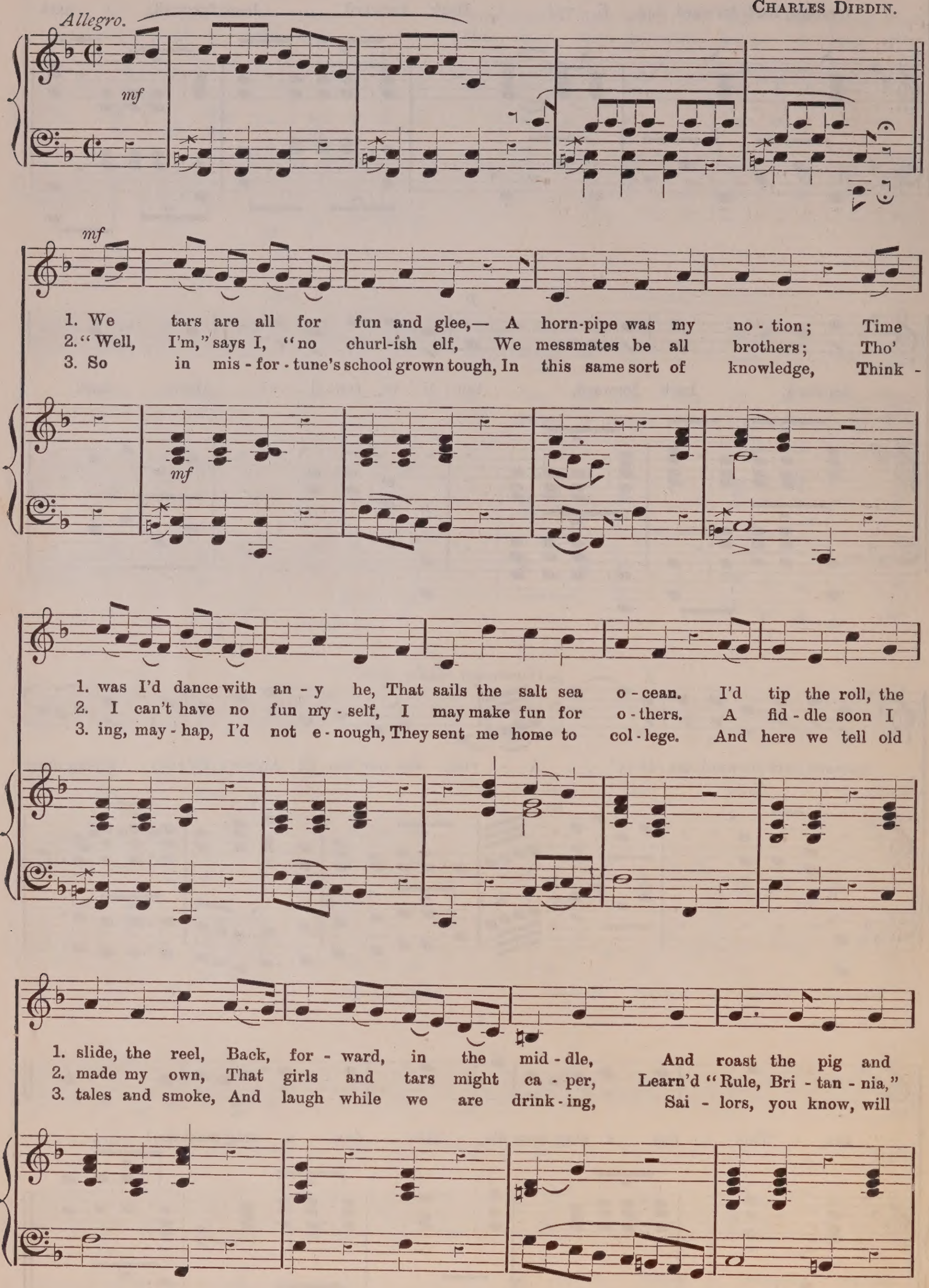
> "And Shield, thou soul of harmony,
> A hunting song composed for me.
> The dawn proclaimed by chanticleer,
> Who saw *The Czar* my song might hear;
> But Incledon my song he sing would,
> 'Old Towler leads the cry'—not Ringwood."


mf
1. lark springs from the corn. Dogs, hunts - men round the win - dow throng, Fleet
2. dogs snuff up the gale. The up - land glades they sweep a - long, O'er
f
mf
1. Tow - ler leads the cry,— . . . A - rise, the bur - den of my song, "This
2. fields, thro' brakes they fly,— . . . The game is roused, too true the song, "This
mf
1. day a stag must die!"
2. day a stag must die!"
With a hey ho chev - y! . . . Hark
mf
cres.
forward, hark forward, tan - ti - vy! . . . With a hey ho che - vy! . . . hark
f
cres.
f

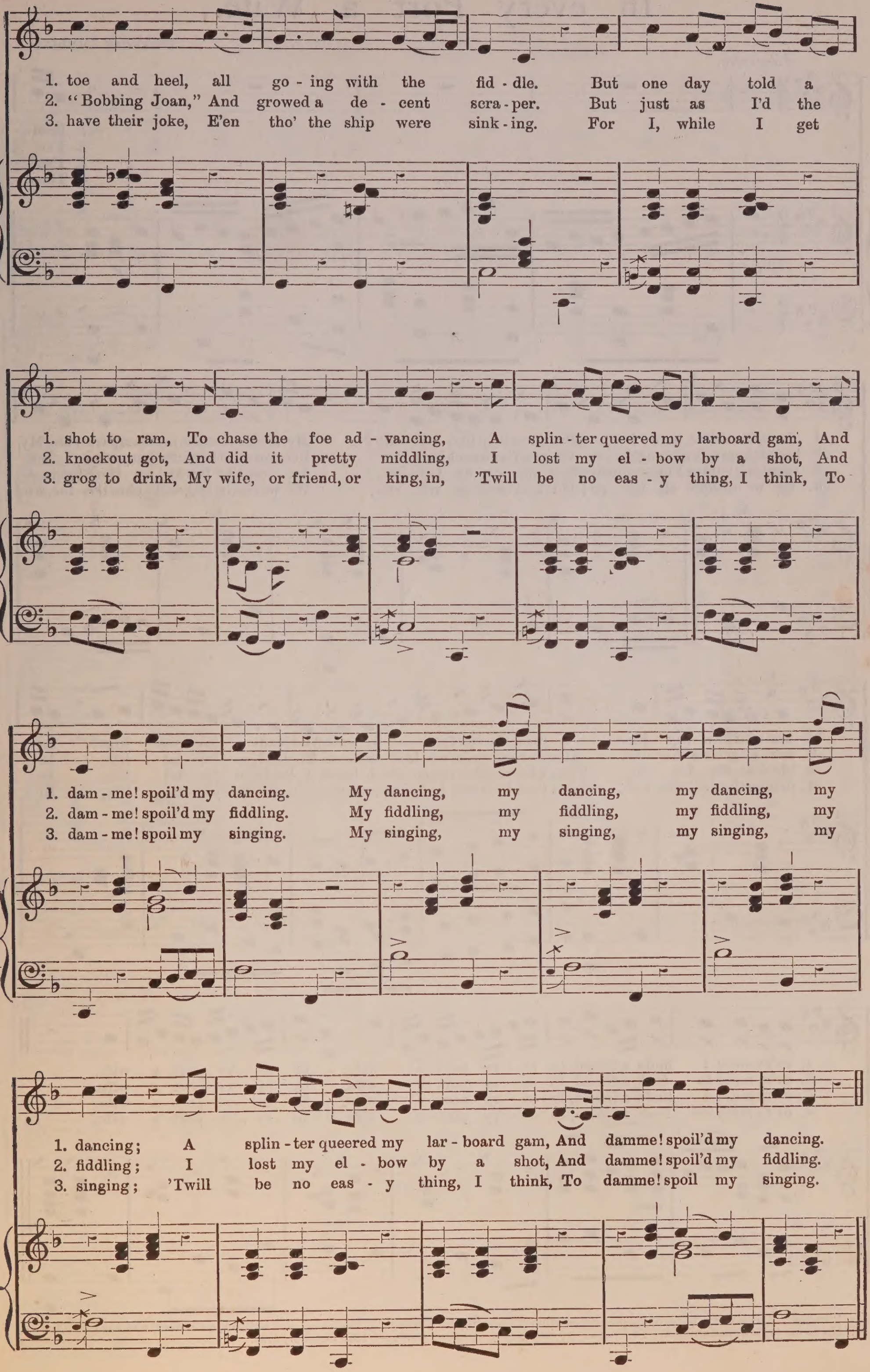

forward, hark forward, tan - ti - vy! Hark forward, hark forward, hark
p
cres.
forward, hark forward, tan - ti - vy, tan - ti - vy! Hark, hark
p
cres.
f
Huntsmen halloo here.
forward, hark forward, tan - ti-vy! . . A - rise, the bur-den of my song, This day a stag must
f
die, This day a stag must die, This day a stag must die! . . .
f

Jack at Greenwich.

Charles Dibdin.

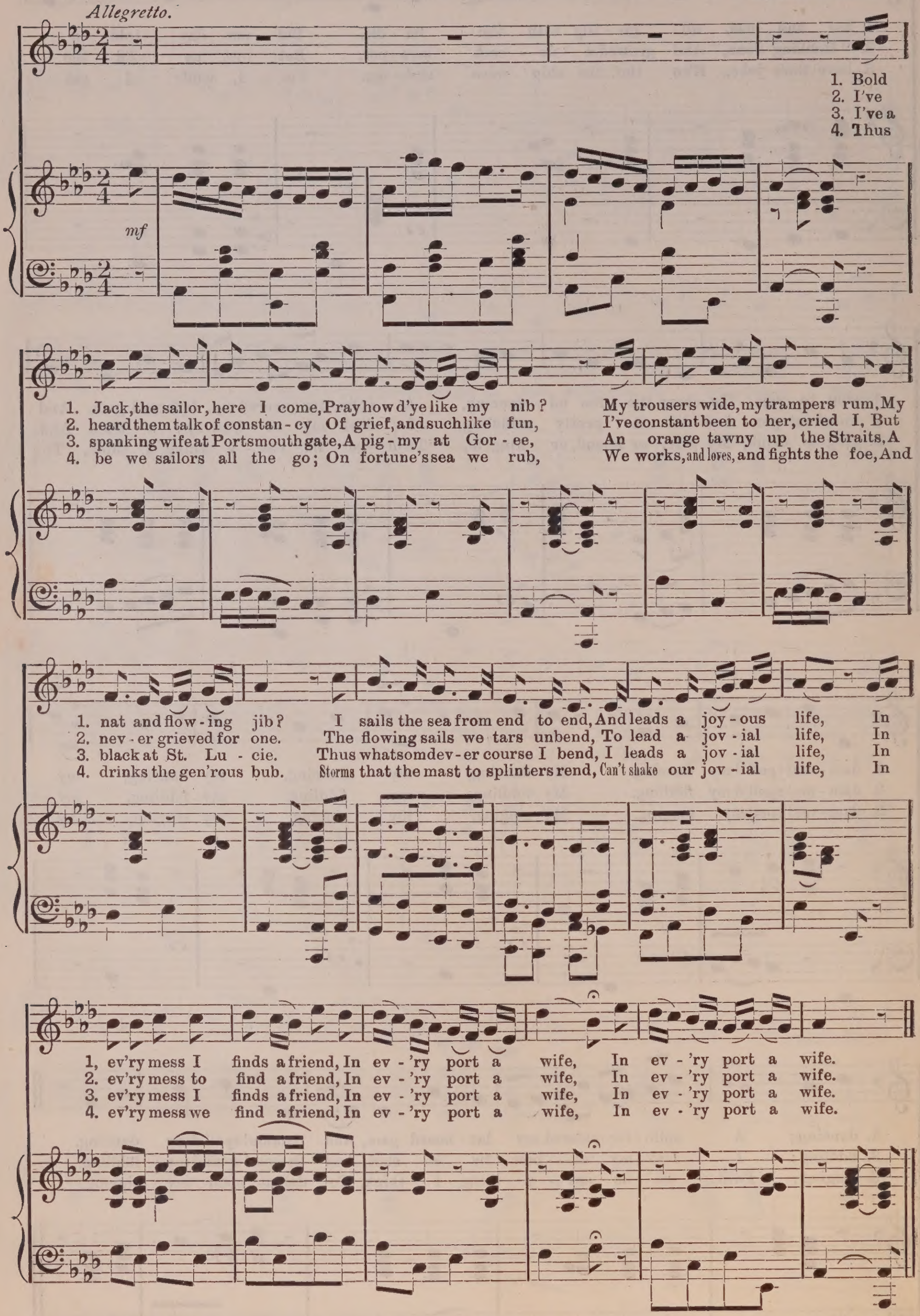

Allegro.
mf
1. We tars are all for fun and glee,— A horn-pipe was my no - tion; Time
2. "Well, I'm," says I, "no churl-ish elf, We messmates be all brothers; Tho'
3. So in mis - for - tune's school grown tough, In this same sort of knowledge, Think -
1. was I'd dance with an - y he, That sails the salt sea o - cean. I'd tip the roll, the
2. I can't have no fun my - self, I may make fun for o - thers. A fid - dle soon I
3. ing, may - hap, I'd not e - nough, They sent me home to col - lege. And here we tell old
1. slide, the reel, Back, for - ward, in the mid - dle, And roast the pig and
2. made my own, That girls and tars might ca - per, Learn'd "Rule, Bri - tan - nia,"
3. tales and smoke, And laugh while we are drink - ing, Sai - lors, you know, will

"Jack at Greenwich," one of Charles Dibdin's songs, and sung by him in his entertainment, *The Cake House*, produced in 1800. The list of poor Jack's gradual disablements is both comical and pathetic.


1. toe and heel, all go - ing with the fid - dle. But one day told a
2. "Bobbing Joan," And growed a de - cent scra - per. But just as I'd the
3. have their joke, E'en tho' the ship were sink - ing. For I, while I get
1. shot to ram, To chase the foe ad - vancing, A splin - ter queered my larboard gam, And
2. knockout got, And did it pretty middling, I lost my el - bow by a shot, And
3. grog to drink, My wife, or friend, or king, in, 'Twill be no eas - y thing, I think, To
1. dam - me! spoil'd my dancing. My dancing, my dancing, my dancing, my
2. dam - me! spoil'd my fiddling. My fiddling, my fiddling, my fiddling, my
3. dam - me! spoil my singing. My singing, my singing, my singing, my
1. dancing; A splin - ter queered my lar - board gam, And damme! spoil'd my dancing.
2. fiddling; I lost my el - bow by a shot, And damme! spoil'd my fiddling.
3. singing; 'Twill be no eas - y thing, I think, To damme! spoil my singing.

In every Port a Wife.

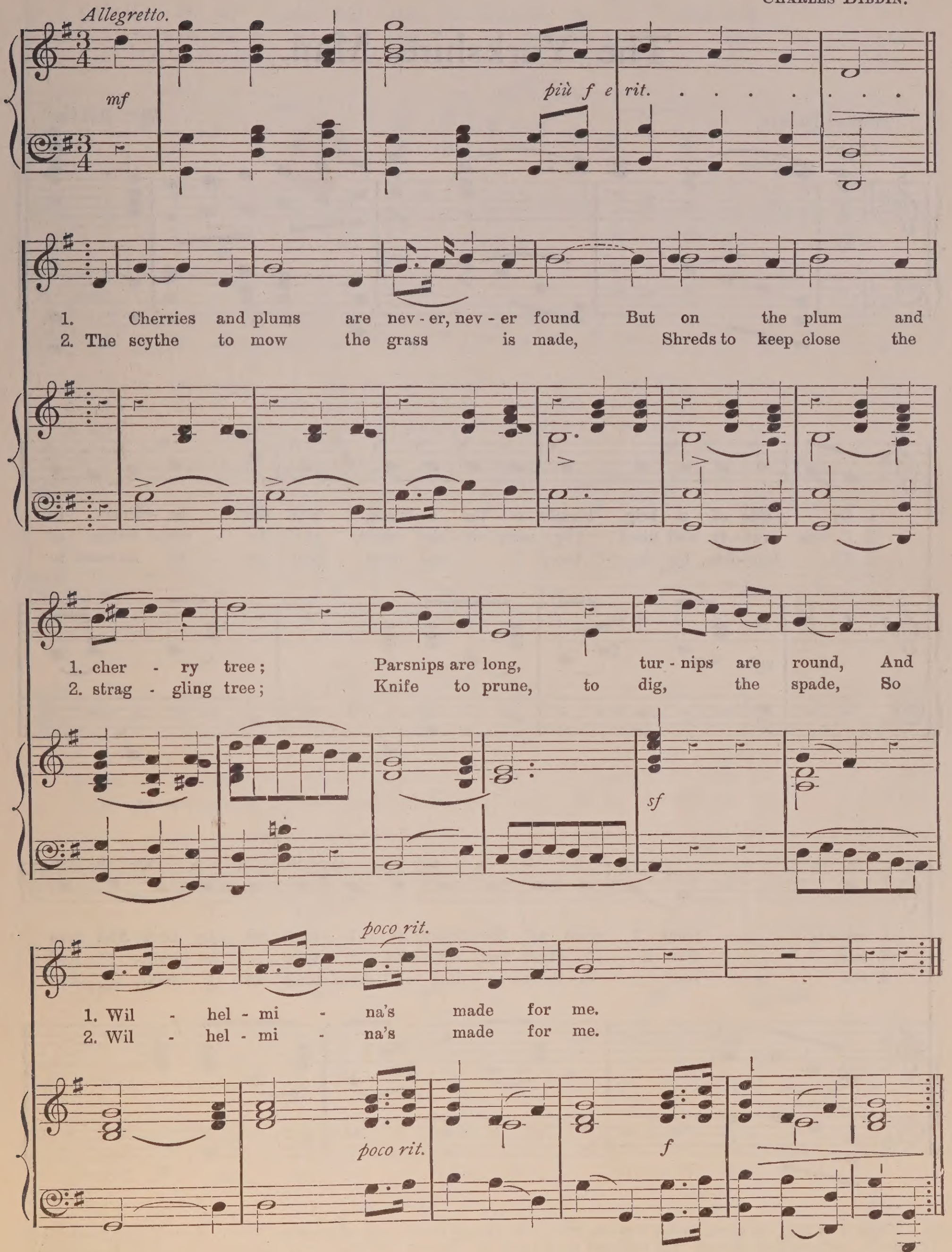
CHARLES DIBDIN.


Allegretto.
mf
1. Bold
2. I've
3. I've a
4. Thus
1. Jack, the sailor, here I come, Pray how d'ye like my nib? My trousers wide, my trampers rum, My
2. heard them talk of constan-cy Of grief, and such like fun, I've constant been to her, cried I, But
3. spanking wife at Portsmouth gate, A pig-my at Gor-ee, An orange tawny up the Straits, A
4. be we sailors all the go; On fortune's sea we rub, We works, and loves, and fights the foe, And
1. nat and flow-ing jib? I sails the sea from end to end, And leads a joy-ous life, In
2. nev-er grieved for one. The flowing sails we tars unbend, To lead a jov-ial life, In
3. black at St. Lu-cie. Thus whatsomdev-er course I bend, I leads a jov-ial life, In
4. drinks the gen'rous bub. Storms that the mast to splinters rend, Can't shake our jov-ial life, In
1. ev'ry mess I finds a friend, In ev-'ry port a wife, In ev-'ry port a wife.
2. ev'ry mess to find a friend, In ev-'ry port a wife, In ev-'ry port a wife.
3. ev'ry mess I finds a friend, In ev-'ry port a wife, In ev-'ry port a wife.
4. ev'ry mess we find a friend, In ev-'ry port a wife, In ev-'ry port a wife.

"In every Port a Wife" is more frequently entitled "Jack in his Element." The song was written, composed, and sung by Charles Dibdin in his table entertainment, *The Wags; or, the Camp of Pleasure*, produced 18th October, 1790.

Cherries and Plums.

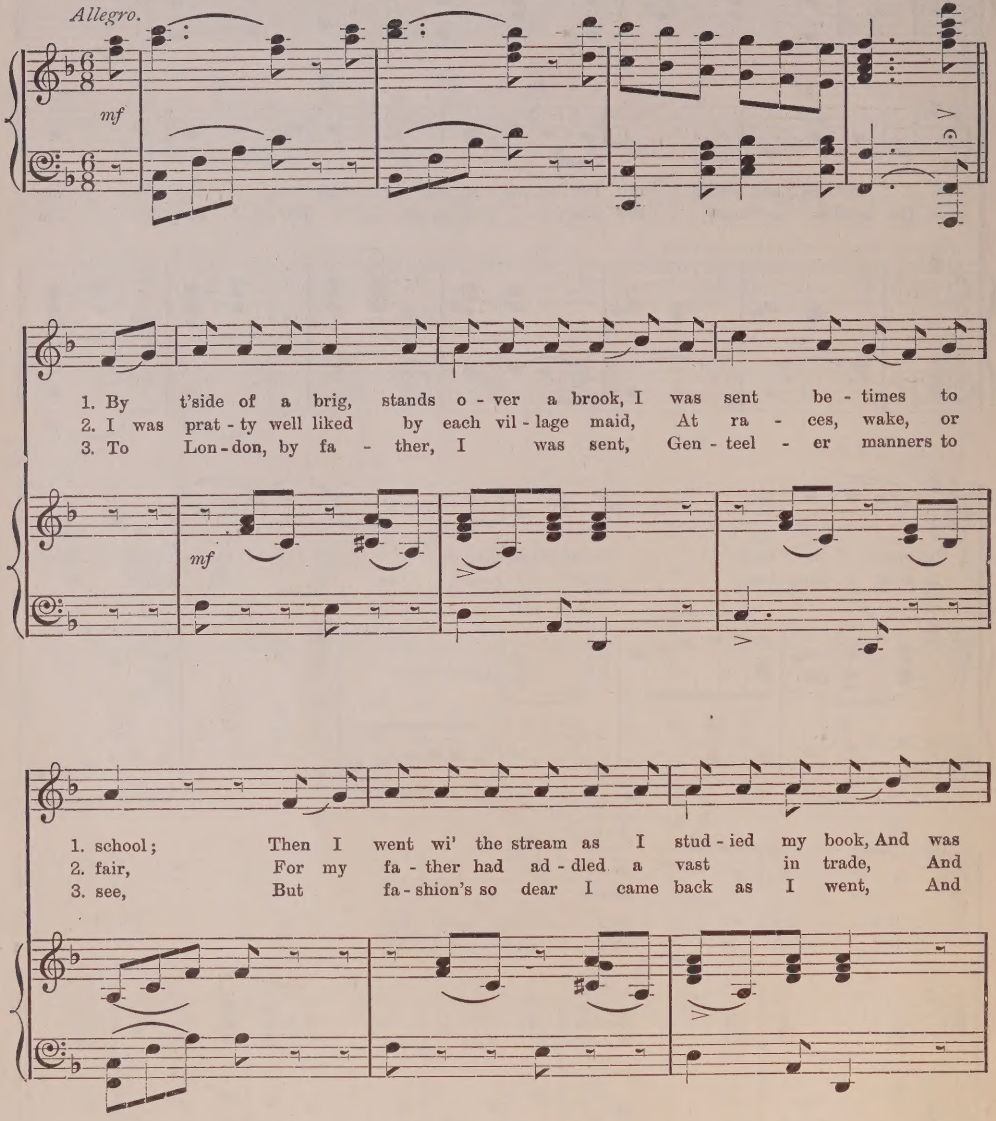
CHARLES DIBDIN.


Allegretto.
mf
più f e rit. . . . .
1. Cherries and plums are nev - er, nev - er found But on the plum and
2. The scythe to mow the grass is made, Shreds to keep close the
1. cher - ry tree; Parsnips are long, tur - nips are round, And
2. strag - gling tree; Knife to prune, to dig, the spade, So
sf
poco rit.
1. Wil - hel - mi - na's made for me.
2. Wil - hel - mi - na's made for me.
poco rit.
f

From Charles Dibdin's pleasing little opera, *The Waterman; or, The First of August*, produced in 1774 at the Haymarket Theatre. The piece has reference to the rowing for the coat and badge, the outcome of a bequest by Thomas Dogget, an actor, who bequeathed money to purchase a coat and silver badge to be rowed for by six watermen on the Thames on the anniversary of the Hanoverian succession. Interwoven with this incident in the play there is, of course, a love story. *The Waterman* retained much of its popularity almost up to the present day, Sims Reeves taking the part of Tom Tug, the hero. The songs "*Then farewell, my Trimbuilt Wherry*" and "*The Jolly Young Waterman*" are the best known lyrics in the opera.

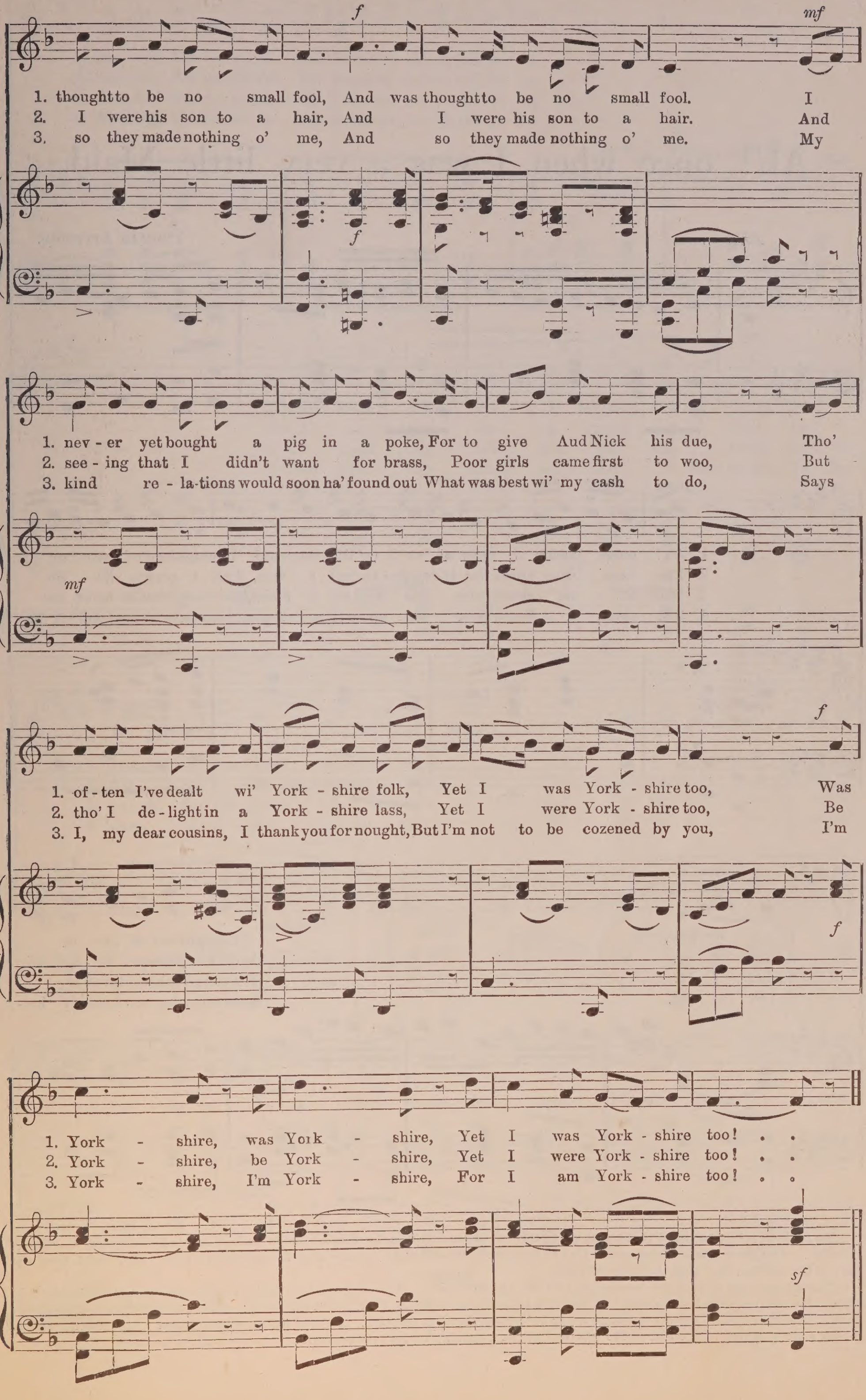
The Yorkshire Man.

THOMAS DIBDIN. WM. REEVE.


Allegro.
mf
1. By t'side of a brig, stands o - ver a brook, I was sent be - times to
2. I was prat - ty well liked by each vil - lage maid, At ra - ces, wake, or
3. To Lon - don, by fa - ther, I was sent, Gen - teel - er manners to
mf
1. school; Then I went wi' the stream as I stud - ied my book, And was
2. fair, For my fa - ther had ad - dled a vast in trade, And
3. see, But fa - shion's so dear I came back as I went, And

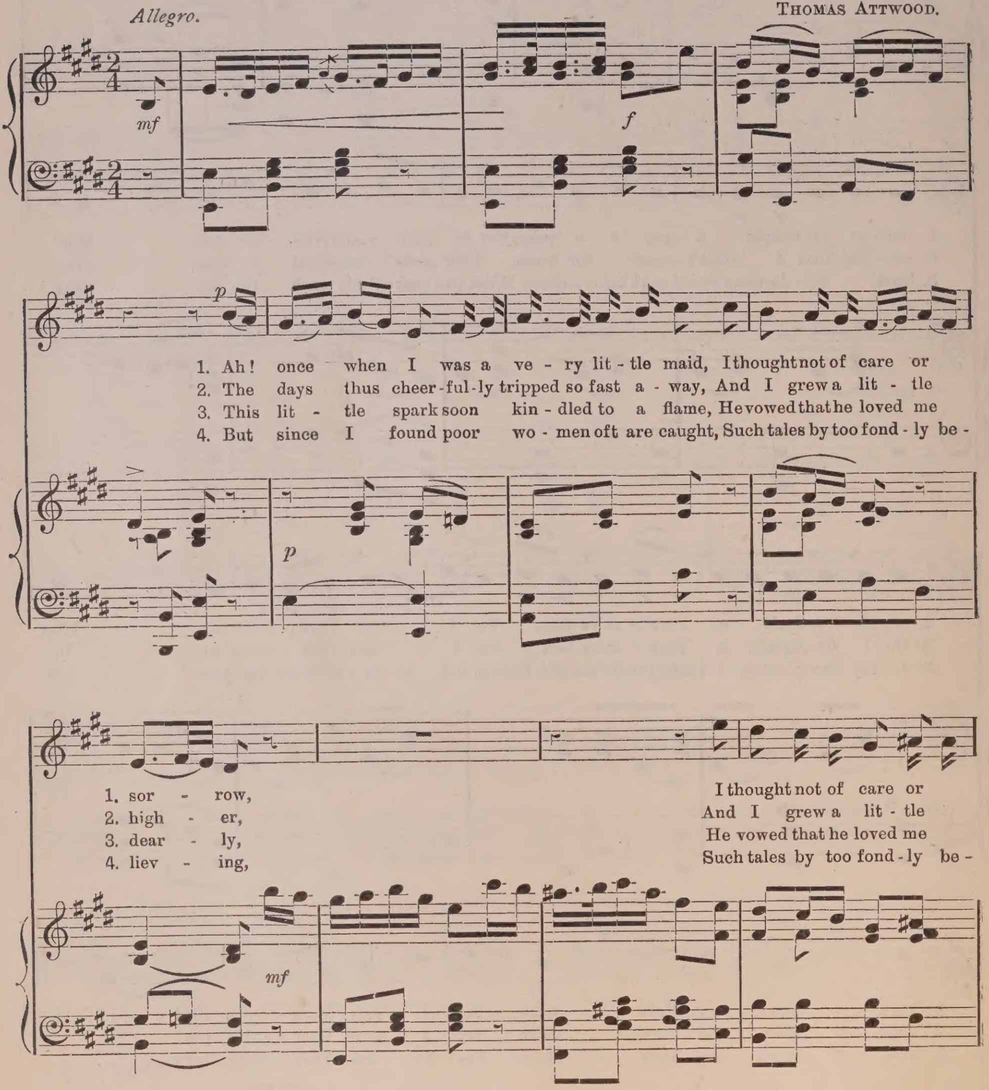
The song is from the opera, *Family Quarrels*, written by Thomas Dibdin, and composed by William Reeve. This was acted in December, 1802, at Covent Garden. The comedian Emery took the character "Mushroom," who acted the part of the Yorkshireman. The piece contained certain passages which gave great offence to the Jews, and had to be considerably modified on its second performance. Had Thomas Dibdin been a Yorkshireman he would have used the word "beck" for "brook" in the song we select; otherwise the dialect is not greatly at fault.

Thomas Dibdin, the second son of the more famous Charles Dibdin, wrote a vast number of theatrical pieces, and many hundred songs, but unlike his father, he left musical composition alone. He was born in London in 1771 and died in 1826.


1. thought to be no small fool, And was thought to be no small fool. I
2. I were his son to a hair, And I were his son to a hair. And
3. so they made nothing o' me, And so they made nothing o' me. My
1. nev - er yet bought a pig in a poke, For to give Aud Nick his due, Tho'
2. see - ing that I didn't want for brass, Poor girls came first to woo, But
3. kind re - la-tions would soon ha' found out What was best wi' my cash to do, Says
1. of - ten I've dealt wi' York - shire folk, Yet I was York - shire too, Was
2. tho' I de - light in a York - shire lass, Yet I were York - shire too, Be
3. I, my dear cousins, I thank you for nought, But I'm not to be cozened by you, I'm
1. York - shire, was York - shire, Yet I was York - shire too! . .
2. York - shire, be York - shire, Yet I were York - shire too! . .
3. York - shire, I'm York - shire, For I am York - shire too! . .
f
mf
sf

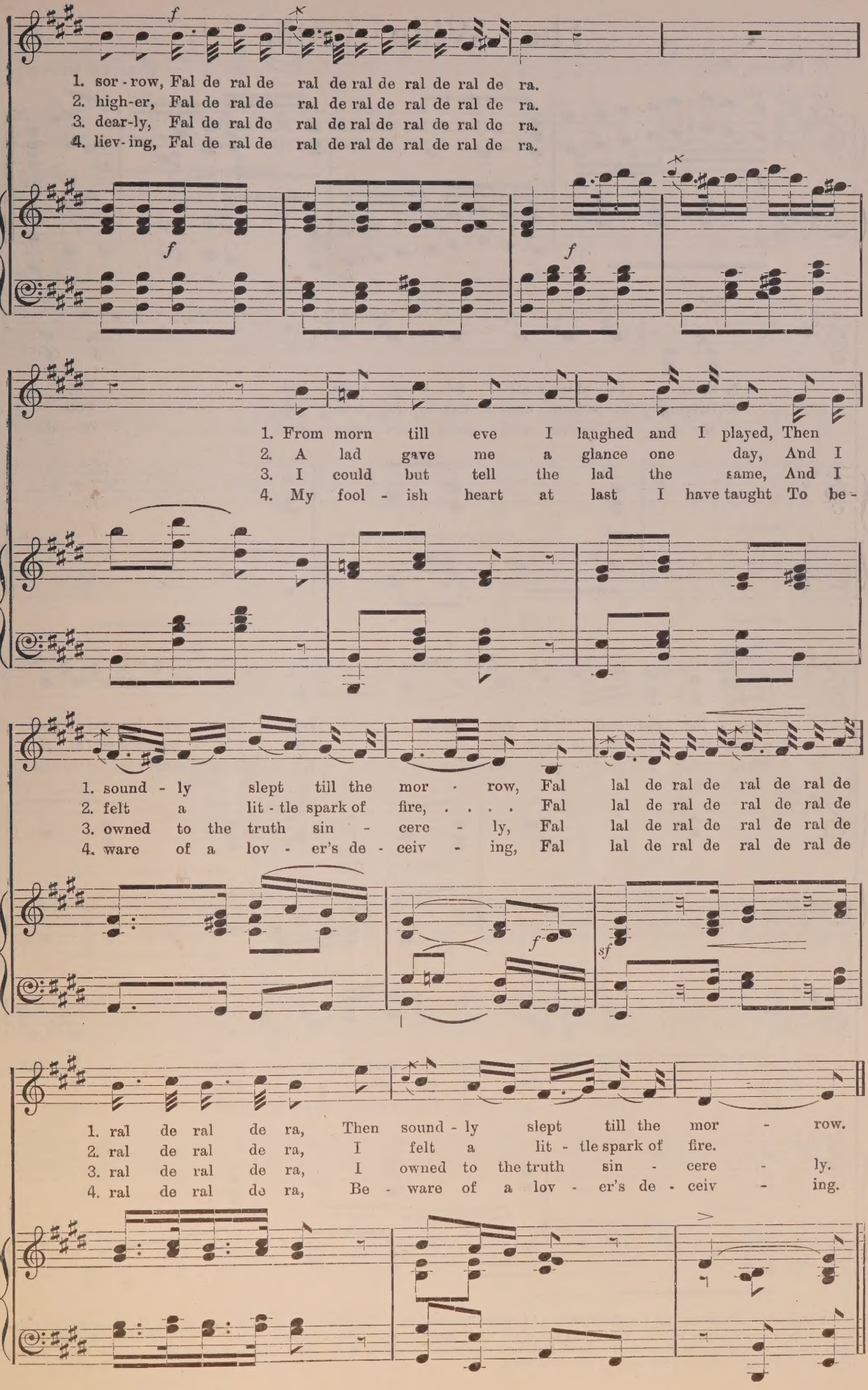
Ah! once when I was a very little Maid.

THOMAS ATTWOOD.


Allegro.
mf
f
p
1. Ah! once when I was a ve - ry lit - tle maid, I thought not of care or
2. The days thus cheer-ful-ly tripped so fast a - way, And I grew a lit - tle
3. This lit - tle spark soon kin - dled to a flame, He vowed that he loved me
4. But since I found poor wo - men oft are caught, Such tales by too fond - ly be -
1. sor - row,
2. high - er,
3. dear - ly,
4. liev - ing,
I thought not of care or
And I grew a lit - tle
He vowed that he loved me
Such tales by too fond - ly be -
mf

Taken from a little musical entertainment called *Fast Asleep*, written by Samuel Birch, with the music composed by Thomas Attwood. The piece was so unsuccessful that it was acted but one night; this was at Drury Lane in 1797. Mrs. Bland took the part of the heroine, and sang the song we print.

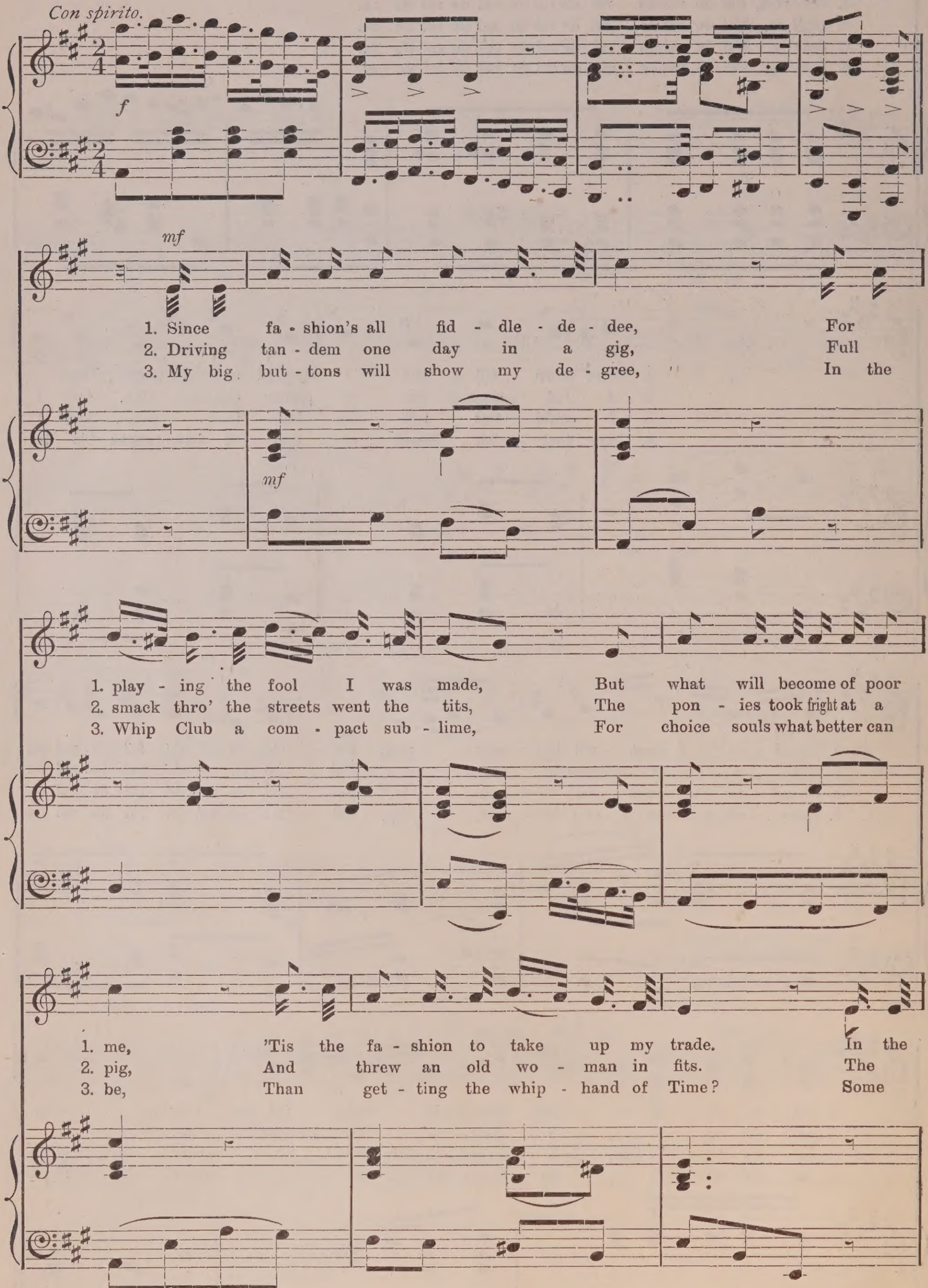
Thomas Attwood is now best remembered by his Church music. He was born in 1765 in London and died at Cheltenham in 1838. He composed for the theatres and was at a later period organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, and music-master to several of the Royal Family, as well as organist to George IV. at his private chapel at Brighton. Attwood was musical-arranger of a number of operas which were produced at the end of the 18th and at the beginning of the 19th centuries.


f
1. sor-row, Fal de ral de ral de ral de ral de ral de ra.
2. high-er, Fal de ral de ral de ral de ral de ral de ra.
3. dear-ly, Fal de ral de ral de ral de ral de ral de ra.
4. liev-ing, Fal de ral de ral de ral de ral de ral de ra.
f
f
1. From morn till eve I laughed and I played, Then
2. A lad gave me a glance one day, And I
3. I could but tell the lad the same, And I
4. My fool-ish heart at last I have taught To be-
1. sound-ly slept till the mor-row, Fal lal de ral de ral de ral de
2. felt a lit-tle spark of fire, ... Fal lal de ral de ral de ral de
3. owned to the truth sin-cere-ly, Fal lal de ral de ral de ral de
4. ware of a lov-er's de-ceiv-ing, Fal lal de ral de ral de ral de
f
sf
1. ral de ral de ra, Then sound-ly slept till the mor-row.
2. ral de ral de ra, I felt a lit-tle spark of fire.
3. ral de ral de ra, I owned to the truth sin-cere-ly.
4. ral de ral de ra, Be-ware of a lov-er's de-ceiv-ing.

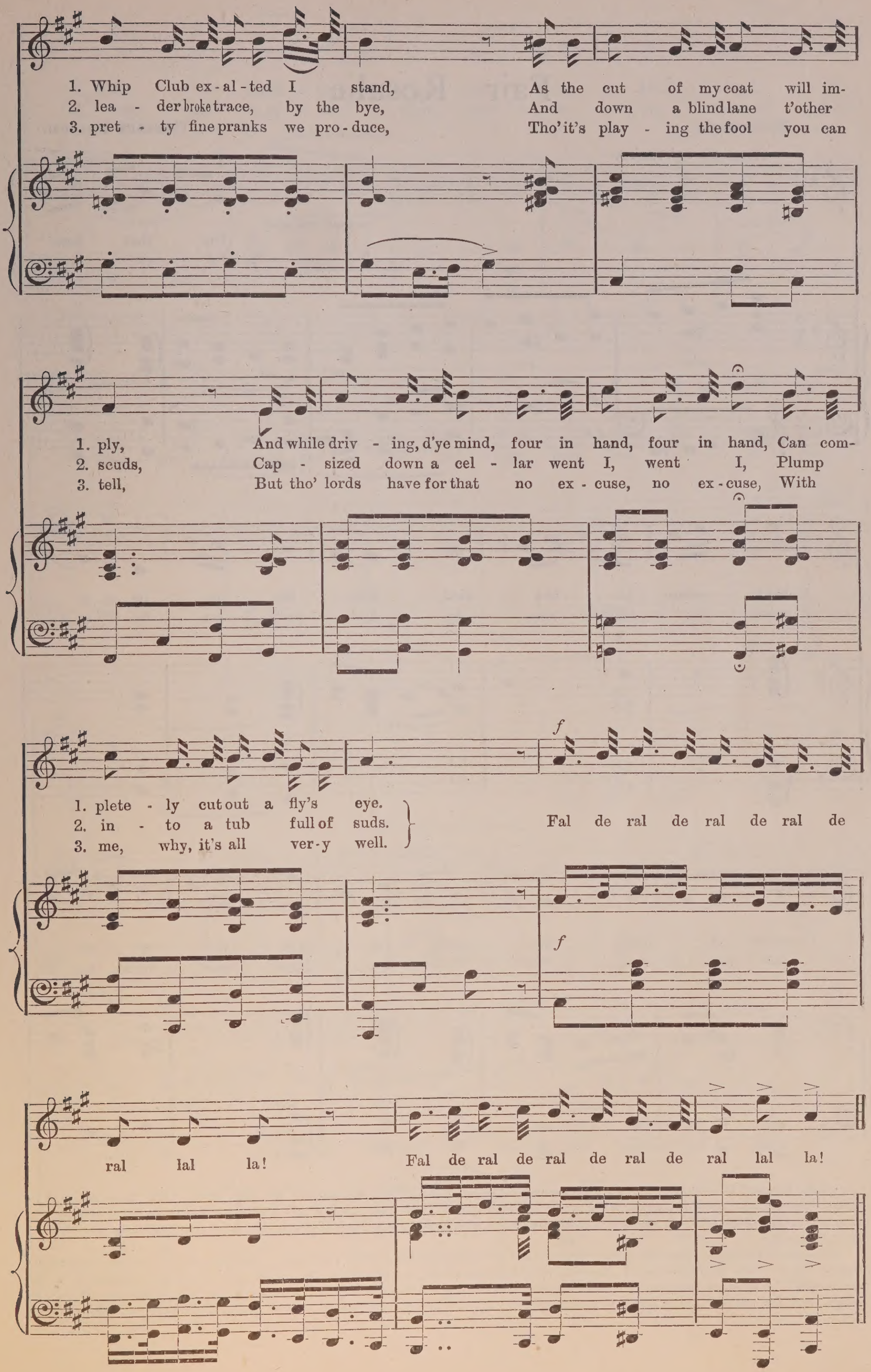
The Whip Club.

C. Dibdin, Jun.

William Reeve.

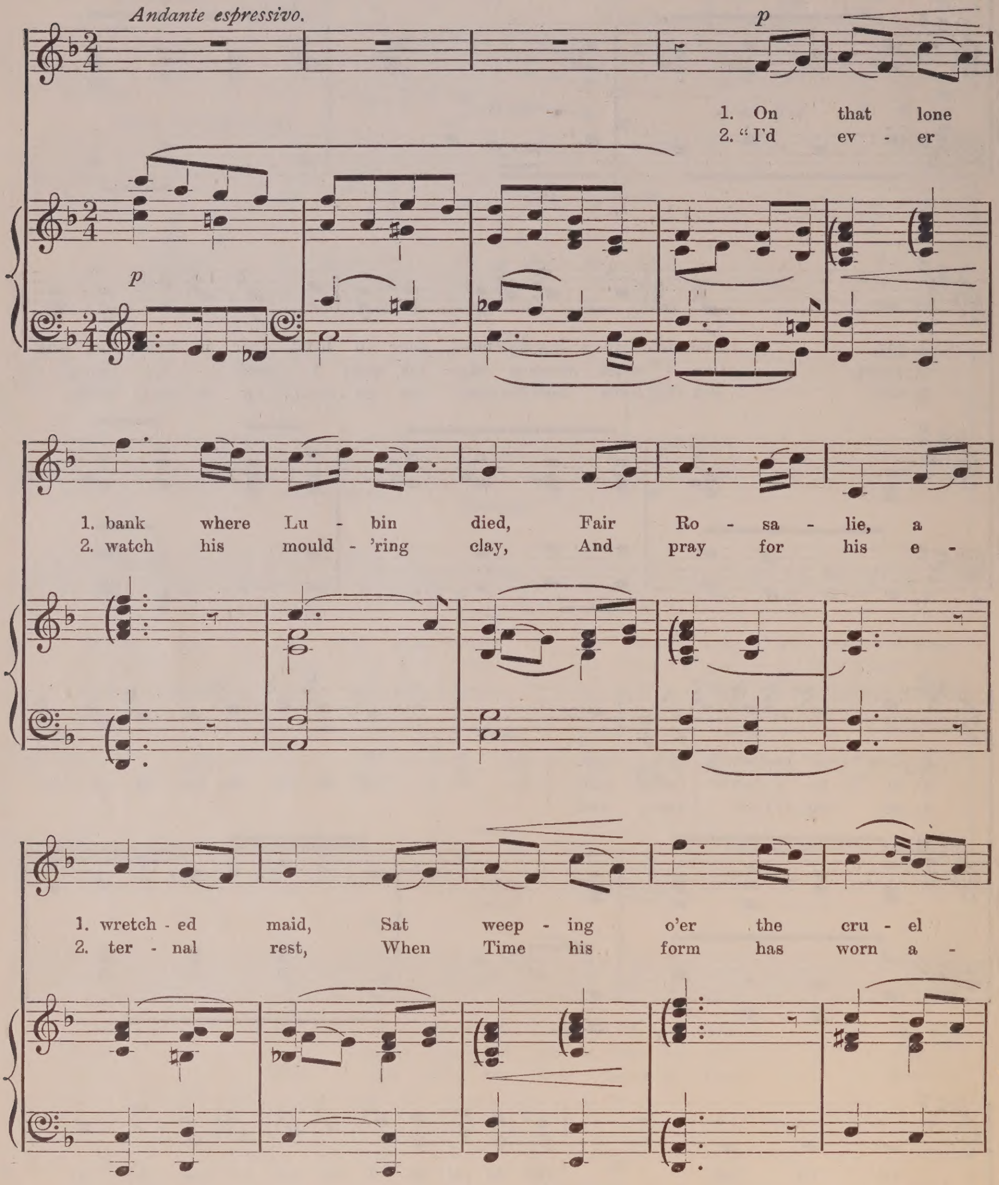

Con spirito.
f
mf
1. Since fa - shion's all fid - dle - de - dee, For
2. Driving tan - dem one day in a gig, Full
3. My big but - tons will show my de - gree, In the
mf
1. play - ing the fool I was made, But what will become of poor
2. smack thro' the streets went the tits, The pon - ies took fright at a
3. Whip Club a com - pact sub - lime, For choice souls what better can
1. me, 'Tis the fa - shion to take up my trade. In the
2. pig, And threw an old wo - man in fits. The
3. be, Than get - ting the whip - hand of Time? Some

A song sung about 1803 by the clown, "Joey" Grimaldi, at Sadlers' Wells Theatre in a pantomime called *The Aquatic Harlequin.* The words are by Charles Dibdin, junior, and the air is by William Reeve. Some spoken "patter" is here omitted. Sadlers' Wells, from its proximity to the New River Head had some facilities for giving water spectacles, and in all plays where there was an excuse for it "real water on the stage" was advertised.


1. Whip Club ex-al-ted I stand, As the cut of my coat will im-
2. lea - der broke trace, by the bye, And down a blind lane t'other
3. pret - ty fine pranks we pro-duce, Tho' it's play - ing the fool you can
1. ply, And while driv - ing, d'ye mind, four in hand, four in hand, Can com-
2. scuds, Cap - sized down a cel - lar went I, went I, Plump
3. tell, But tho' lords have for that no ex - cuse, no ex-cuse, With
1. plete - ly cut out a fly's eye.
2. in - to a tub full of suds.
3. me, why, it's all ver-y well.
f
Fal de ral de ral de ral de
ral lal la!
Fal de ral de ral de ral de ral lal la!
f

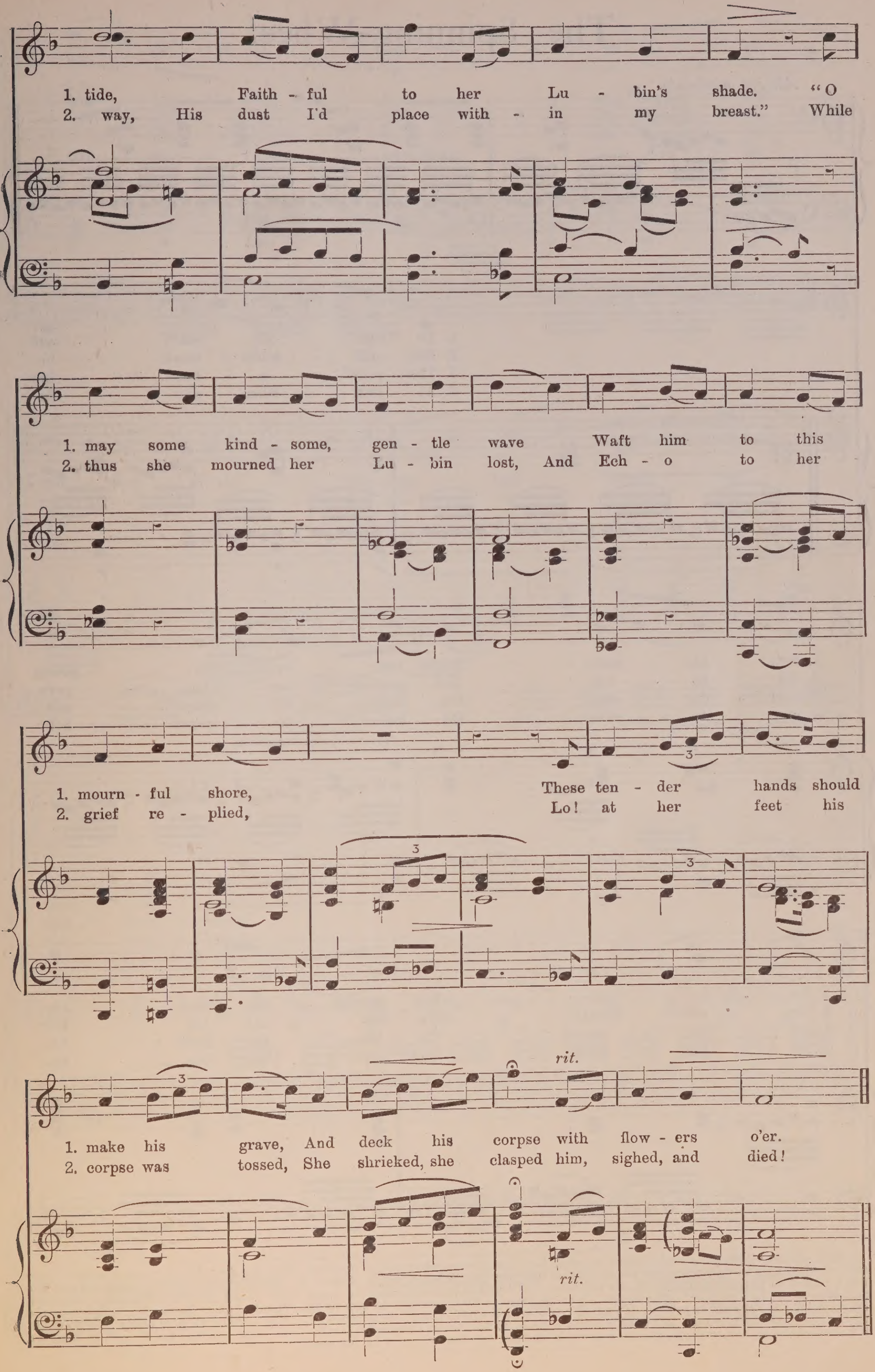
Fair Rosalie.

— Richardson. **Charles Dignum.**

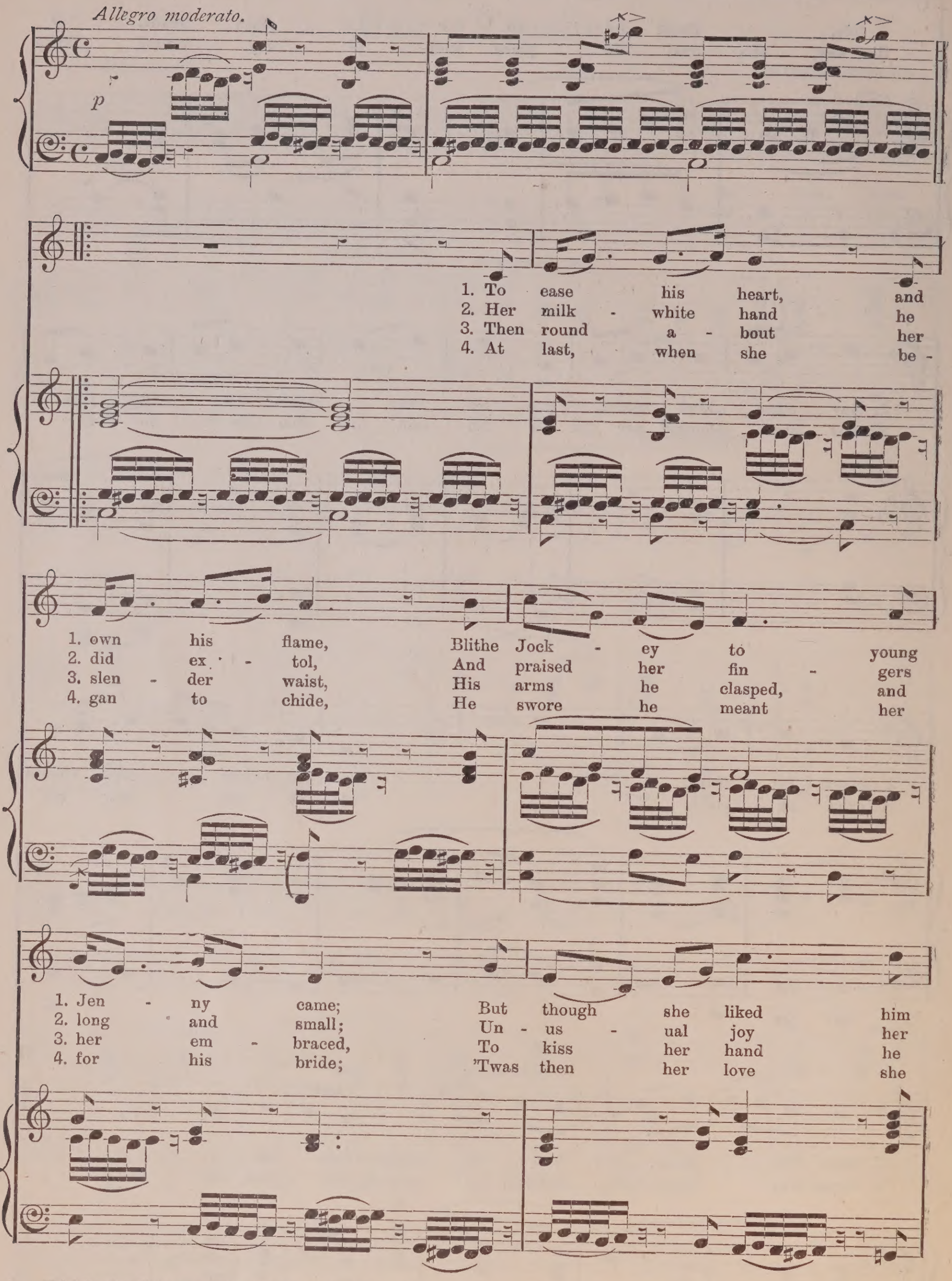

Andante espressivo.
p
1. On that lone bank where Lu - bin died, Fair Ro - sa - lie, a wretch - ed maid, Sat weep - ing o'er the cru - el
2. "I'd ev - er watch his mould - 'ring clay, And pray for his e - ter - nal rest, When Time his form has worn a -
p

"Fair Rosalie" is printed in Hyde's *Miscellaneous Collection of Songs and Ballads*, vol. ii., 1799, folio. It is there assigned to Charles Dignum, who himself claims it in the preface to his volume of *Vocal Music, circa* 1803. Comparing the above clever composition with any in the last-named work one feels to rather doubt the correctness of his claim, or at least to regret that Dignum's music had so much fallen off.

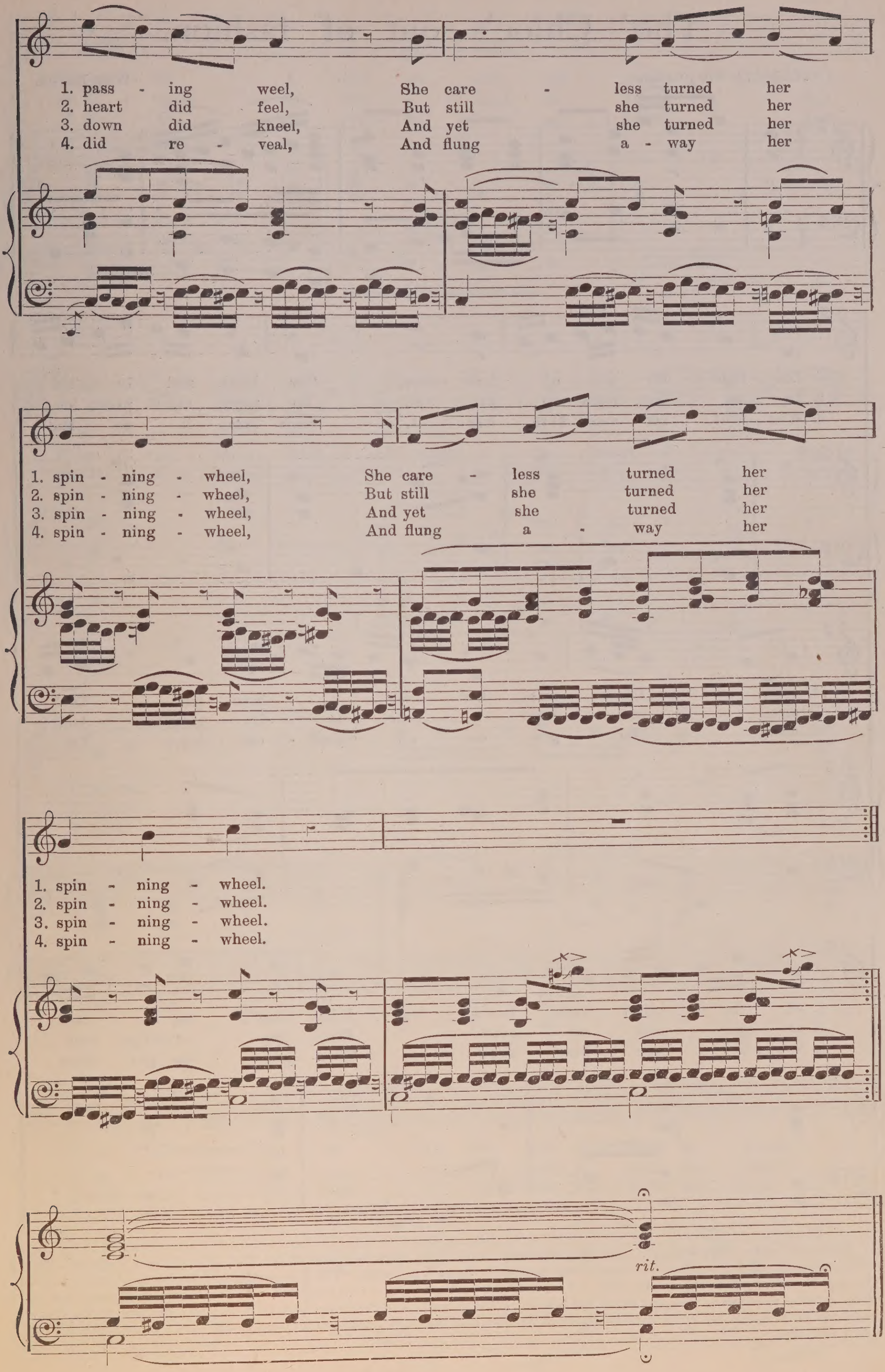
One early music sheet states that it was "sung by Mrs. Crouch at the Music Hall, Liverpool, and by Mrs. Dignum at the Anacreontic Society, the words by Mr. Richardson." The song must have been first put forth about 1788 or 1790. Other copies are found on music sheets issued by Stewart, Edinburgh, in the *Pianoforte Magazine*, *The Edinburgh Musical Miscellany*, 1792, and elsewhere. It will be noticed that the verses, "Young Lubin is a shepherd boy," printed by us in the present volume, are much the same in theme as "Fair Rosalie."


1. tide, Faith - ful to her Lu - bin's shade. "O
2. way, His dust I'd place with - in my breast." While
1. may some kind - some, gen - tle wave Waft him to this
2. thus she mourned her Lu - bin lost, And Ech - o to her
1. mourn - ful shore, These ten - der hands should
2. grief re - plied, Lo! at her feet his
1. make his grave, And deck his corpse with flow - ers o'er.
2. corpse was tossed, She shrieked, she clasped him, sighed, and died!
rit.
3
rit.

The Spinning-Wheel.


Allegro moderato.
p
1. To ease his heart, and own his flame, Blithe Jock - ey to young Jen - ny came; But though she liked him
2. Her milk - white hand he did ex - tol, And praised her fin - gers long and small; Un - us - ual joy her
3. Then round a - bout her slen - der waist, His arms he clasped, and her em - braced, To kiss her hand he
4. At last, when she be - gan to chide, He swore he meant her for his bride; 'Twas then her love she

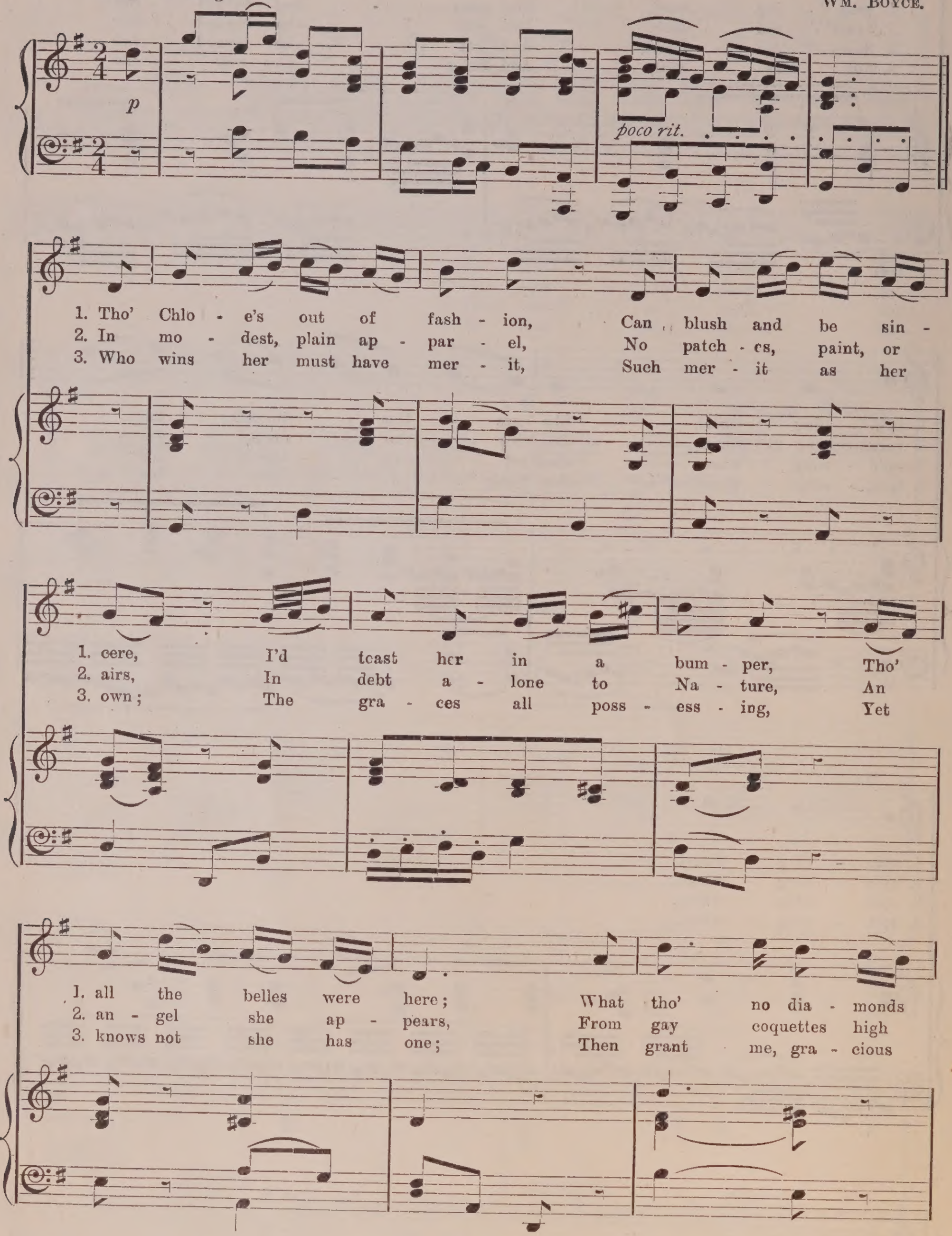
This pleasing little song with the air is printed in the July number of the *Universal Magazine* for 1762 as "a new song." It is somewhat curious to find the same words (turned into the first person), in all editions of Dr. Arne's *Thomas and Sally* (except the first), united to the "Scotch Air" in the overture. In these it is stated that the words were "sung by Mr. Tenducci at Ranelagh and Miss Brent at Vauxhall." The Scotch air in question is that generally known as the "Cardin' o't." In the first edition of the opera dated 1761, the air is printed as part of the overture without any words attached. The melody we give above was no doubt the original one for the song, but it afterwards appears to have been superseded by the one Arne selected for it. It is doubtful if the words were ever sung in *Thomas and Sally*, as they can form no part of the piece.


1. pass - ing weel, She care - less turned her
2. heart did feel, But still she turned her
3. down did kneel, And yet she turned her
4. did re - veal, And flung a - way her
1. spin - ning - wheel, She care - less turned her
2. spin - ning - wheel, But still she turned her
3. spin - ning - wheel, And yet she turned her
4. spin - ning - wheel, And flung a - way her
1. spin - ning - wheel.
2. spin - ning - wheel.
3. spin - ning - wheel.
4. spin - ning - wheel.
rit.

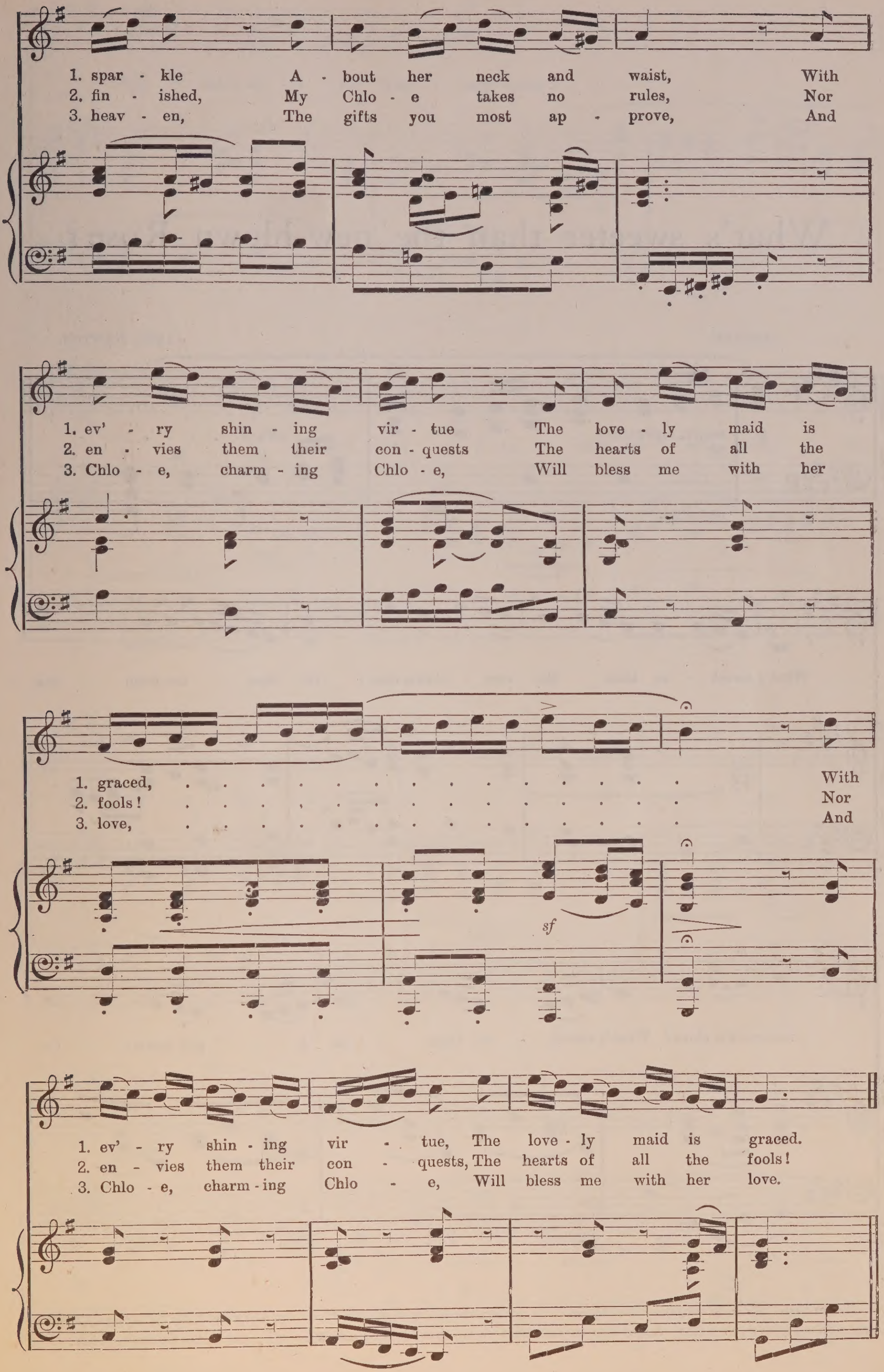
Tho' Chloe's out of fashion.

Allegretto con grazia.

Wm. Boyce.


p
poco rit.
1. Tho' Chlo - e's out of fash - ion, Can blush and be sin - cere, I'd toast her in a bum - per, Tho' all the belles were here; What tho' no dia - monds
2. In mo - dest, plain ap - par - el, No patch - es, paint, or airs, In debt a - lone to Na - ture, An an - gel she ap - pears, From gay coquettes high
3. Who wins her must have mer - it, Such mer - it as her own; The gra - ces all poss - ess - ing, Yet knows not she has one; Then grant me, gra - cious

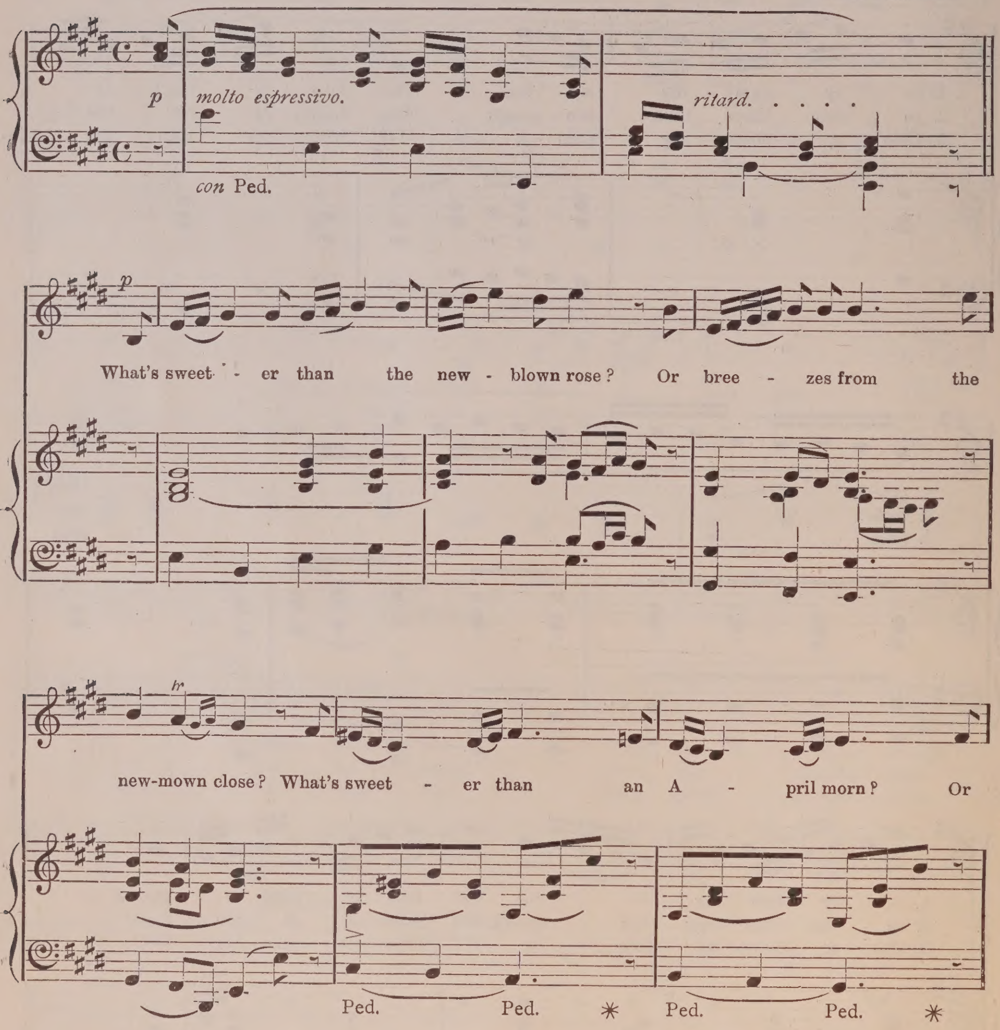
The air is by Dr. William Boyce. The song appears in *The Universal Magazine* for December, 1749; *Muse's Delight*, Liverpool, 1754; *Clio and Euterpe*, vol. iii., 1762, and on engraved half sheets. In these it is headed, "The Non-pariel set by Mr. Boyce." It was sung at Ranelagh Gardens by John Beard. To Boyce we are indebted for his fine air, "Heart of Oak," and he was composer of many now forgotten lyrics of some merit. William Boyce was born in 1710, held many important posts as organist, and was composer to the Chapel Royal and to the King. He wrote much for Ranelagh Gardens, took his doctor's degree in 1749, and died in 1779. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.


1. spar - kle A - bout her neck and waist, With
2. fin - ished, My Chlo - e takes no rules, Nor
3. heav - en, The gifts you most ap - prove, And
1. ev' - ry shin - ing vir - tue The love - ly maid is
2. en - vies them their con - quests The hearts of all the
3. Chlo - e, charm - ing Chlo - e, Will bless me with her
1. graced, ... With
2. fools! . . . . Nor
3. love, ... And
sf
1. ev' - ry shin - ing vir - tue, The love - ly maid is graced.
2. en - vies them their con - quests, The hearts of all the fools!
3. Chlo - e, charm - ing Chlo - e, Will bless me with her love.

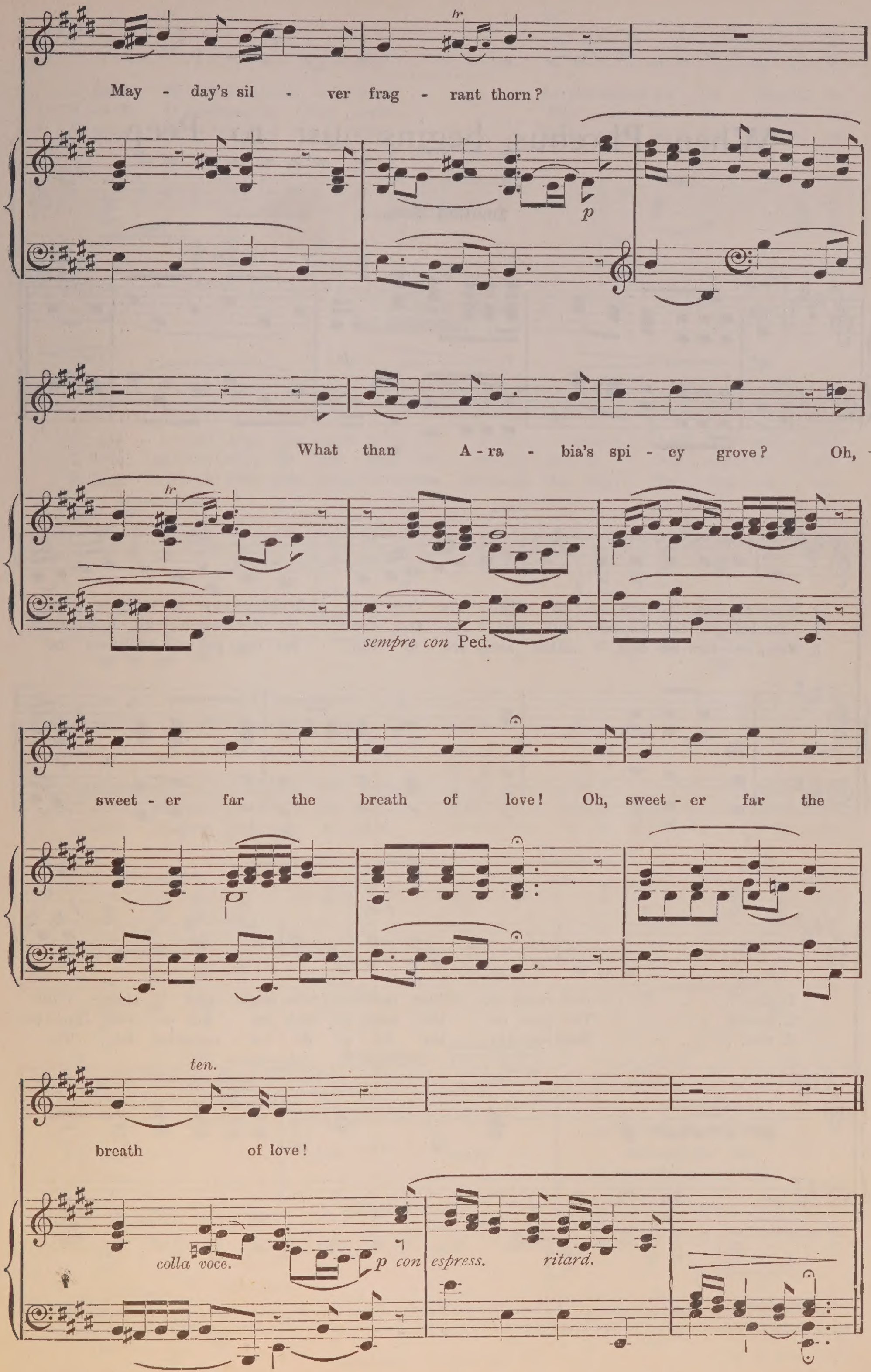
What's sweeter than the new-blown Rose?

Andante.

JAMES NEWTON.

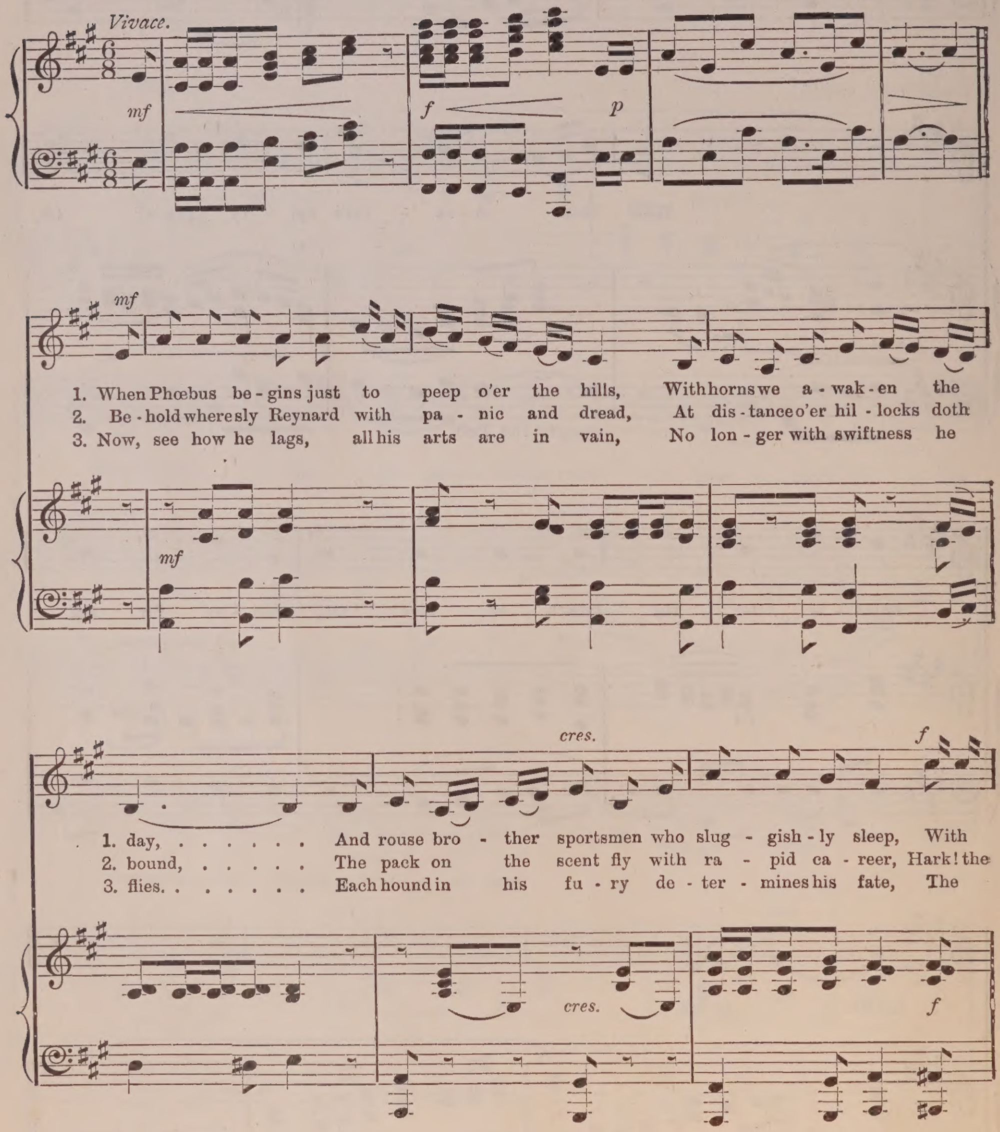

p
molto espressivo.
ritard. . . . .
con Ped.
p
What's sweet - er than the new - blown rose? Or bree - zes from the
new-mown close? What's sweet - er than an A - pril morn? Or
tr
Ped.
Ped.
✳
Ped.
Ped.
✳

Taken from "*Six Select Songs and One Cantata . . set to music by James Newton, M.A. London: printed for the author and sold by John Johnstone,*" folio, *circa* 1775. James Newton was a little known musician who came from, or resided in, the Eastern counties.

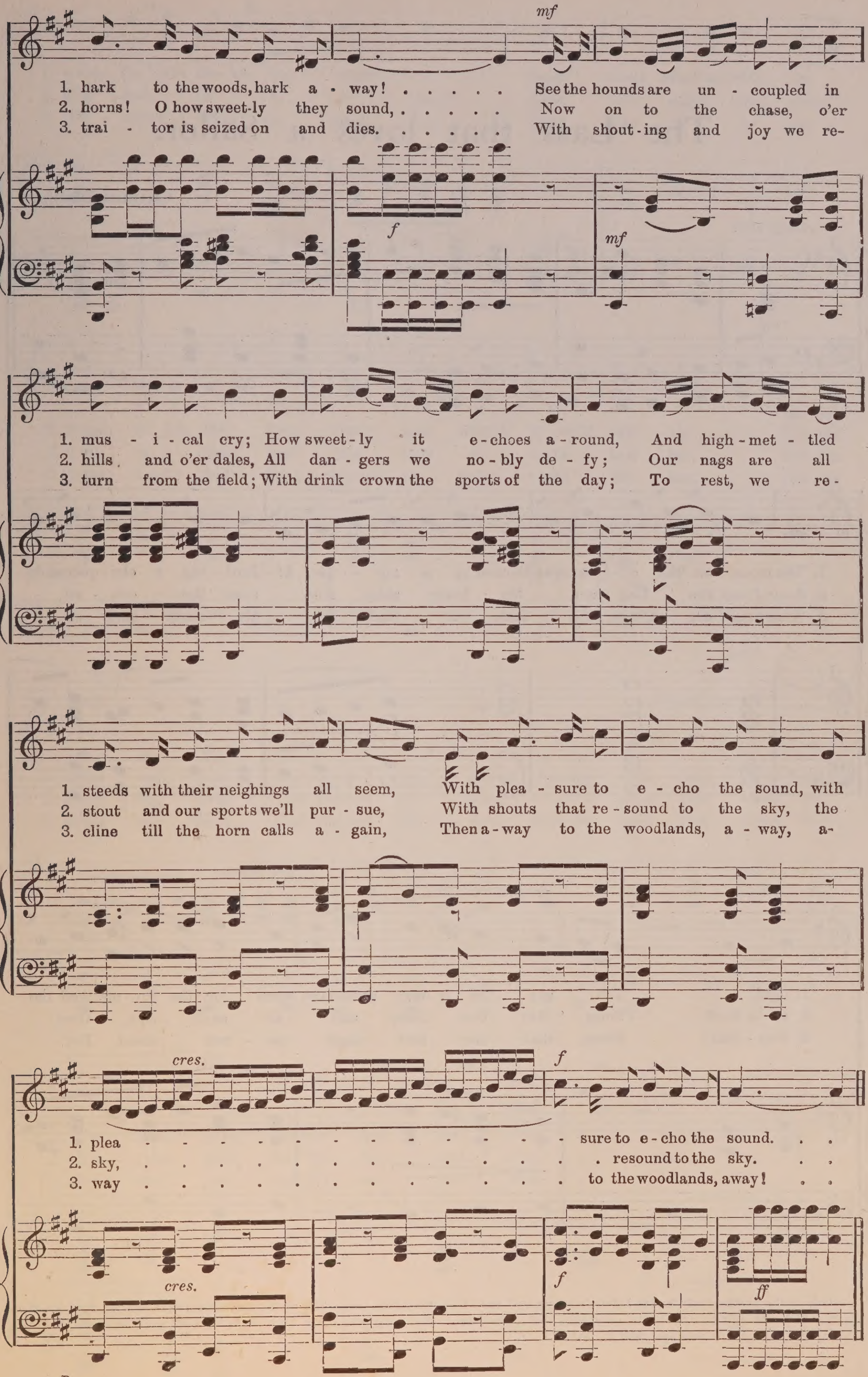

tr
May - day's sil - ver frag - rant thorn?
p
tr
What than A - ra - bia's spi - cy grove? Oh,
sempre con Ped.
sweet - er far the breath of love! Oh, sweet - er far the
ten.
breath of love!
colla voce.
p con espress.
ritard.

When Phœbus begins just to Peep.

Hunting Song.

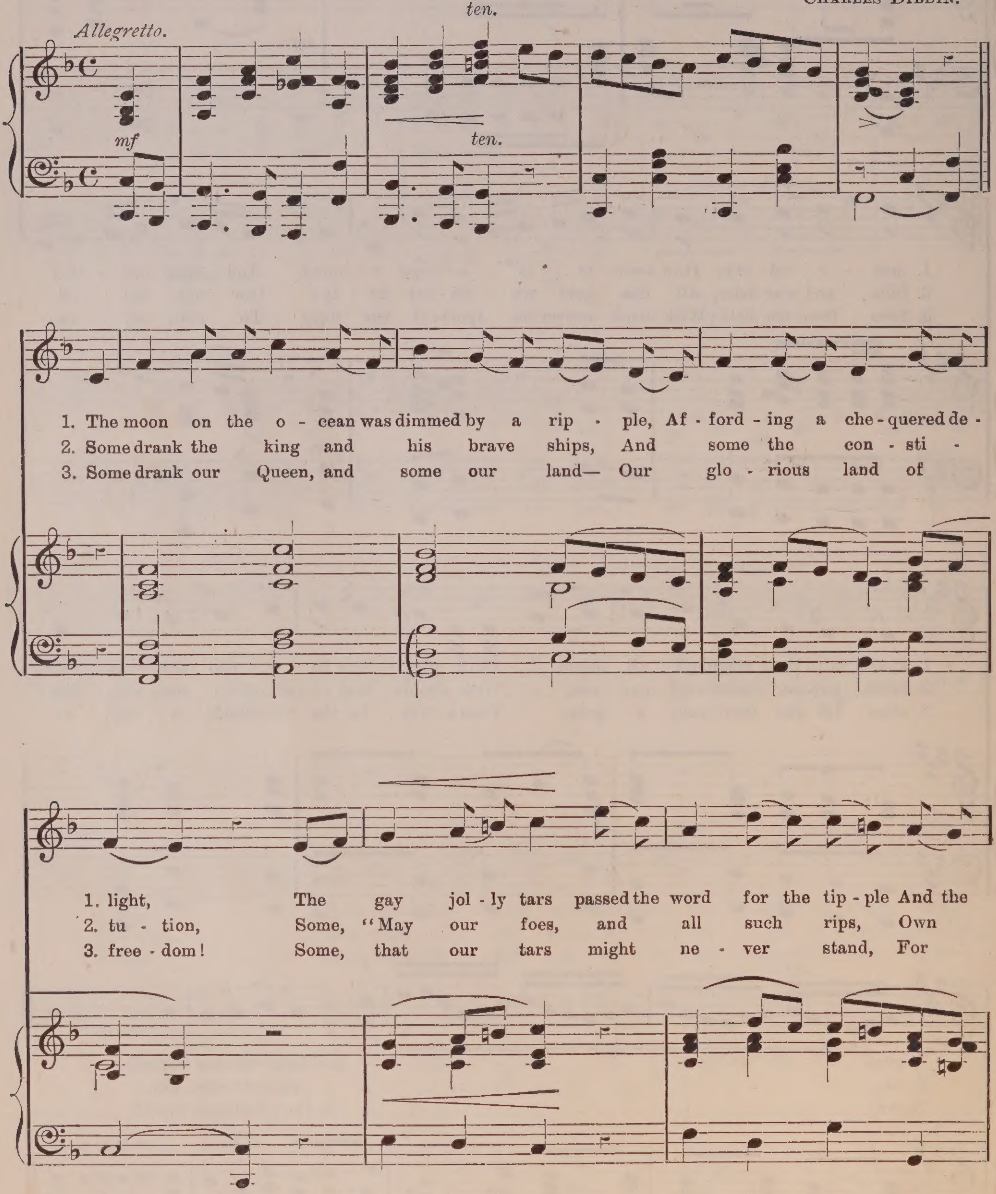

Vivace.
mf
f
p
mf
1. When Phœbus be-gins just to peep o'er the hills, With horns we a-wak-en the
2. Be-hold where sly Reynard with pa-nic and dread, At dis-tance o'er hil-locks doth
3. Now, see how he lags, all his arts are in vain, No lon-ger with swiftness he
mf
cres.
f
1. day, ... And rouse bro-ther sportsmen who slug-gish-ly sleep, With
2. bound, ... The pack on the scent fly with ra-pid ca-reer, Hark! the
3. flies. . . . . Each hound in his fu-ry de-ter-mines his fate, The
cres.
f

One of the 18th century hunting songs, of which there are many examples of considerable musical value, but with a compass so great that one wonders how the average singer executed them. The present one appears in Fielding's *Vocal Enchantress*, 1783.

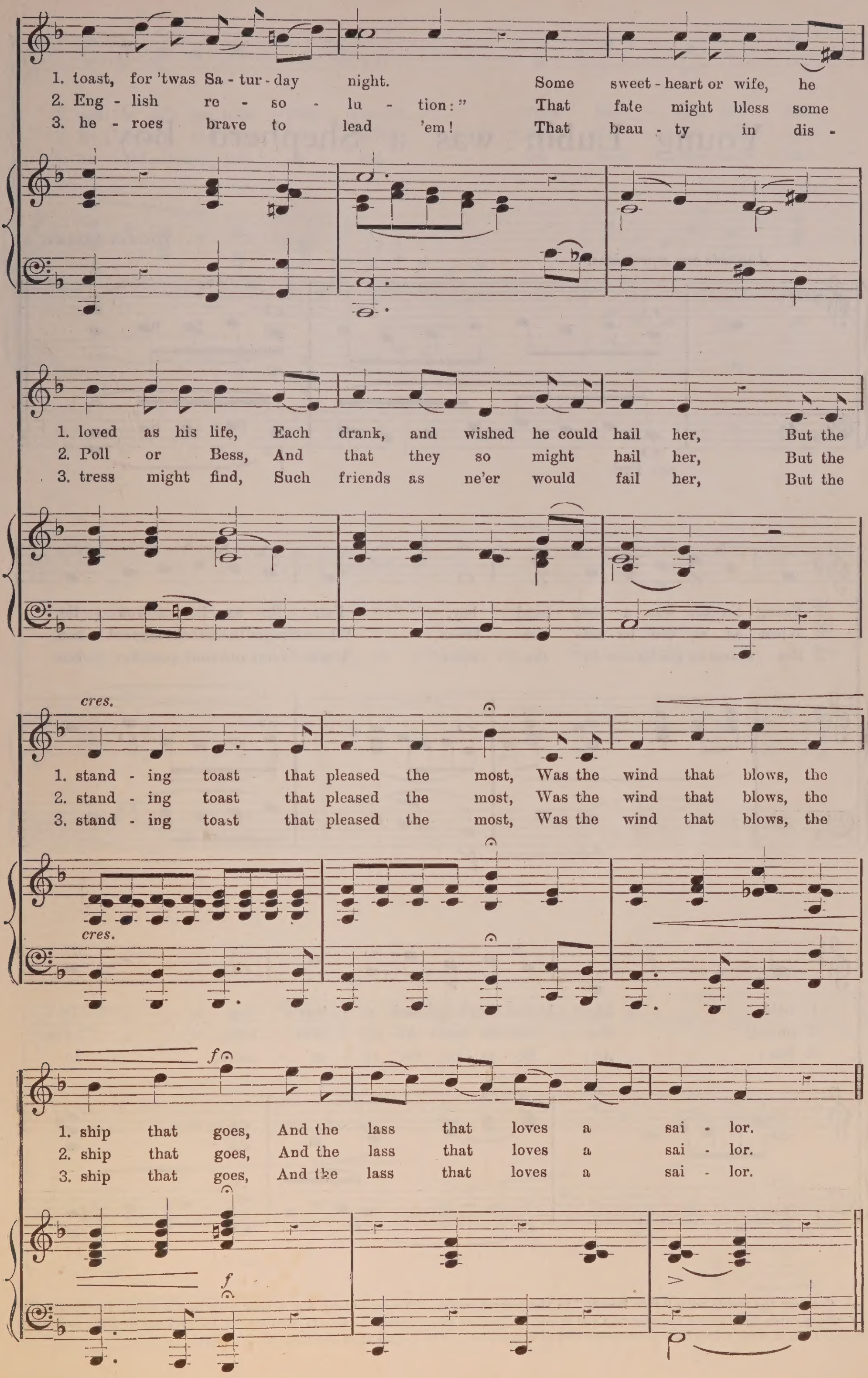

mf
1. hark to the woods, hark a - way! . . . . . See the hounds are un - coupled in
2. horns! O how sweet-ly they sound, ... Now on to the chase, o'er
3. trai - tor is seized on and dies. . . . . . With shout-ing and joy we re-
f
mf
1. mus - i - cal cry; How sweet-ly it e-choes a-round, And high-met - tled
2. hills and o'er dales, All dan - gers we no-bly de - fy; Our nags are all
3. turn from the field; With drink crown the sports of the day; To rest, we re-
1. steeds with their neighings all seem, With plea - sure to e - cho the sound, with
2. stout and our sports we'll pur - sue, With shouts that re-sound to the sky, the
3. cline till the horn calls a - gain, Then a-way to the woodlands, a - way, a-
cres.
f
1. plea - - - - - - - - - - - - - sure to e-cho the sound. . .
2. sky, ... resound to the sky. . .
3. way . . . . to the woodlands, away! . .
cres.
f
ff

The Lass that loves a Sailor.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

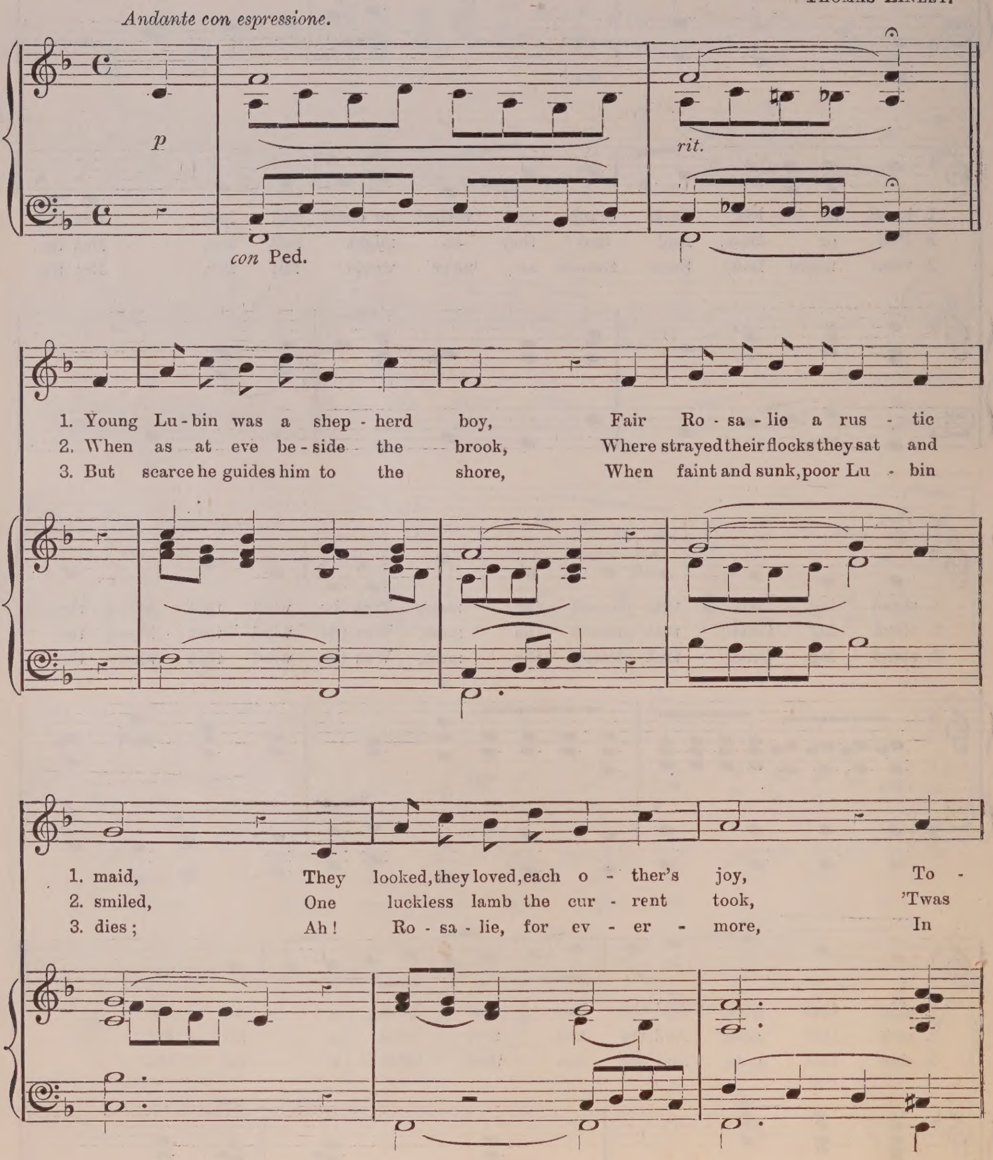

Allegretto.
ten.
mf
ten.
1. The moon on the o - cean was dimmed by a rip - ple, Af - ford - ing a che - quered de -
2. Some drank the king and his brave ships, And some the con - sti -
3. Some drank our Queen, and some our land— Our glo - rious land of
1. light, The gay jol - ly tars passed the word for the tip - ple And the
2. tu - tion, Some, "May our foes, and all such rips, Own
3. free - dom! Some, that our tars might ne - ver stand, For

One of the prettiest of Charles Dibdin's songs, and one of his very late ones. The words and music were written by him when in broken health and spirits and in great financial difficulties. The song was sung in a little musical entertainment, his last, called, *The Robin;* this was produced in 1811.

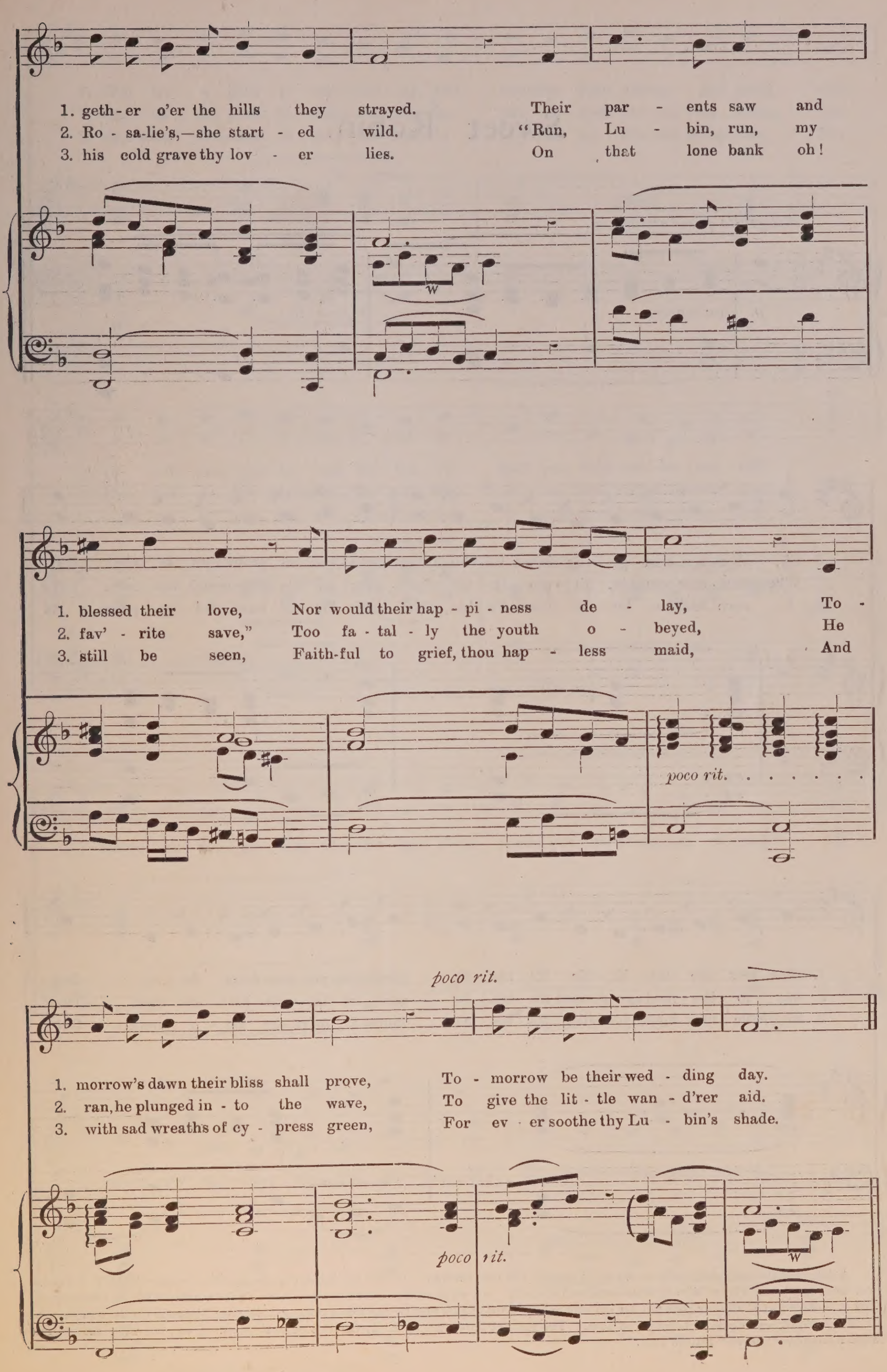

1. toast, for 'twas Sa - tur - day night. Some sweet - heart or wife, he
2. Eng - lish re - so - lu - tion:" That fate might bless some
3. he - roes brave to lead 'em! That beau - ty in dis -
1. loved as his life, Each drank, and wished he could hail her, But the
2. Poll or Bess, And that they so might hail her, But the
3. tress might find, Such friends as ne'er would fail her, But the
cres.
1. stand - ing toast that pleased the most, Was the wind that blows, the
2. stand - ing toast that pleased the most, Was the wind that blows, the
3. stand - ing toast that pleased the most, Was the wind that blows, the
cres.
f
1. ship that goes, And the lass that loves a sai - lor.
2. ship that goes, And the lass that loves a sai - lor.
3. ship that goes, And the lass that loves a sai - lor.
f

Young Lubin was a Shepherd Boy.

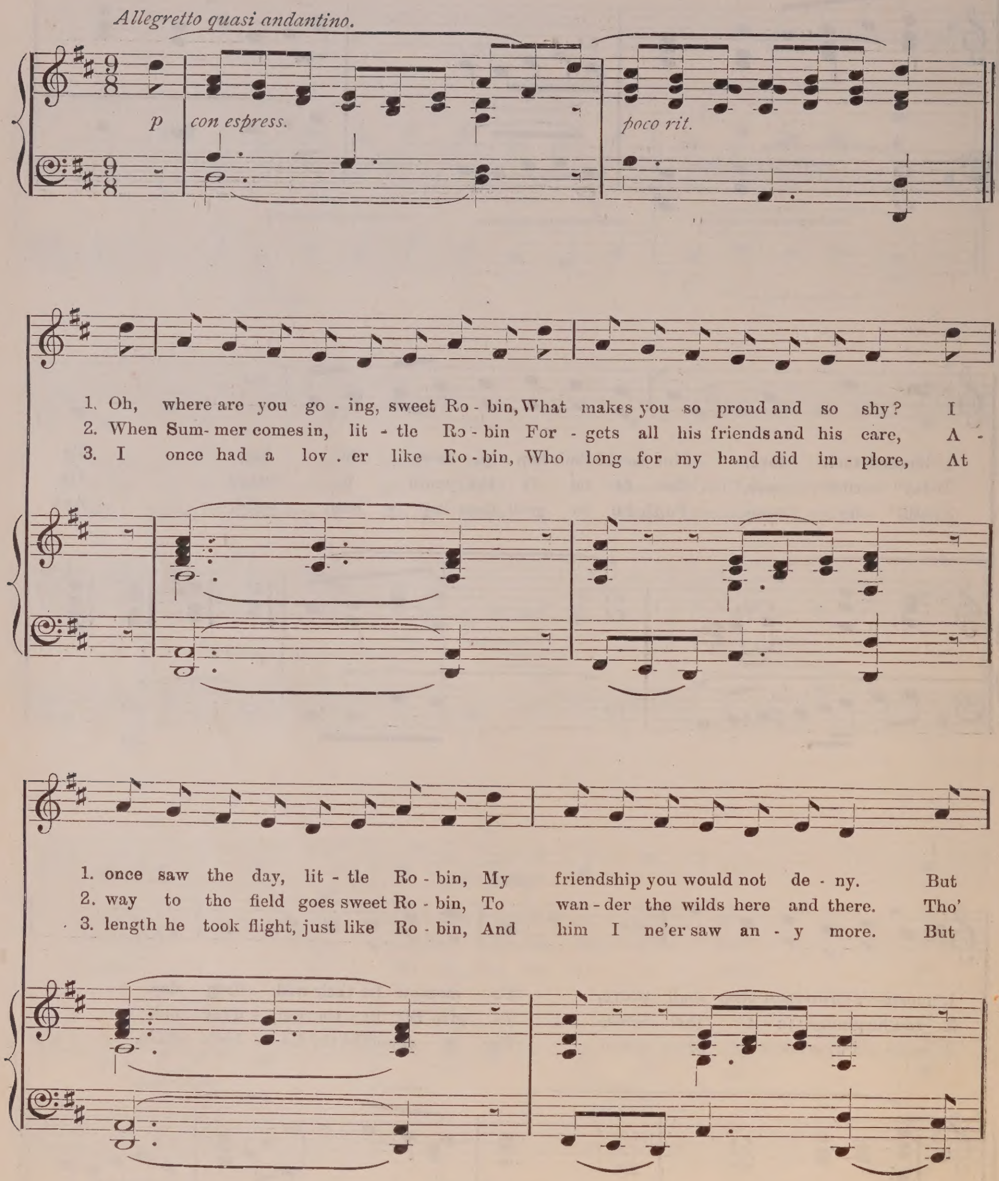
THOMAS LINLEY.


Andante con espressione.
p
rit.
con Ped.
1. Young Lu-bin was a shep-herd boy, Fair Ro-sa-lie a rus-tic
2. When as at eve be-side the brook, Where strayed their flocks they sat and
3. But scarce he guides him to the shore, When faint and sunk, poor Lu-bin
1. maid, They looked, they loved, each o-ther's joy, To-
2. smiled, One luckless lamb the cur-rent took, 'Twas
3. dies; Ah! Ro-sa-lie, for ev-er-more, In

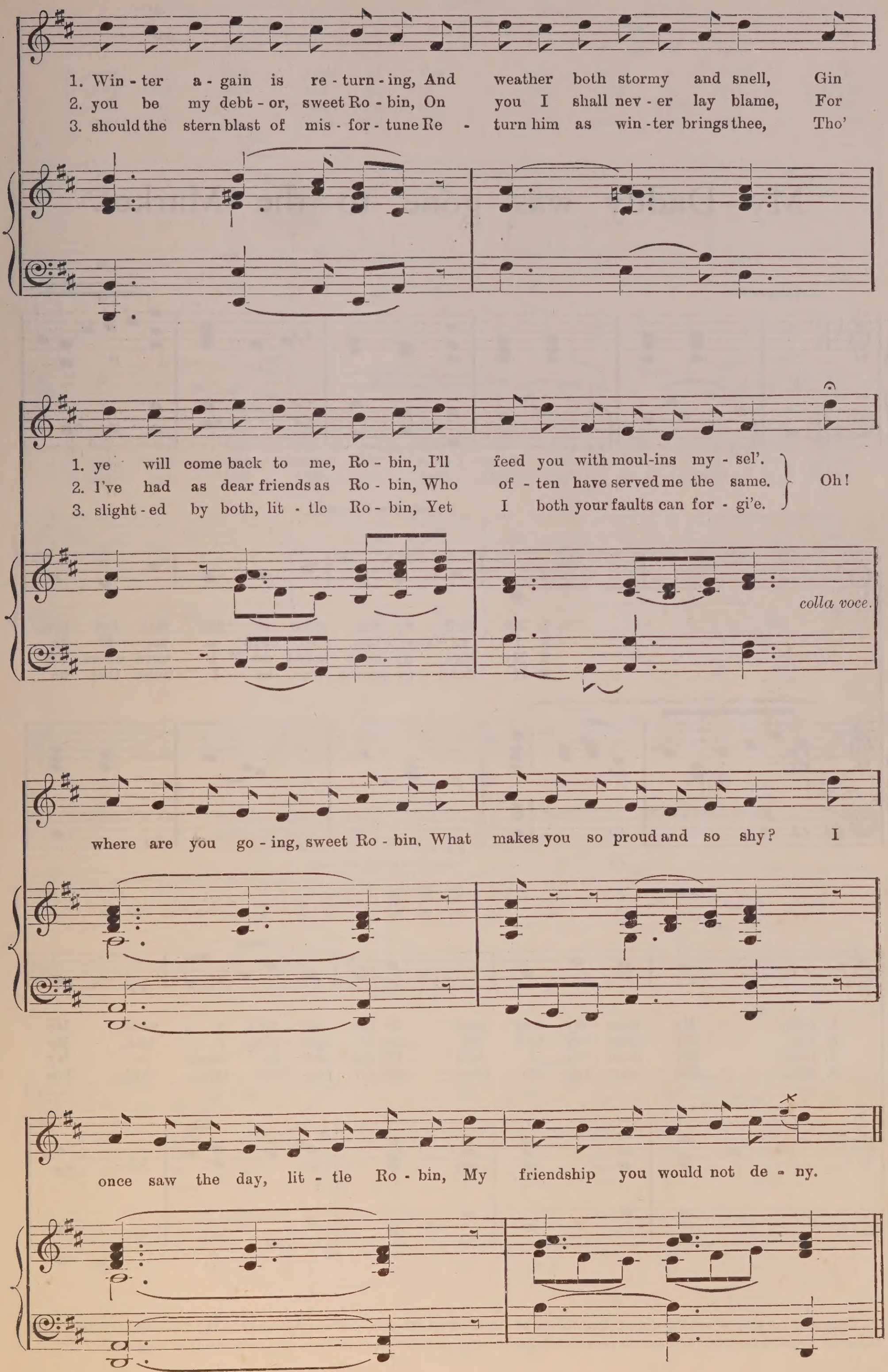
Compare the words with "Fair Rosalie" in the present work. "Young Lubin" was a song sung in the opera, *The Carnival of Venice*, written by Richard Tickell, with the music by Thomas Linley, senior. It was produced at Drury Lane in 1781, and many songs from it were printed on sheet music and in collections. Mrs. Cargill sang the lyric on the stage.


1. geth - er o'er the hills they strayed. Their par - ents saw and
2. Ro - sa-lie's,—she start - ed wild. "Run, Lu - bin, run, my
3. his cold grave thy lov - er lies. On that lone bank oh!
w
1. blessed their love, Nor would their hap - pi - ness de - lay, To -
2. fav' - rite save," Too fa - tal - ly the youth o - beyed, He
3. still be seen, Faith-ful to grief, thou hap - less maid, And
poco rit.
poco rit.
1. morrow's dawn their bliss shall prove, To - morrow be their wed - ding day.
2. ran, he plunged in - to the wave, To give the lit - tle wan - d'rer aid.
3. with sad wreaths of cy - press green, For ev - er soothe thy Lu - bin's shade.
poco rit.
w

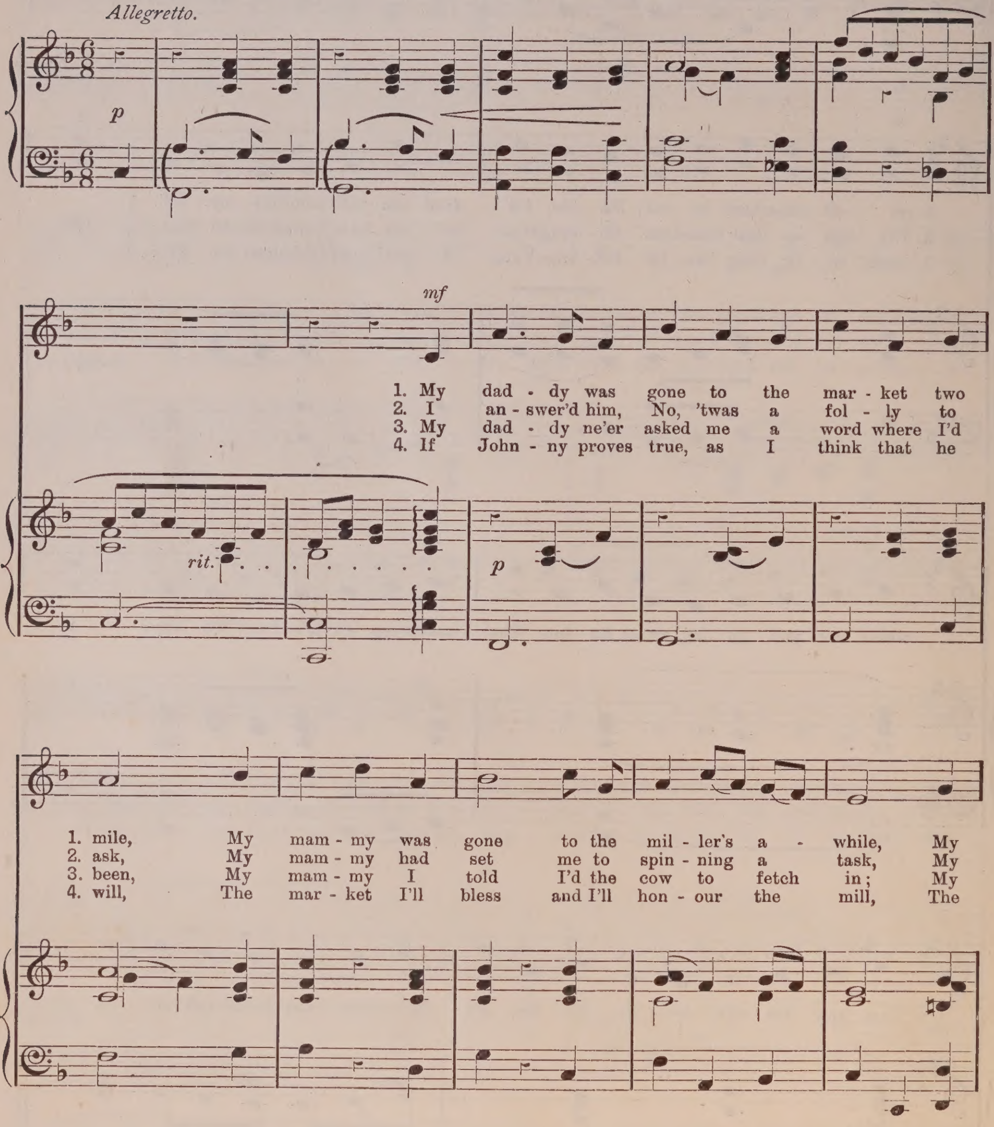
Sweet Robin.


Allegretto quasi andantino.
p
con espress.
poco rit.
1. Oh, where are you go - ing, sweet Ro - bin, What makes you so proud and so shy? I
2. When Sum- mer comes in, lit - tle Ro - bin For - gets all his friends and his care, A -
3. I once had a lov - er like Ro - bin, Who long for my hand did im - plore, At
1. once saw the day, lit - tle Ro - bin, My friendship you would not de - ny. But
2. way to the field goes sweet Ro - bin, To wan - der the wilds here and there. Tho'
3. length he took flight, just like Ro - bin, And him I ne'er saw an - y more. But

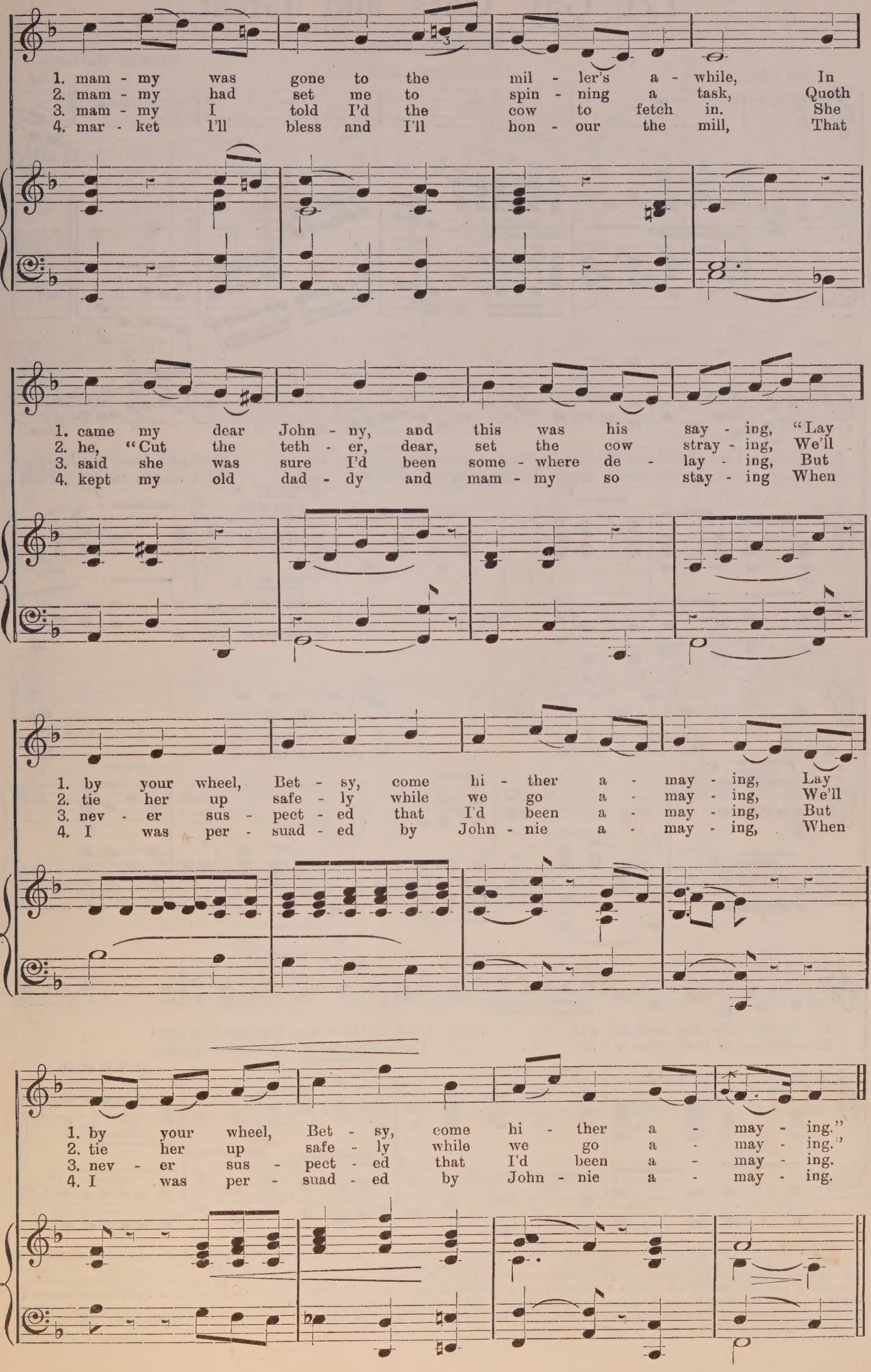
A dainty little song much sung in the early years of the 19th century. It was rendered popular by Mrs. Cooke, wife of T. S. Cooke, the Irish musician, who as Miss Howells sang at Vauxhall. An early music sheet copy associates Cooke's name with its composition, but it is doubtful if the air was not an old one merely arranged by him for his wife's singing. Thomas Simpson Cooke was born in Dublin in 1782, and died in London in 1846. The song is published in R. A. Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, vol. ii., with the present tune mistakenly named "Hallow Fair."


1. Win - ter a - gain is re - turn - ing, And weather both stormy and snell, Gin
2. you be my debt - or, sweet Ro - bin, On you I shall nev - er lay blame, For
3. should the stern blast of mis - for - tune Re - turn him as win - ter brings thee, Tho'
1. ye will come back to me, Ro - bin, I'll feed you with moul-ins my - sel'.
2. I've had as dear friends as Ro - bin, Who of - ten have served me the same.
3. slight - ed by both, lit - tle Ro - bin, Yet I both your faults can for - gi'e.
Oh!
colla voce.
where are you go - ing, sweet Ro - bin, What makes you so proud and so shy? I
once saw the day, lit - tle Ro - bin, My friendship you would not de - ny.

My Daddy was gone to the Market.


Allegretto.
p
mf
rit.
p
1. My dad - dy was gone to the mar - ket two
2. I an - swer'd him, No, 'twas a fol - ly to
3. My dad - dy ne'er asked me a word where I'd
4. If John - ny proves true, as I think that he
1. mile, My mam - my was gone to the mil - ler's a - while, My
2. ask, My mam - my had set me to spin - ning a task, My
3. been, My mam - my I told I'd the cow to fetch in; My
4. will, The mar - ket I'll bless and I'll hon - our the mill, The

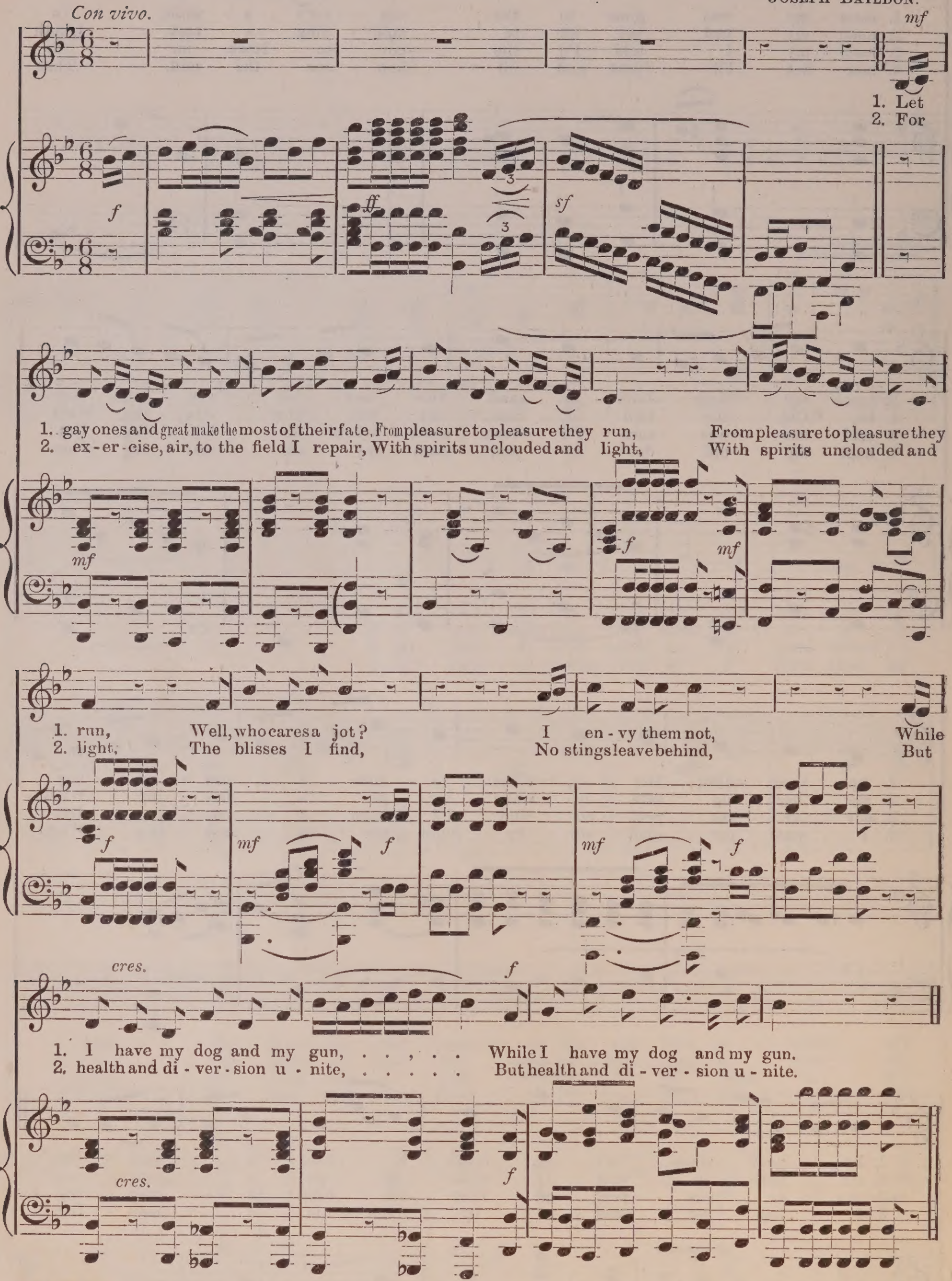
Originally sung by a vocalist named Miss Brown at Sadler's Wells Theatre. It was published in the December number of the *Universal Magazine* for 1763. It is curious that a traditional version still survives (or did recently) in the south of England.


1. mam - my was gone to the mil - ler's a - while, In
2. mam - my had set me to spin - ning a task, Quoth
3. mam - my I told I'd the cow to fetch in. She
4. mar - ket I'll bless and I'll hon - our the mill, That
1. came my dear John - ny, and this was his say - ing, "Lay
2. he, "Cut the teth - er, dear, set the cow stray - ing, We'll
3. said she was sure I'd been some - where de - lay - ing, But
4. kept my old dad - dy and mam - my so stay - ing When
1. by your wheel, Bet - sy, come hi - ther a - may - ing, Lay
2. tie her up safe - ly while we go a - may - ing, We'll
3. nev - er sus - pect - ed that I'd been a - may - ing, But
4. I was per - suad - ed by John - nie a - may - ing, When
1. by your wheel, Bet - sy, come hi - ther a - may - ing."
2. tie her up safe - ly while we go a - may - ing."
3. nev - er sus - pect - ed that I'd been a - may - ing.
4. I was per - suad - ed by John - nie a - may - ing.

Let Gay Ones and Great.

Shooting Song.

JOSEPH BAILDON.


Con vivo.
mf
1. Let
2. For
f
ff
sf
3
1. gay ones and great make the most of their fate, From pleasure to pleasure they run, From pleasure to pleasure they
2. ex-er-cise, air, to the field I repair, With spirits unclouded and light, With spirits unclouded and
mf
1. run, Well, who cares a jot? I en-vy them not, While
2. light, The blisses I find, No stings leave behind, But
cres.
1. I have my dog and my gun, ... While I have my dog and my gun.
2. health and di-ver-sion u-nite, ... But health and di-ver-sion u-nite.

This forms one of the songs in the once famous opera, *Love in a Village.* The air is by Joseph Baildon, and the words presumably by the author of the piece, Isaac Bickerstaffe. *Love in a Village* was performed in 1762; it was the first of the revival of the ballad opera which, originally commencing with the *Beggars' Opera* in 1727-8, almost entirely occupied the theatres for nearly ten years afterwards. The pretty pastoral play called *Love in a Village* formed, for many years, one of the stock pieces of London and provincial theatres. The character of "Young Meadows" gave the first footing on the boards to several notable singers.

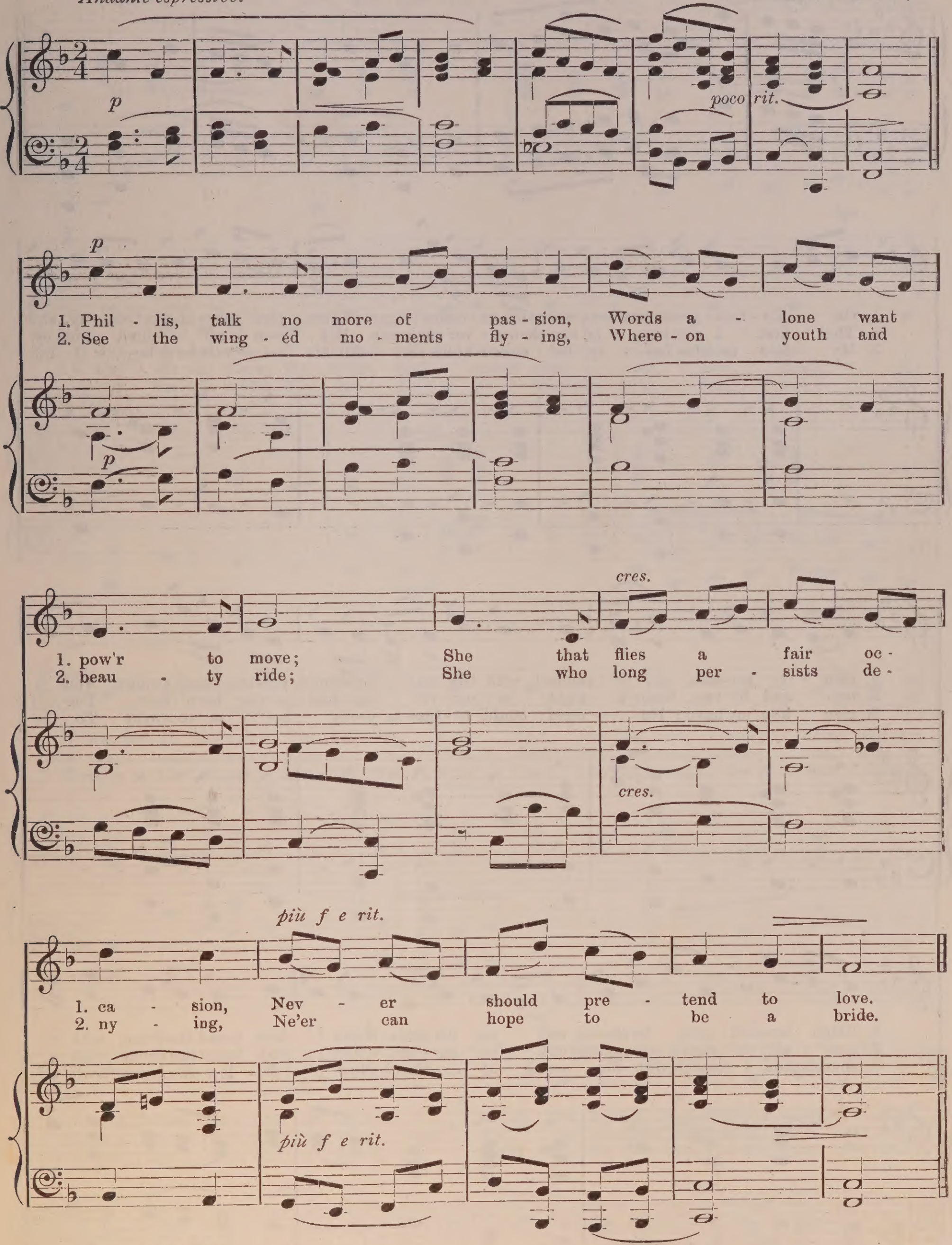
Joseph Baildon was a talented composer during the 18th century. One of his best known compositions is the glee, "Adieu to the Village Delights." He was born in 1727, and died in 1774.

Phillis, Talk no more of Passion.

(The Reproach.)

Andante espressivo.

GEORGE MONRO.

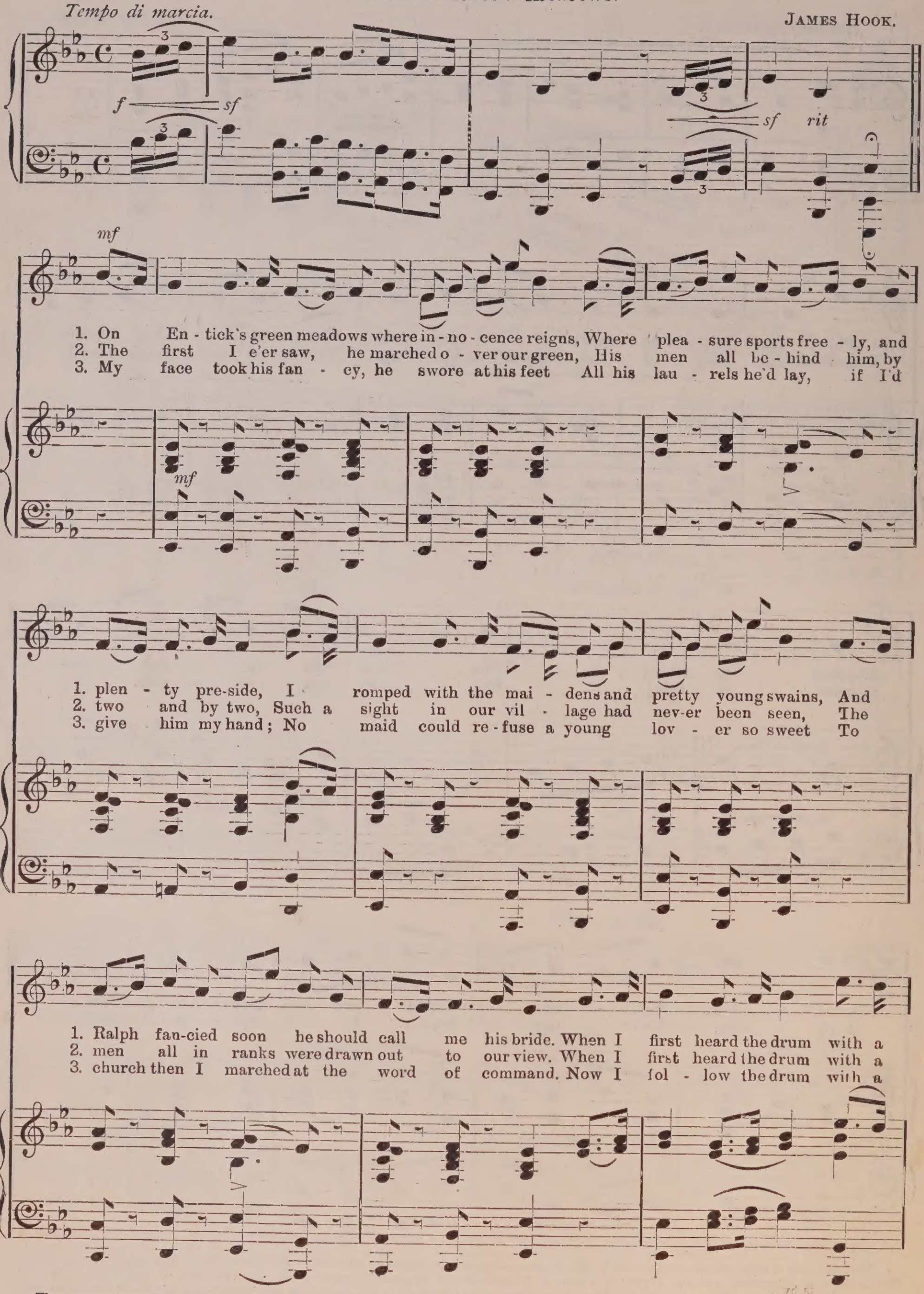

p
poco rit.
p
1. Phil - lis, talk no more of pas - sion, Words a - lone want
2. See the wing - éd mo - ments fly - ing, Where - on youth and
p
cres.
1. pow'r to move; She that flies a fair oc -
2. beau - ty ride; She who long per - sists de -
cres.
più f e rit.
1. ca - sion, Nev - er should pre - tend to love.
2. ny - ing, Ne'er can hope to be a bride.
più f e rit.

The air is by George Monro, and is set to the above pretty verses generally entitled, "The Reproach." The whole occurs in John Watt's *Musical Miscellany*, vol. vi., 1731. It is also in Walsh's *British Musical Miscellany*, vol. iv., 1734, and on half sheet music of an earlier date, engraved by T. Cross. Monro was an organist at two of the London churches, and harpsichord player at Goodman Field's theatre. He was the writer or arranger of the music to Henry Fielding's *Temple Beau*. Many of his song compositions appear in the two works above mentioned. Messrs. Brown and Stratton's excellent *Musical Biography* gives the date of his death as about 1731.

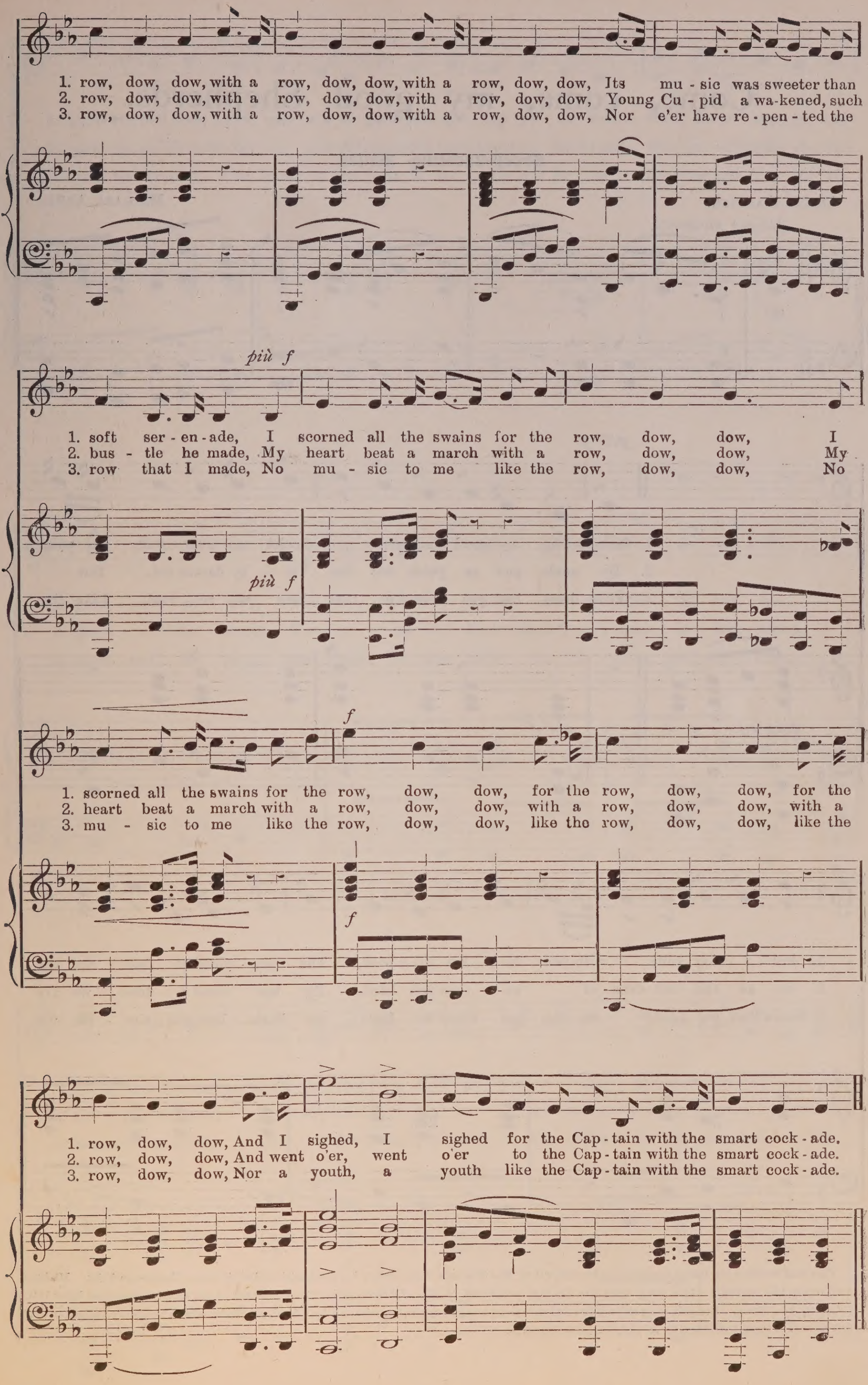
The Captain with the Smart Cockade.

On Entick's Green Meadows.

JAMES HOOK.


Tempo di marcia.
f
sf
sf
rit
mf
mf
1. On En - tick's green meadows where in - no - cence reigns, Where plea - sure sports free - ly, and
2. The first I e'er saw, he marched o - ver our green, His men all be - hind him, by
3. My face took his fan - cy, he swore at his feet All his lau - rels he'd lay, if I'd
1. plen - ty pre-side, I romped with the mai - dens and pretty young swains, And
2. two and by two, Such a sight in our vil - lage had nev-er been seen, The
3. give him my hand; No maid could re - fuse a young lov - er so sweet To
1. Ralph fan-cied soon he should call me his bride. When I first heard the drum with a
2. men all in ranks were drawn out to our view. When I first heard the drum with a
3. church then I marched at the word of command. Now I fol - low the drum with a

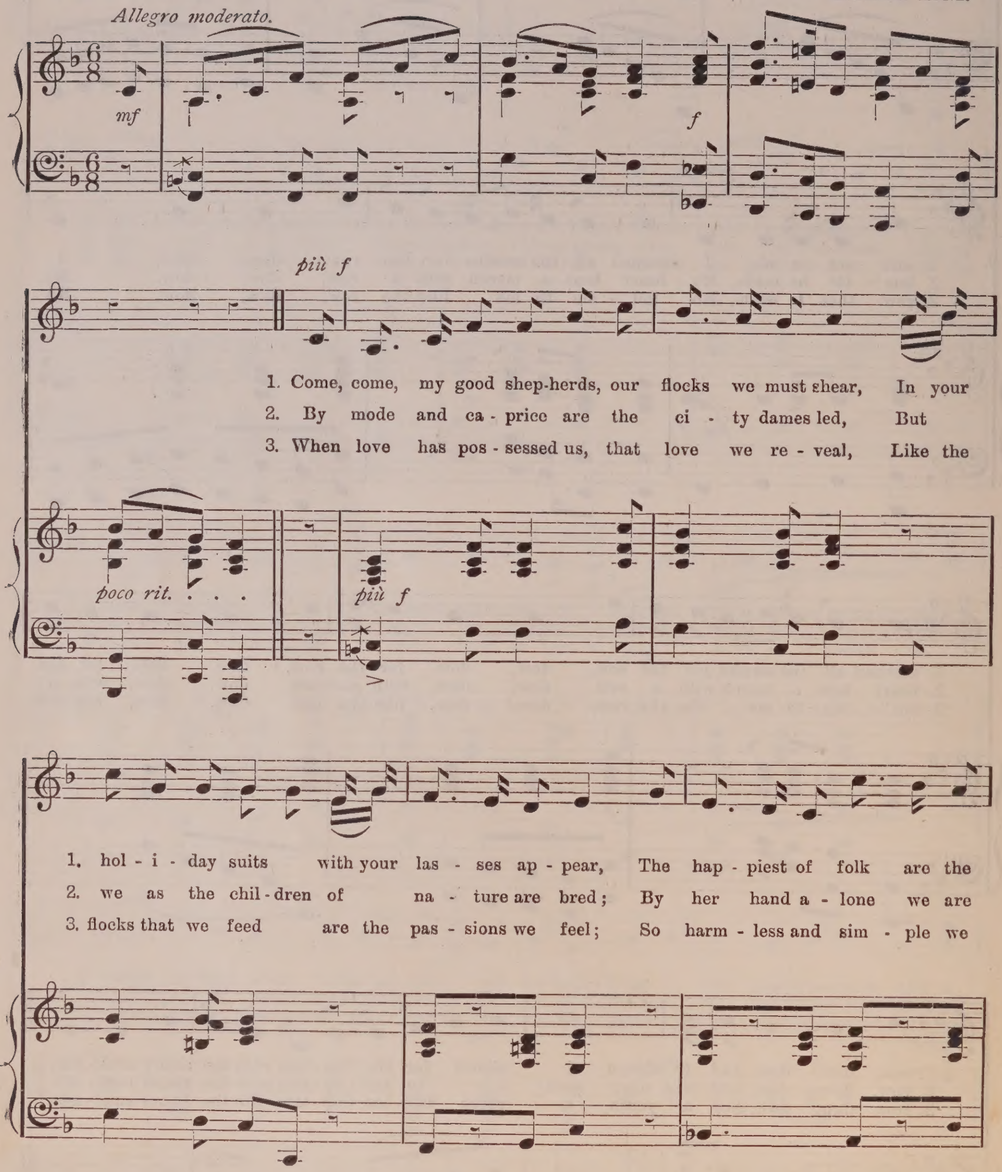
The composition of James Hook. The song was originally sung by Mrs. Martyr at Vauxhall in the season of 1788-9. It became very popular, and was first published with the music by John Preslin in *Hook's Collection of Vauxhall Songs* for the season above named; it is also found on sheet music. In the song books of the period it is generally entitled "Row, Dow, Dow," or else by the first line of the song.


1. row, dow, dow, with a row, dow, dow, with a row, dow, dow, Its mu - sic was sweeter than
2. row, dow, dow, with a row, dow, dow, with a row, dow, dow, Young Cu - pid a wa-kened, such
3. row, dow, dow, with a row, dow, dow, with a row, dow, dow, Nor e'er have re - pen - ted the
più f
1. soft ser - en - ade, I scorned all the swains for the row, dow, dow, I
2. bus - tle he made, My heart beat a march with a row, dow, dow, My
3. row that I made, No mu - sic to me like the row, dow, dow, No
più f
f
1. scorned all the swains for the row, dow, dow, for the row, dow, dow, for the
2. heart beat a march with a row, dow, dow, with a row, dow, dow, with a
3. mu - sic to me like the row, dow, dow, like the row, dow, dow, like the
f
1. row, dow, dow, And I sighed, I sighed for the Cap - tain with the smart cock - ade.
2. row, dow, dow, And went o'er, went o'er to the Cap - tain with the smart cock - ade.
3. row, dow, dow, Nor a youth, a youth like the Cap - tain with the smart cock - ade.

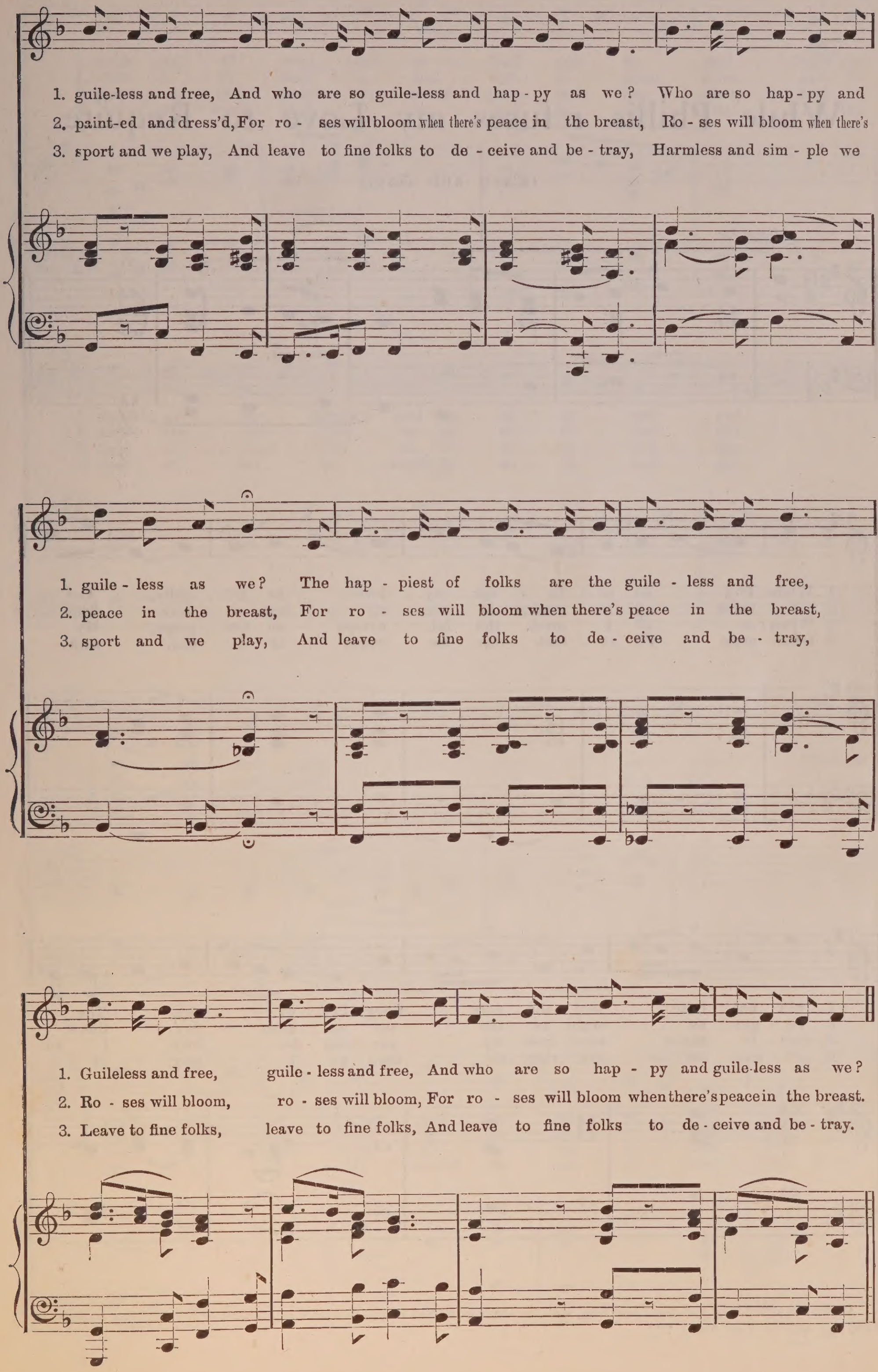
Come, come, my good Shepherds.

Sheep-shearing Ballad.

David Garrick. **Michael Arne.**

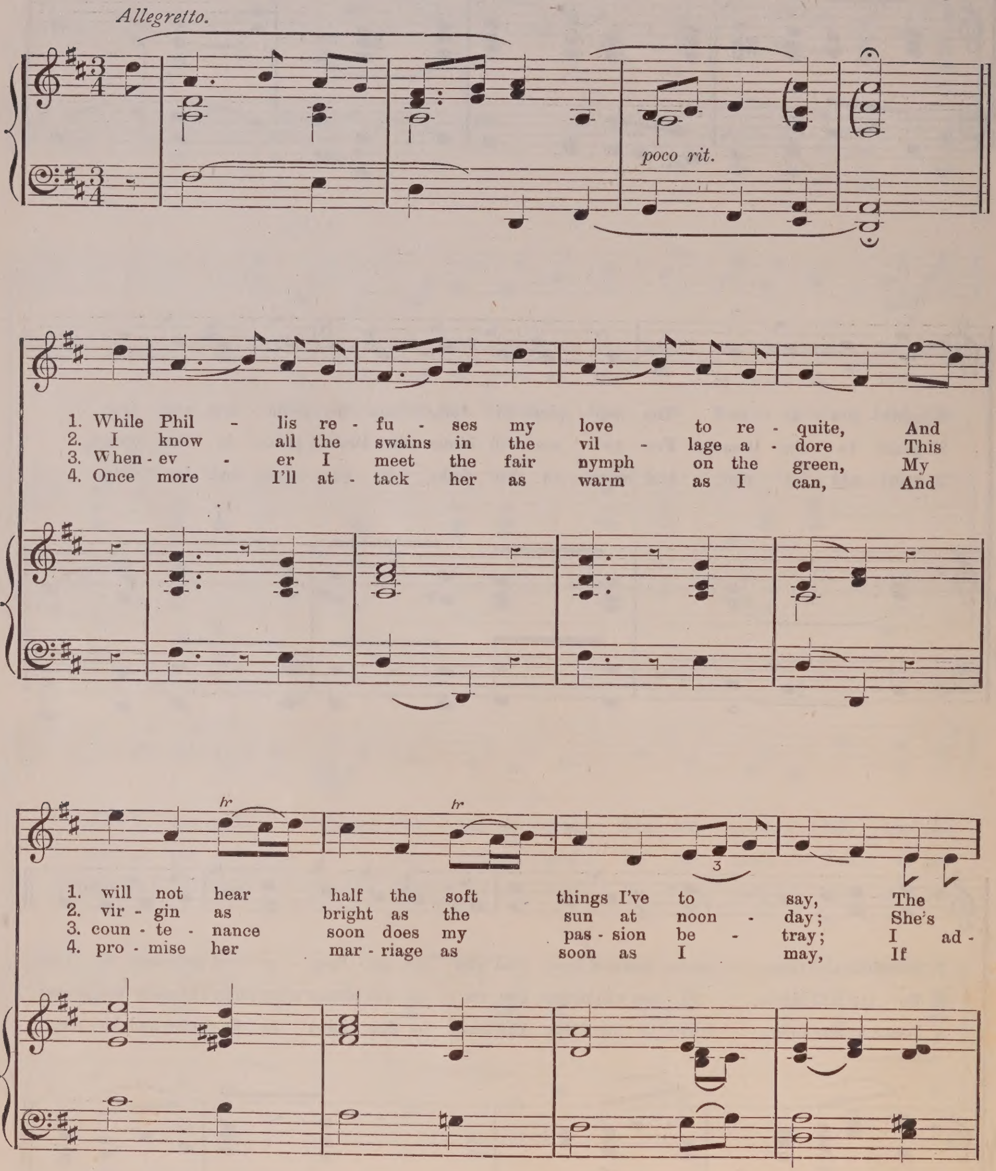

Allegro moderato.
mf
f
più f
poco rit. . . .
più f
1. Come, come, my good shep-herds, our flocks we must shear, In your
2. By mode and ca - price are the ci - ty dames led, But
3. When love has pos - sessed us, that love we re - veal, Like the
1. hol - i - day suits with your las - ses ap - pear, The hap - piest of folk are the
2. we as the chil - dren of na - ture are bred; By her hand a - lone we are
3. flocks that we feed are the pas - sions we feel; So harm - less and sim - ple we

This was written by David Garrick for his revival of *The Winter's Tale*, which he produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1756. Michael Arne wrote the melody. The song with the air was published in *The Universal Magazine* for March, 1756, and in other and later 18th century publications. English song affords several sheep-shearing songs; there is one by Charles Dibdin which became so popular that even now it is sung traditionally in the northern counties.

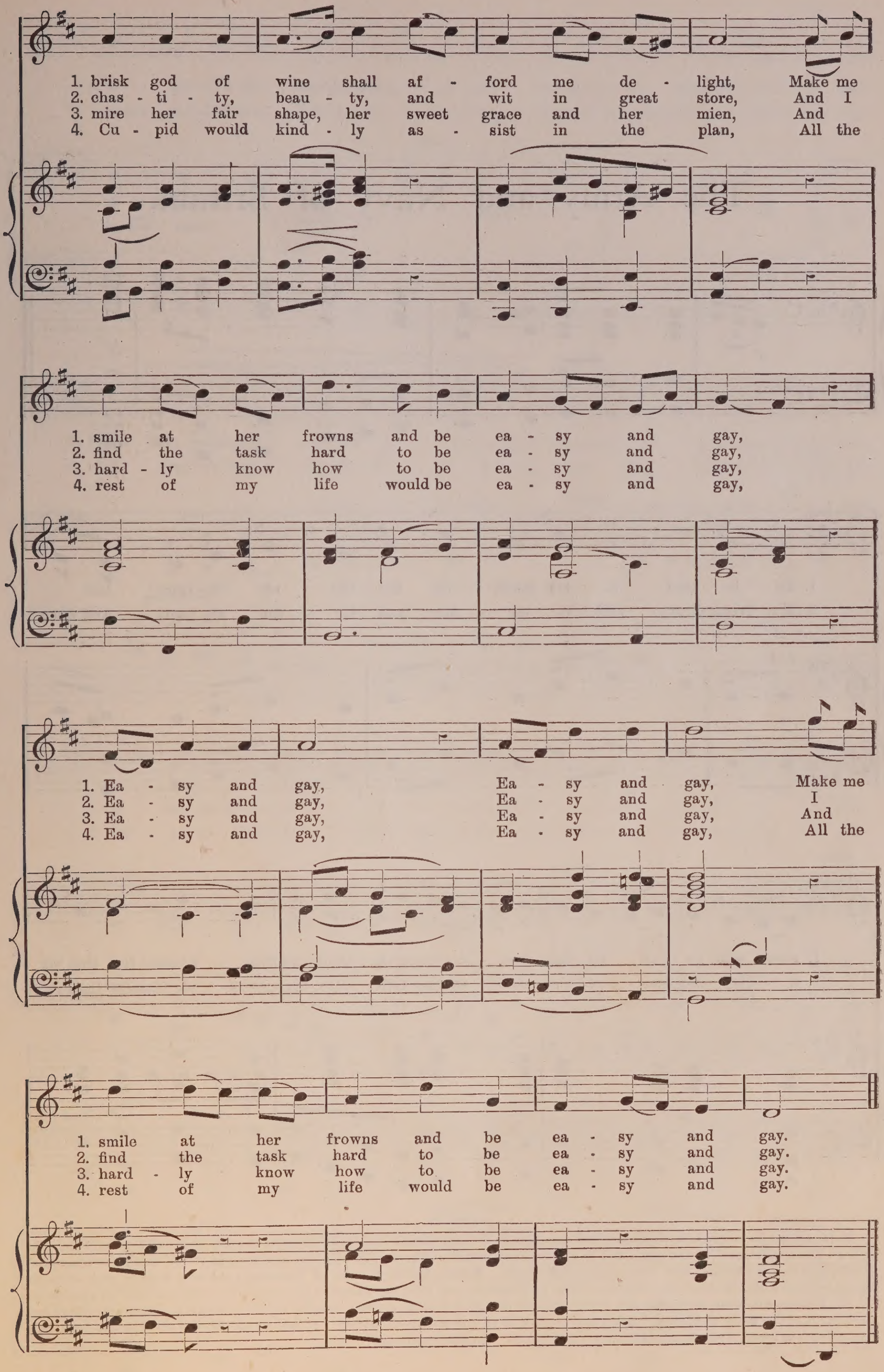

1. guile-less and free, And who are so guile-less and hap-py as we? Who are so hap-py and
2. paint-ed and dress'd, For ro - ses will bloom when there's peace in the breast, Ro - ses will bloom when there's
3. sport and we play, And leave to fine folks to de - ceive and be - tray, Harmless and sim - ple we
1. guile - less as we? The hap - piest of folks are the guile - less and free,
2. peace in the breast, For ro - ses will bloom when there's peace in the breast,
3. sport and we play, And leave to fine folks to de - ceive and be - tray,
1. Guileless and free, guile - less and free, And who are so hap - py and guile-less as we?
2. Ro - ses will bloom, ro - ses will bloom, For ro - ses will bloom when there's peace in the breast.
3. Leave to fine folks, leave to fine folks, And leave to fine folks to de - ceive and be - tray.

While Phillis refuses my Love to Requite.

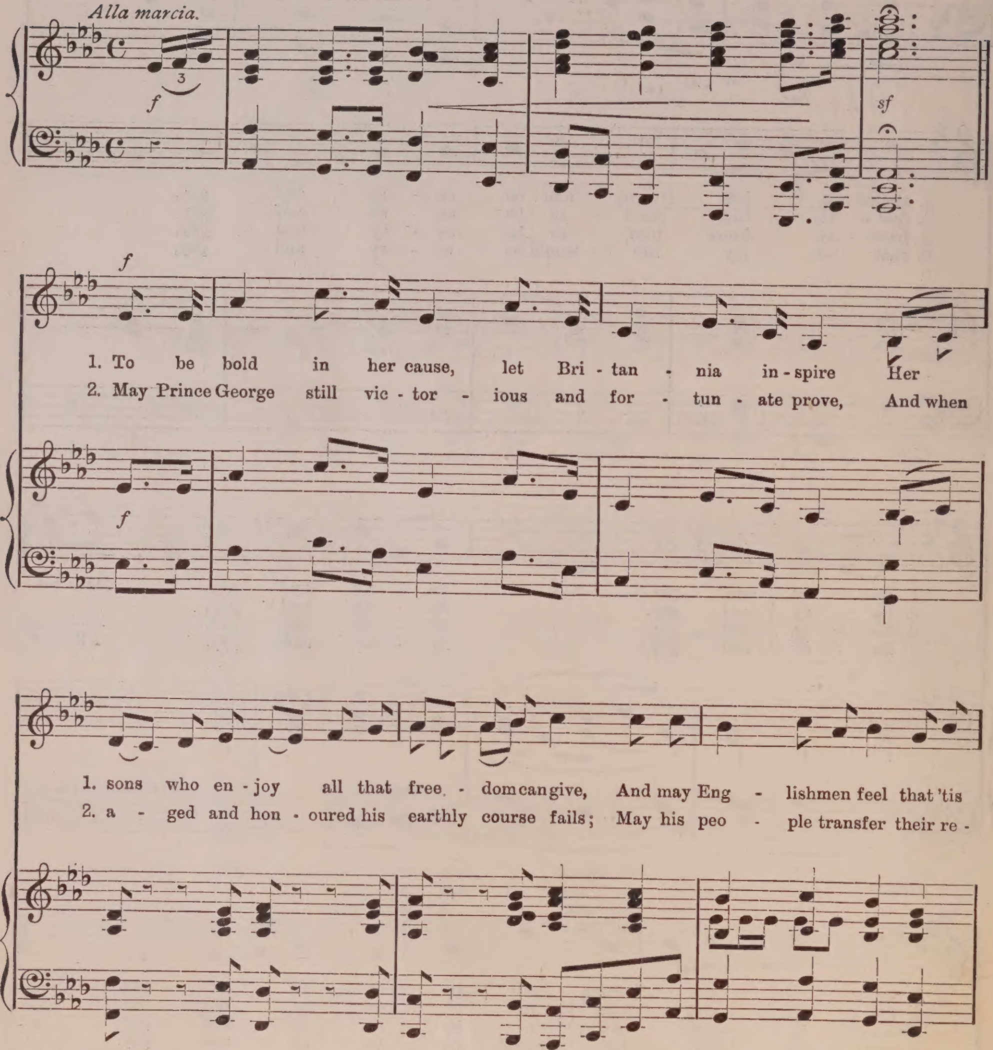
(Easy and Gay.)


Allegretto.
poco rit.
1. While Phil - lis re - fu - ses my love to re - quite, And
2. I know all the swains in the vil - lage a - dore This
3. When - ev - er I meet the fair nymph on the green, My
4. Once more I'll at - tack her as warm as I can, And
tr
tr
3
1. will not hear half the soft things I've to say, The
2. vir - gin as bright as the sun at noon - day; She's
3. coun - te - nance soon does my pas - sion be - tray; I ad -
4. pro - mise her mar - riage as soon as I may, If

Under the title "Easy and Gay," this song, with the air, is published in the December supplement of the *Universal Magazine* for 1772, and again in *Vocal Music*, 1775.

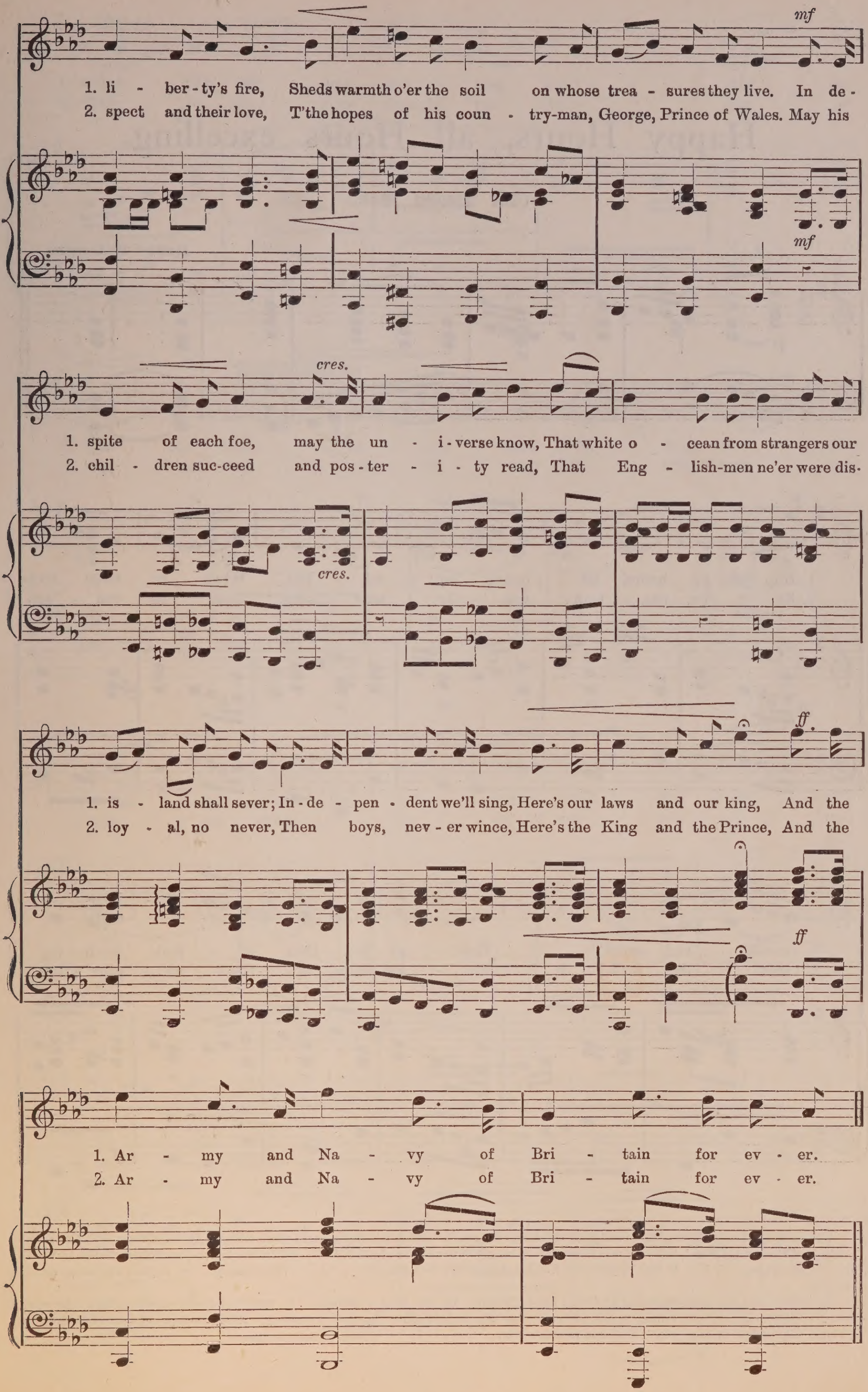

1. brisk god of wine shall af - ford me de - light, Make me
2. chas - ti - ty, beau - ty, and wit in great store, And I
3. mire her fair shape, her sweet grace and her mien, And
4. Cu - pid would kind - ly as - sist in the plan, All the
1. smile at her frowns and be ea - sy and gay,
2. find the task hard to be ea - sy and gay,
3. hard - ly know how to be ea - sy and gay,
4. rest of my life would be ea - sy and gay,
1. Ea - sy and gay, Ea - sy and gay, Make me
2. Ea - sy and gay, Ea - sy and gay, I
3. Ea - sy and gay, Ea - sy and gay, And
4. Ea - sy and gay, Ea - sy and gay, All the
1. smile at her frowns and be ea - sy and gay.
2. find the task hard to be ea - sy and gay.
3. hard - ly know how to be ea - sy and gay.
4. rest of my life would be ea - sy and gay.

The Army and Navy of Britain.


Alla marcia.
f
sf
f
f
1. To be bold in her cause, let Bri - tan - nia in - spire Her
2. May Prince George still vic - tor - ious and for - tun - ate prove, And when
1. sons who en - joy all that free - dom can give, And may Eng - lishmen feel that 'tis
2. a - ged and hon - oured his earthly course fails; May his peo - ple transfer their re -

So far as can be ascertained, this song first appeared in Dr. Kitchiner's *Loyal and National Songs of England*, London, 1823. No author's name is attached to the piece, and it is more than probable that words and music are by some of the doctor's own personal friends,—perhaps he himself may have written the verses. William Shield was one of Kitchiner's intimate friends, and as he in a great measure edited the book, the chances are that this musician may have had a hand in the composition of the melody we give above.

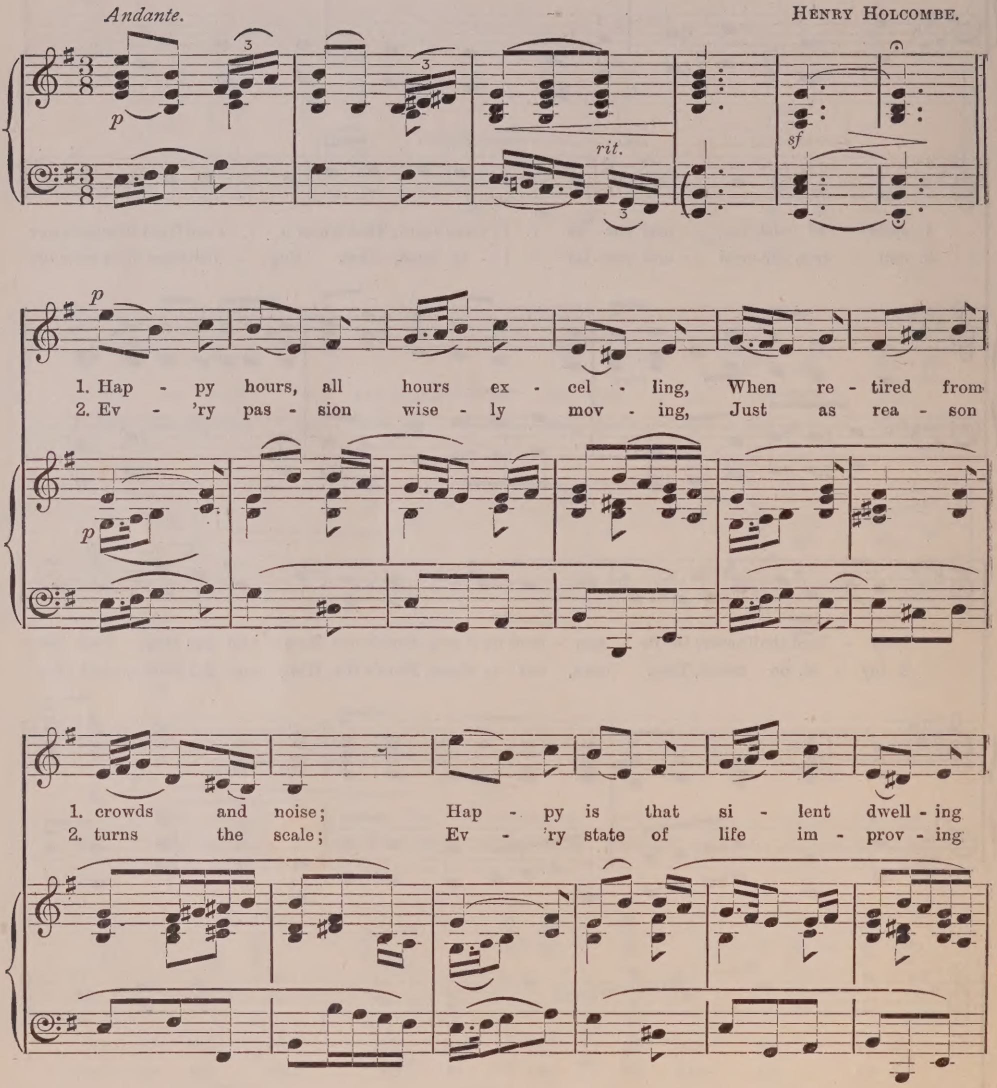
Dr. William Kitchiner, physician and writer, dabbled in a great number of things besides medicine, cookery, and music. He edited a collection of the songs of Charles Dibdin, and formed an extensive musical library. It was in this library that the Dr. John Bull manuscript was found, wherein is said to be written the air "God Save the King."


mf
1. li - ber - ty's fire, Sheds warmth o'er the soil on whose trea - sures they live. In de -
2. spect and their love, T'the hopes of his coun - try-man, George, Prince of Wales. May his
mf
cres.
1. spite of each foe, may the un - i - verse know, That white o - cean from strangers our
2. chil - dren suc-ceed and pos - ter - i - ty read, That Eng - lish-men ne'er were dis-
cres.
ff
1. is - land shall sever; In - de - pen - dent we'll sing, Here's our laws and our king, And the
2. loy - al, no never, Then boys, nev - er wince, Here's the King and the Prince, And the
ff
1. Ar - my and Na - vy of Bri - tain for ev - er.
2. Ar - my and Na - vy of Bri - tain for ev - er.

Happy Hours, all Hours excelling.

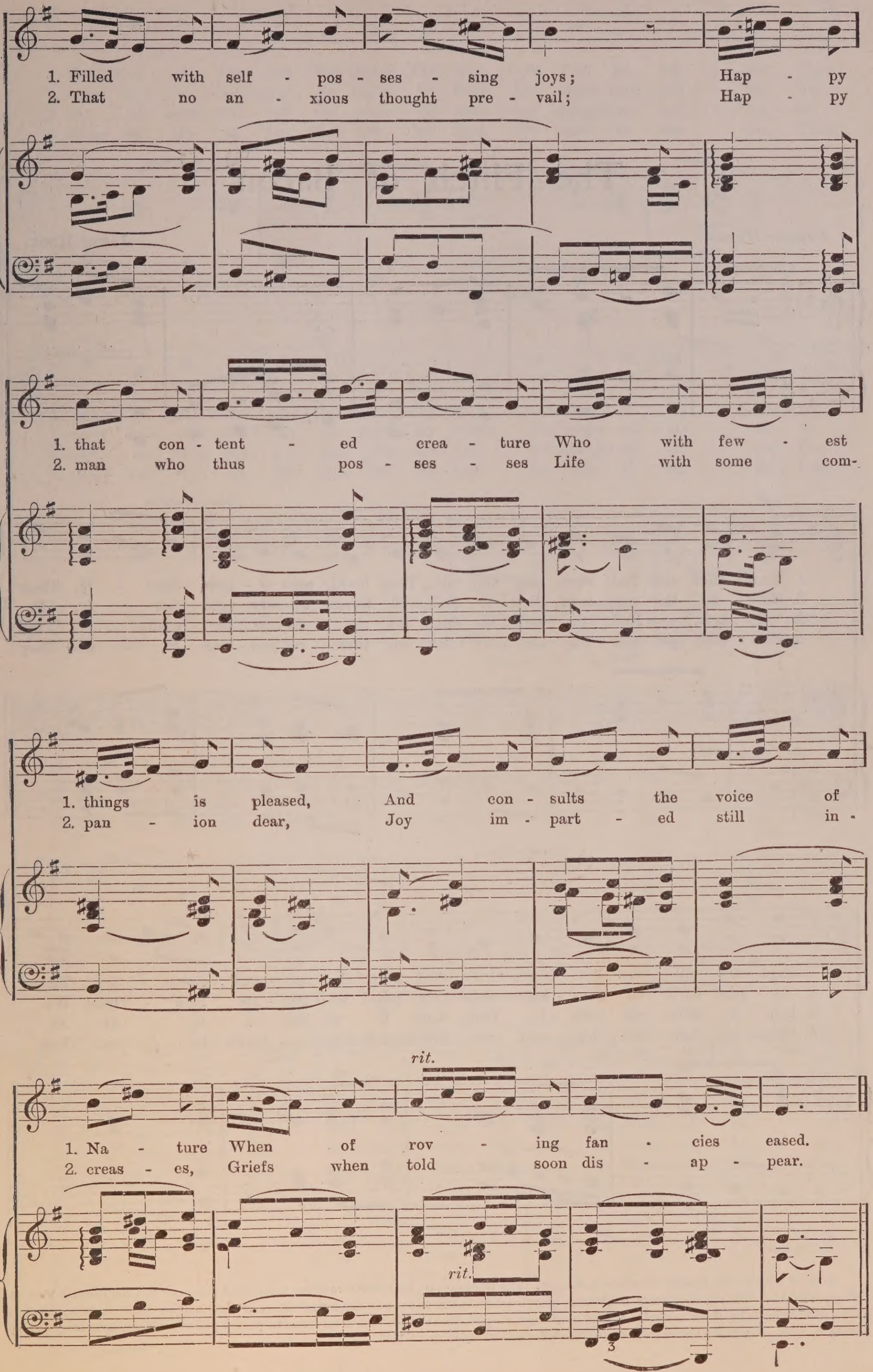
(The Happy Man.)

Henry Holcombe.


Andante.
p
rit.
sf
p
1. Hap - py hours, all hours ex - cel - ling, When re - tired from
2. Ev - 'ry pas - sion wise - ly mov - ing, Just as rea - son
p
1. crowds and noise; Hap - py is that si - lent dwell - ing
2. turns the scale; Ev - 'ry state of life im - prov - ing

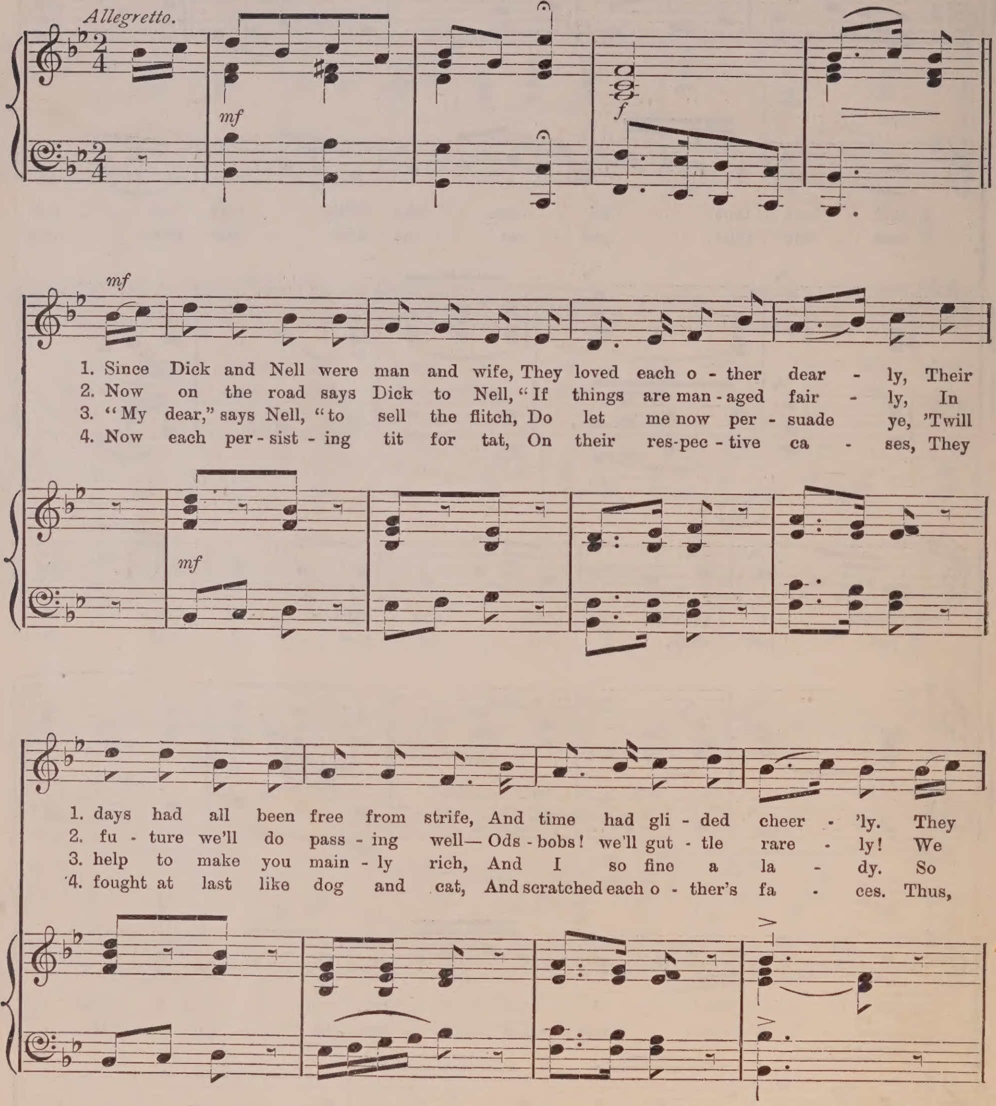
The air is by Henry Holcombe, a musician who composed much vocal music in the early years of the eighteenth century. Under the heading, "The Happy Man," the song was published on single music sheets about 1729-30, and in the latter year was included in Watt's *Musical Miscellany*, vol. iv. It also appears in Walsh's *British Musical Miscellany*, vol. i., 1733; *Calliope; or, English Harmony*, vol. i., 1759, etc.

Holcombe was a singer employed at Drury Lane Theatre. He was born at Salisbury in 1690, and died in London, 1750. His song, "Arno's Vale," was very well known and much sung about the middle of the eighteenth century. He also composed a set of Sonatas for a Violin, with a figured bass, which has considerable merit.

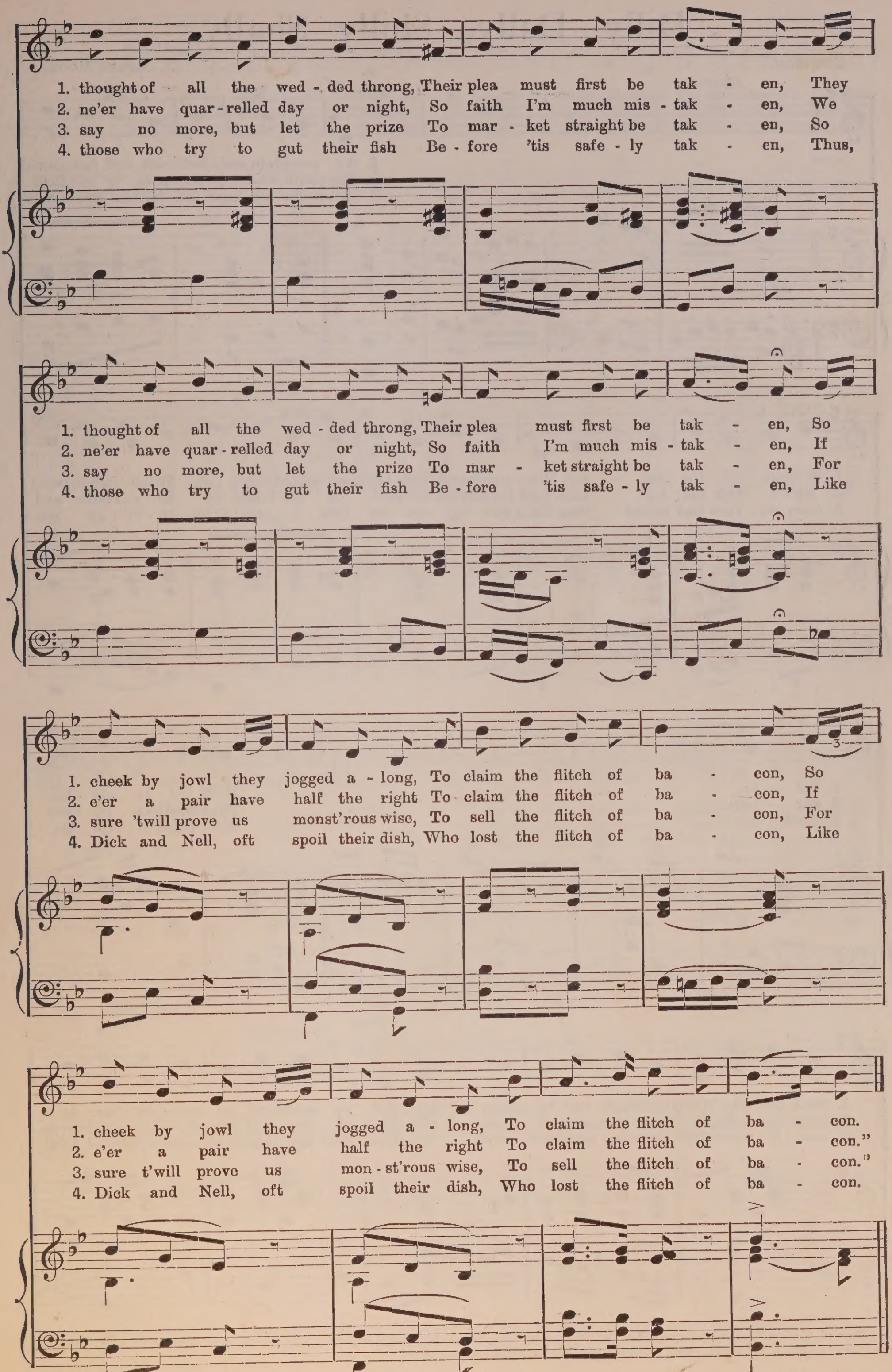

1. Filled with self - pos - ses - sing joys; Hap - py
2. That no an - xious thought pre - vail; Hap - py
1. that con - tent - ed crea - ture Who with few - est
2. man who thus pos - ses - ses Life with some com-
1. things is pleased, And con - sults the voice of
2. pan - ion dear, Joy im - part - ed still in -
rit.
1. Na - ture When of rov - ing fan - cies eased.
2. creas - es, Griefs when told soon dis - ap - pear.
rit.
3

The Flitch of Bacon.

Captain Morris. | James Hook.

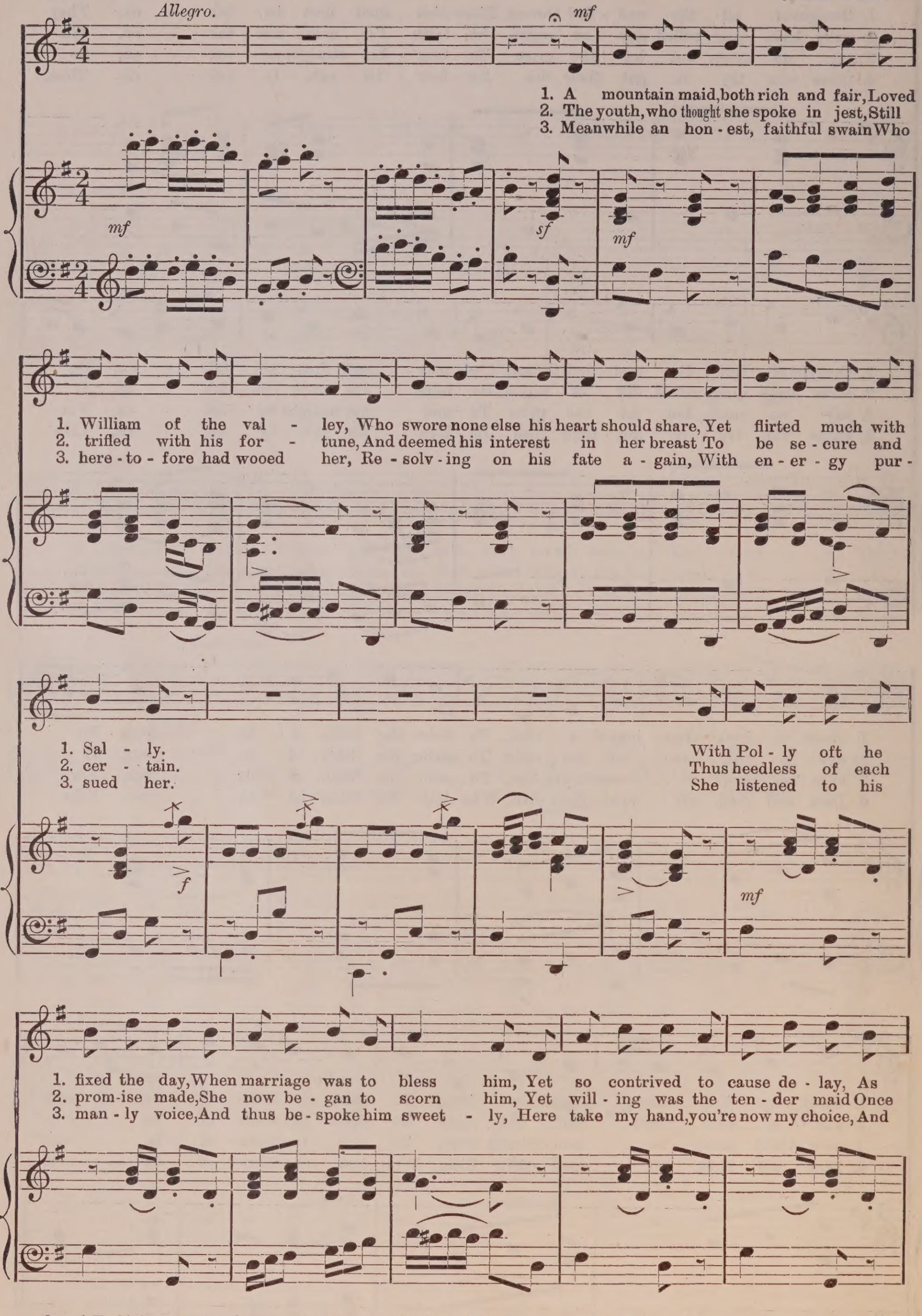

Allegretto.
mf
f
mf
mf
1. Since Dick and Nell were man and wife, They loved each o - ther dear - ly, Their
2. Now on the road says Dick to Nell, "If things are man - aged fair - ly, In
3. "My dear," says Nell, "to sell the flitch, Do let me now per - suade ye, 'Twill
4. Now each per - sist - ing tit for tat, On their res-pec - tive ca - ses, They
1. days had all been free from strife, And time had gli - ded cheer - 'ly. They
2. fu - ture we'll do pass - ing well— Ods - bobs! we'll gut - tle rare - ly! We
3. help to make you main - ly rich, And I so fine a la - dy. So
4. fought at last like dog and cat, And scratched each o - ther's fa - ces. Thus,

A witty song on the famous Dunmow ceremony. The words are by that clever versifier, Captain Morris, and in a manuscript book of songs dated 1797 in the possession of the writer, they are directed to be sung to the tune, "The girl I left behind me." In Tegg's *Linnet*, 1831, the above air by Hook is used. It is of course quite needless to say that the song forms no part of Shield's opera, *The Flitch of Bacon*, acted in 1778. A country dance also bearing the title was in vogue about 1780.

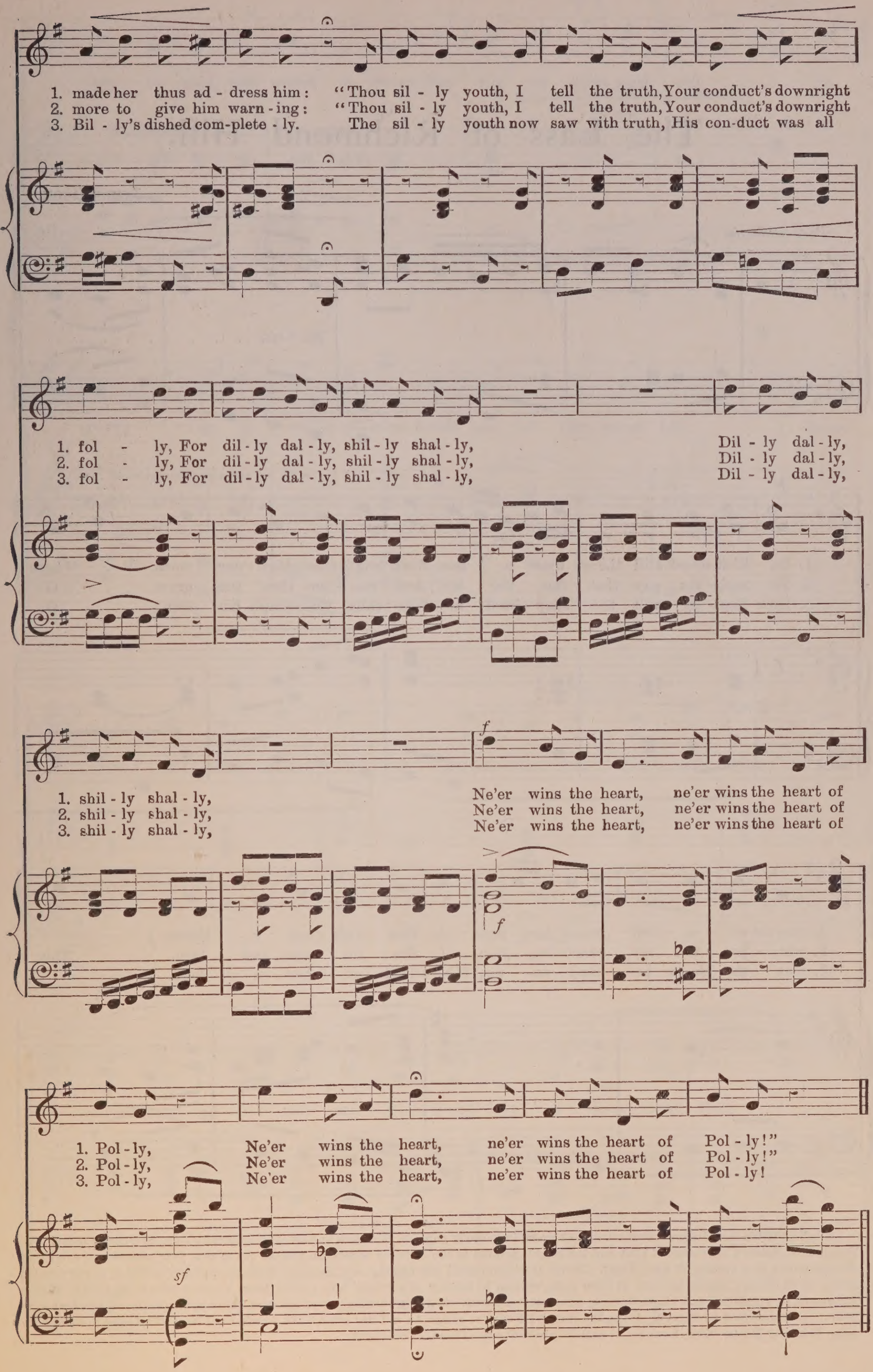

1. thought of all the wed - ded throng, Their plea must first be tak - en, They
2. ne'er have quar - relled day or night, So faith I'm much mis - tak - en, We
3. say no more, but let the prize To mar - ket straight be tak - en, So
4. those who try to gut their fish Be - fore 'tis safe - ly tak - en, Thus,
1. thought of all the wed - ded throng, Their plea must first be tak - en, So
2. ne'er have quar - relled day or night, So faith I'm much mis - tak - en, If
3. say no more, but let the prize To mar - ket straight be tak - en, For
4. those who try to gut their fish Be - fore 'tis safe - ly tak - en, Like
1. cheek by jowl they jogged a - long, To claim the flitch of ba - con, So
2. e'er a pair have half the right To claim the flitch of ba - con, If
3. sure 'twill prove us monst'rous wise, To sell the flitch of ba - con, For
4. Dick and Nell, oft spoil their dish, Who lost the flitch of ba - con, Like
1. cheek by jowl they jogged a - long, To claim the flitch of ba - con.
2. e'er a pair have half the right To claim the flitch of ba - con."
3. sure t'will prove us mon - st'rous wise, To sell the flitch of ba - con."
4. Dick and Nell, oft spoil their dish, Who lost the flitch of ba - con.

Dilly Dally, Shilly Shally.

Houlton. **James Hook.**


Allegro.
mf
1. A mountain maid, both rich and fair, Loved
2. The youth, who thought she spoke in jest, Still
3. Meanwhile an hon - est, faithful swain Who
mf
sf
mf
1. William of the val - ley, Who swore none else his heart should share, Yet flirted much with
2. trifled with his for - tune, And deemed his interest in her breast To be se - cure and
3. here - to - fore had wooed her, Re - solv - ing on his fate a - gain, With en - er - gy pur -
1. Sal - ly.
2. cer - tain.
3. sued her.
With Pol - ly oft he
Thus heedless of each
She listened to his
f
mf
1. fixed the day, When marriage was to bless him, Yet so contrived to cause de - lay, As
2. prom - ise made, She now be - gan to scorn him, Yet will - ing was the ten - der maid Once
3. man - ly voice, And thus be - spoke him sweet - ly, Here take my hand, you're now my choice, And

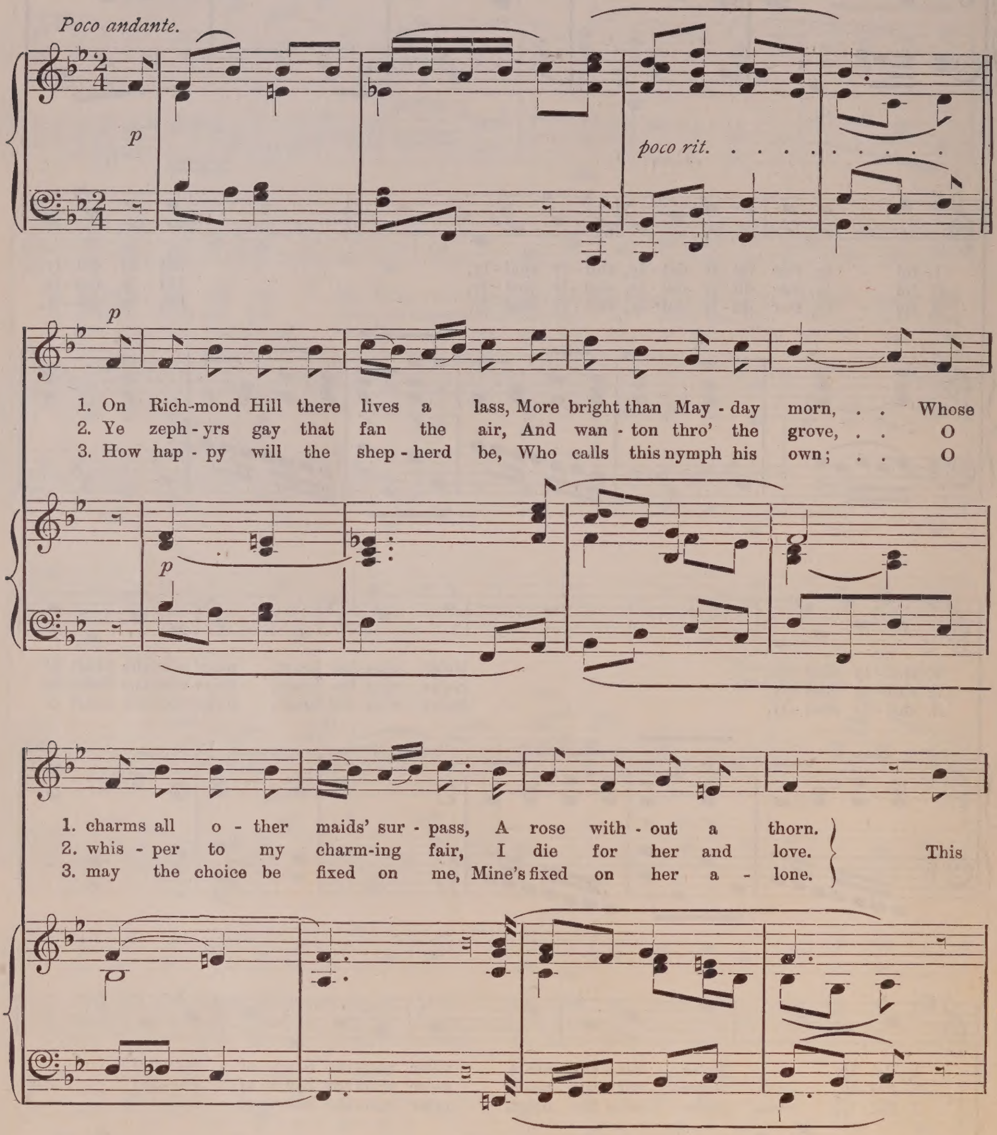
One of Hook's Vauxhall Songs sung at the Gardens by Miss Sims in the season of 1800. The words were written by a Dr. Houlton, author of several other songs which Hook used for his Vauxhall compositions.


1. made her thus ad - dress him: "Thou sil - ly youth, I tell the truth, Your conduct's downright
2. more to give him warn - ing: "Thou sil - ly youth, I tell the truth, Your conduct's downright
3. Bil - ly's dished com-plete - ly. The sil - ly youth now saw with truth, His con-duct was all
1. fol - ly, For dil - ly dal - ly, shil - ly shal - ly, Dil - ly dal - ly,
2. fol - ly, For dil - ly dal - ly, shil - ly shal - ly, Dil - ly dal - ly,
3. fol - ly, For dil - ly dal - ly, shil - ly shal - ly, Dil - ly dal - ly,
1. shil - ly shal - ly, Ne'er wins the heart, ne'er wins the heart of
2. shil - ly shal - ly, Ne'er wins the heart, ne'er wins the heart of
3. shil - ly shal - ly, Ne'er wins the heart, ne'er wins the heart of
1. Pol - ly, Ne'er wins the heart, ne'er wins the heart of Pol - ly!"
2. Pol - ly, Ne'er wins the heart, ne'er wins the heart of Pol - ly!"
3. Pol - ly, Ne'er wins the heart, ne'er wins the heart of Pol - ly!
f
f
sf

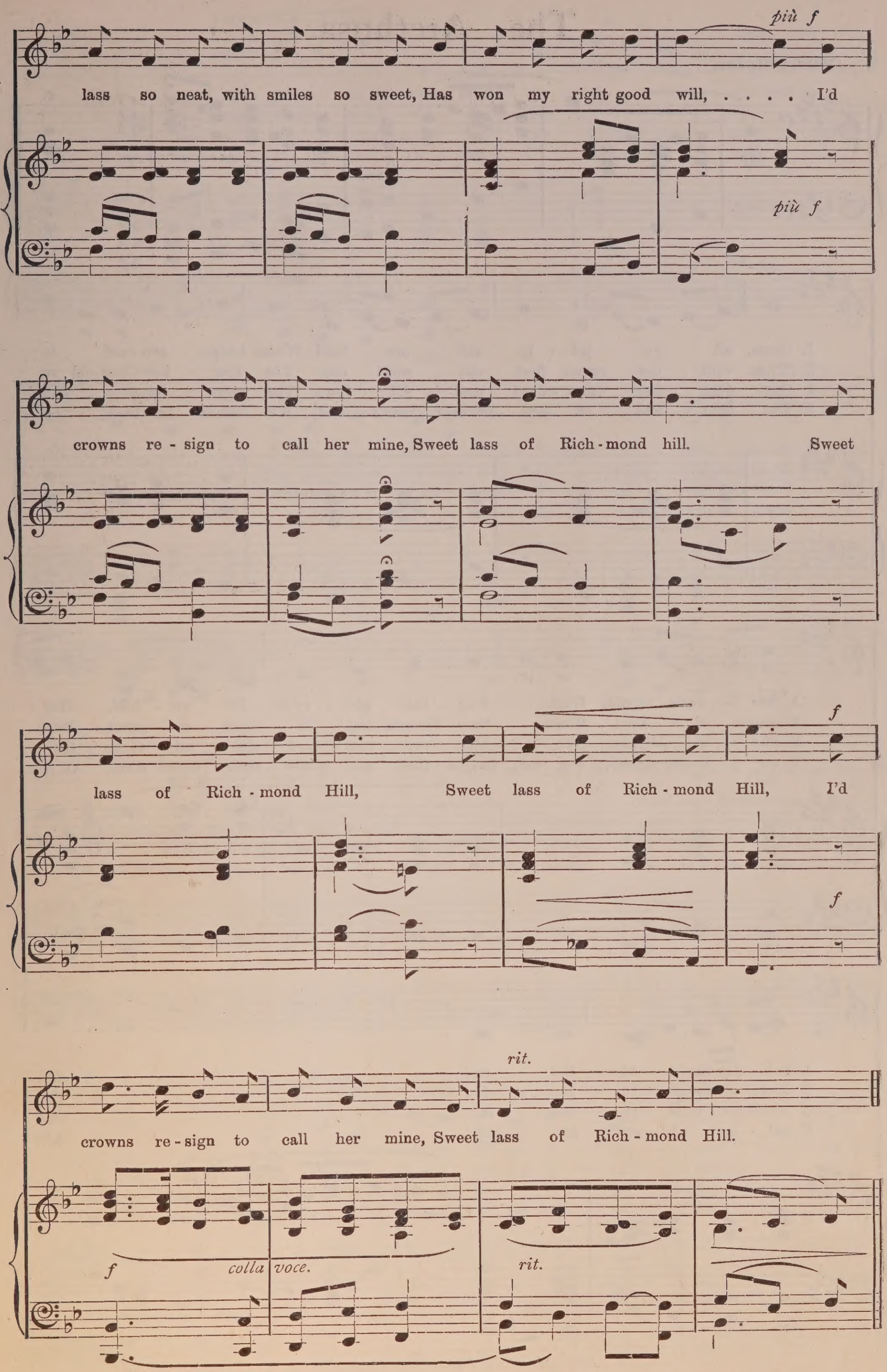
A

The Lass of Richmond Hill.

JAMES HOOK.

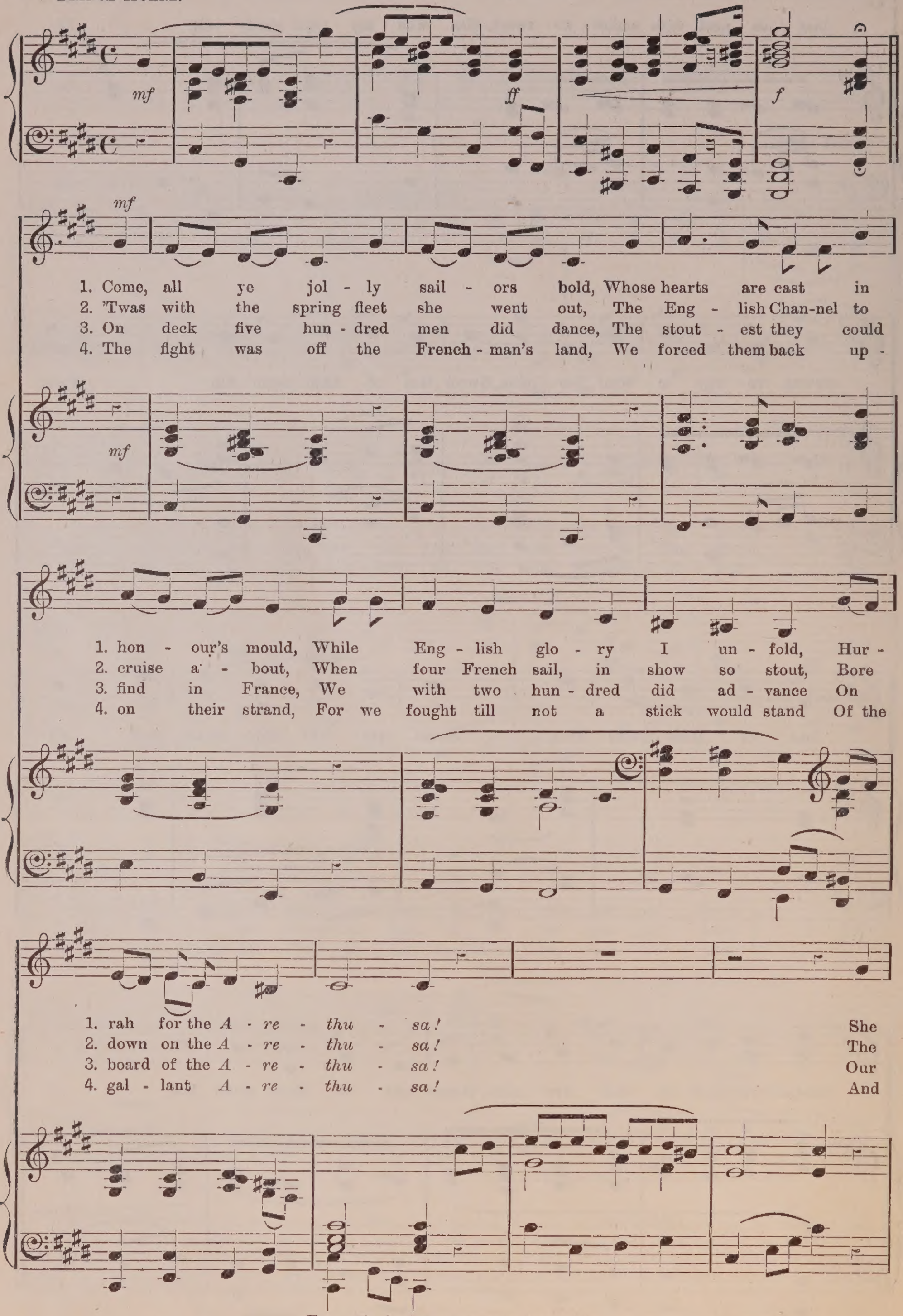

Poco andante.
p
poco rit. . . . .
p
1. On Rich-mond Hill there lives a lass, More bright than May - day morn, . . Whose
2. Ye zeph - yrs gay that fan the air, And wan - ton thro' the grove, . . O
3. How hap - py will the shep - herd be, Who calls this nymph his own; . . O
p
1. charms all o - ther maids' sur - pass, A rose with - out a thorn.
2. whis - per to my charm-ing fair, I die for her and love.
3. may the choice be fixed on me, Mine's fixed on her a - lone.
This

A ballad which from its first production has become immensely popular. It seems to have been originally sung by Charles Incledon at Vauxhall Gardens in the season of 1789, and the song is printed in the *Morning Herald* of August 1st of that year, and shortly after that date appeared in a number of song books. James Hook composed the melody, and Leonard McNally, an Irish barrister, is the reputed author of the verses, which are said to have been written in honour of a young lady named Mary I'Anson who lived at Hill House, Richmond, in Yorkshire, and whom McNally afterwards married. McNally's authorship of the song has been disputed, and the Yorkshire Richmond transferred to Surrey. From the line, "I'd crowns resign to call her mine," the words have been attributed to George IV. when Prince of Wales. This, however, is such an absurdity as to need no comment.

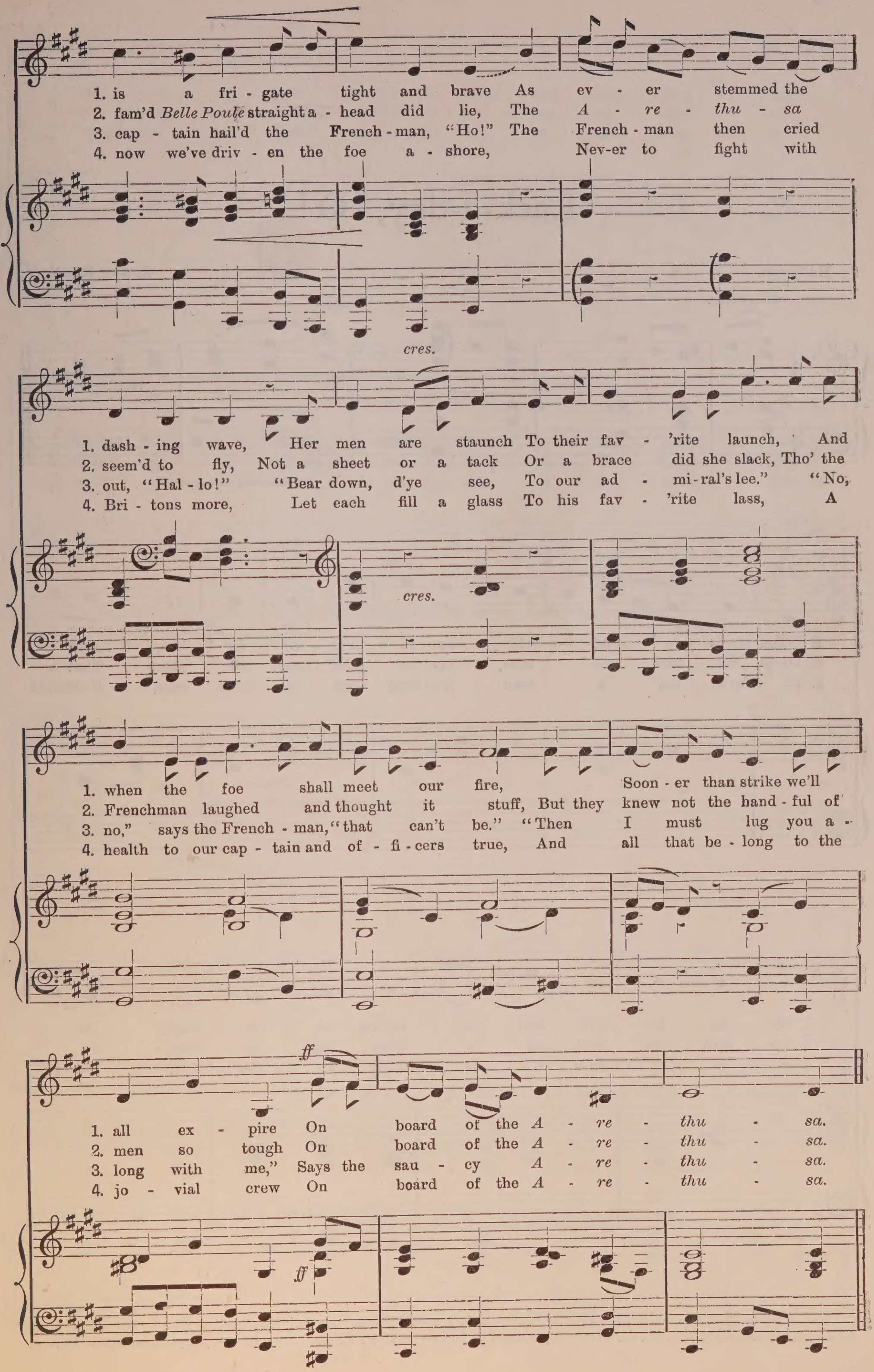

più f
lass so neat, with smiles so sweet, Has won my right good will, ... I'd
più f
crowns re - sign to call her mine, Sweet lass of Rich - mond hill. Sweet
f
lass of Rich - mond Hill, Sweet lass of Rich - mond Hill, I'd
f
rit.
crowns re - sign to call her mine, Sweet lass of Rich - mond Hill.
f
colla voce.
rit.

The Arethusa.

PRINCE HOARE.

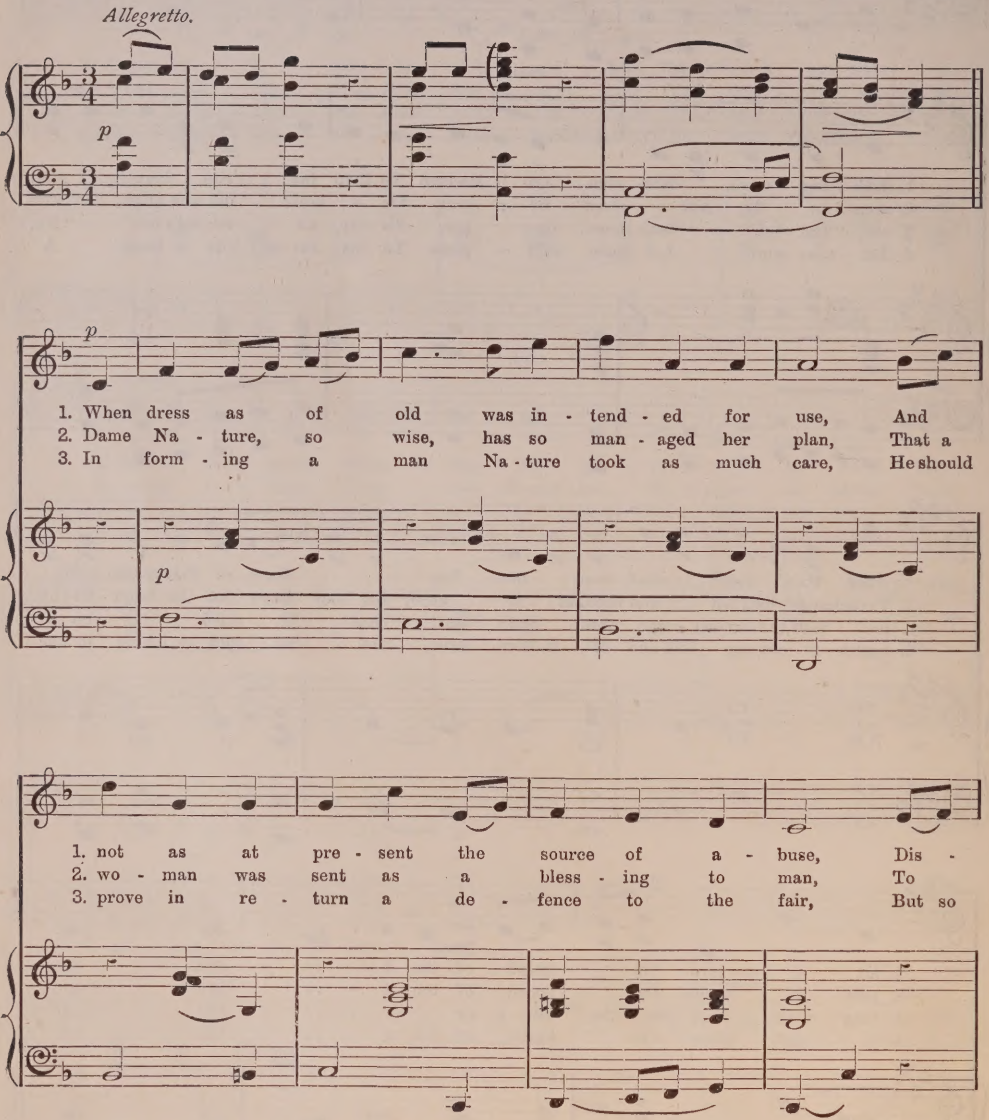

mf
ff
f
mf
mf
1. Come, all ye jol - ly sail - ors bold, Whose hearts are cast in
2. 'Twas with the spring fleet she went out, The Eng - lish Chan-nel to
3. On deck five hun - dred men did dance, The stout - est they could
4. The fight was off the French - man's land, We forced them back up -
1. hon - our's mould, While Eng - lish glo - ry I un - fold, Hur -
2. cruise a - bout, When four French sail, in show so stout, Bore
3. find in France, We with two hun - dred did ad - vance On
4. on their strand, For we fought till not a stick would stand Of the
1. rah for the A - re - thu - sa! She
2. down on the A - re - thu - sa! The
3. board of the A - re - thu - sa! Our
4. gal - lant A - re - thu - sa! And

For note to this song see Appendix.

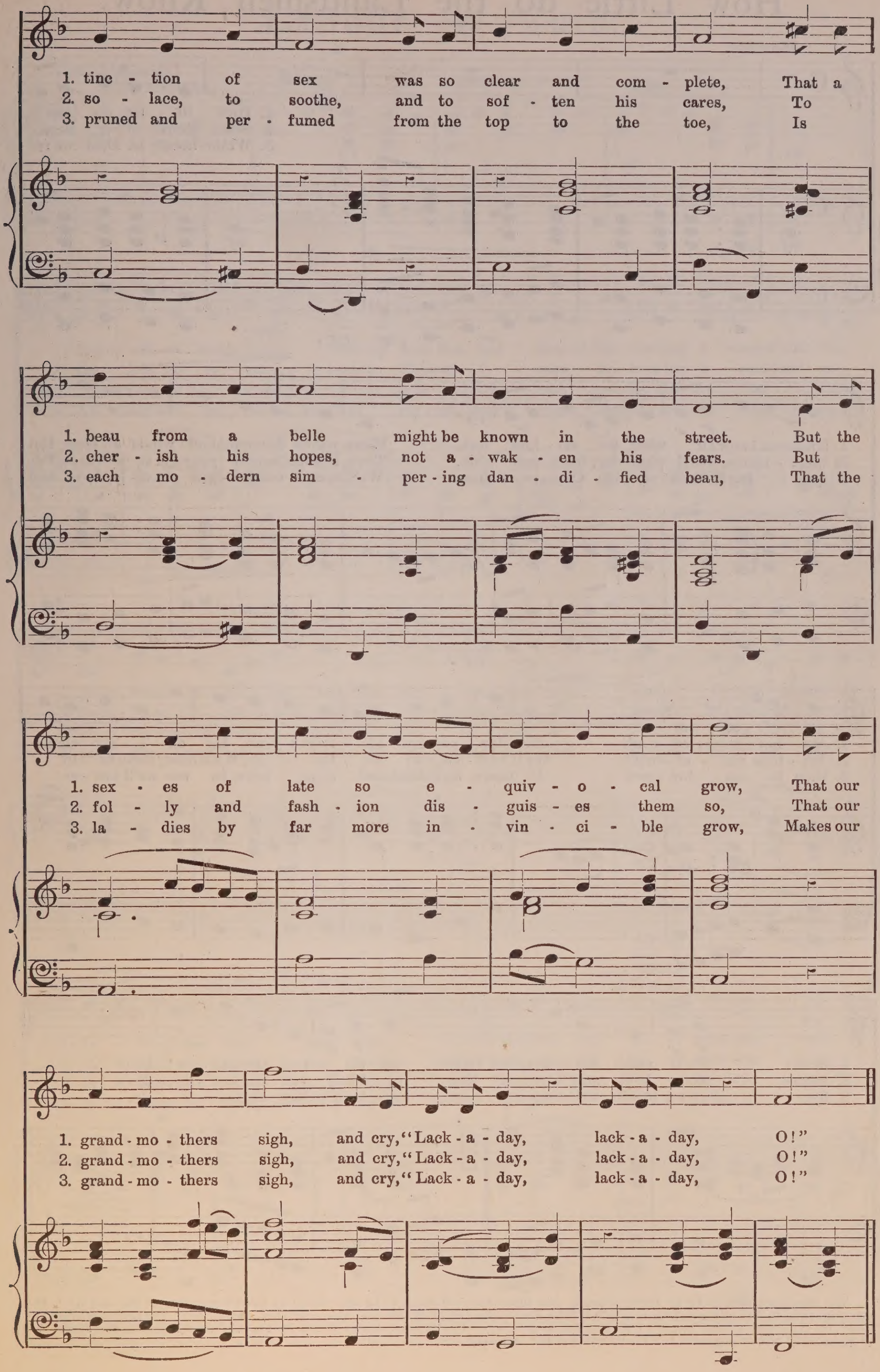

1. is a fri - gate tight and brave As ev - er stemmed the
2. fam'd Belle Poule straight a - head did lie, The A - re - thu - sa
3. cap - tain hail'd the French - man, "Ho!" The French - man then cried
4. now we've driv - en the foe a - shore, Nev - er to fight with
cres.
1. dash - ing wave, Her men are staunch To their fav - 'rite launch, And
2. seem'd to fly, Not a sheet or a tack Or a brace did she slack, Tho' the
3. out, "Hal - lo!" "Bear down, d'ye see, To our ad - mi - ral's lee." "No,
4. Bri - tons more, Let each fill a glass To his fav - 'rite lass, A
cres.
1. when the foe shall meet our fire, Soon - er than strike we'll
2. Frenchman laughed and thought it stuff, But they knew not the hand - ful of
3. no," says the French - man, "that can't be." "Then I must lug you a -
4. health to our cap - tain and of - fi - cers true, And all that be - long to the
ff
1. all ex - pire On board of the A - re - thu - sa.
2. men so tough On board of the A - re - thu - sa.
3. long with me," Says the sau - cy A - re - thu - sa.
4. jo - vial crew On board of the A - re - thu - sa.
ff

Lack-a-day, O!

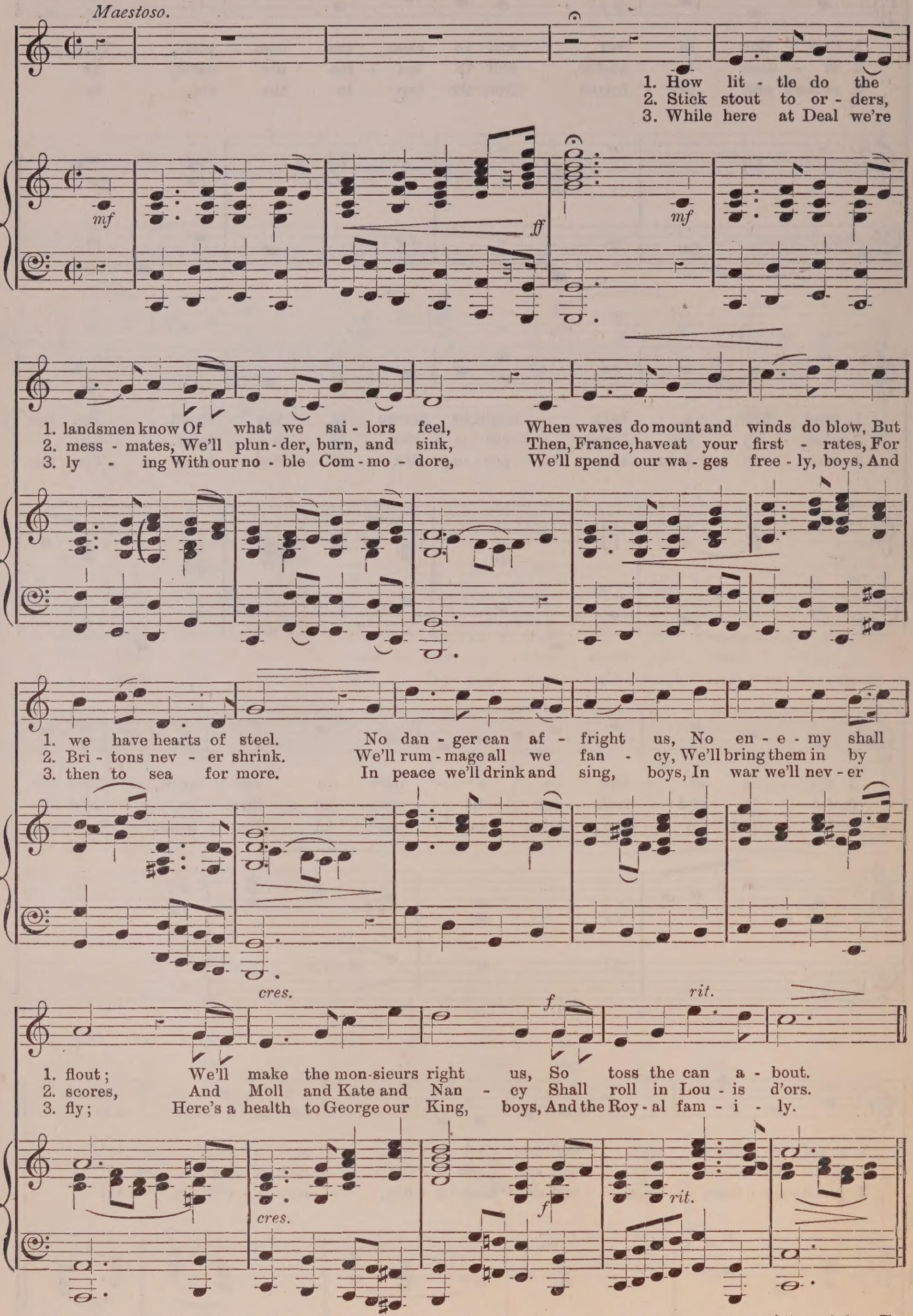
HAYLOCK. JAMES HOOK.


Allegretto.
p
p
1. When dress as of old was in - tend - ed for use, And
2. Dame Na - ture, so wise, has so man - aged her plan, That a
3. In form - ing a man Na - ture took as much care, He should
p
1. not as at pre - sent the source of a - buse, Dis -
2. wo - man was sent as a bless - ing to man, To
3. prove in re - turn a de - fence to the fair, But so

One of James Hook's Vauxhall compositions; the words by a writer named Haylock. The song was sung by Mrs. Martyr at the Gardens in the season of 1788-9, and the whole was published by Preston in Hook's *Vauxhall Songs* for that year, and in single sheet form.

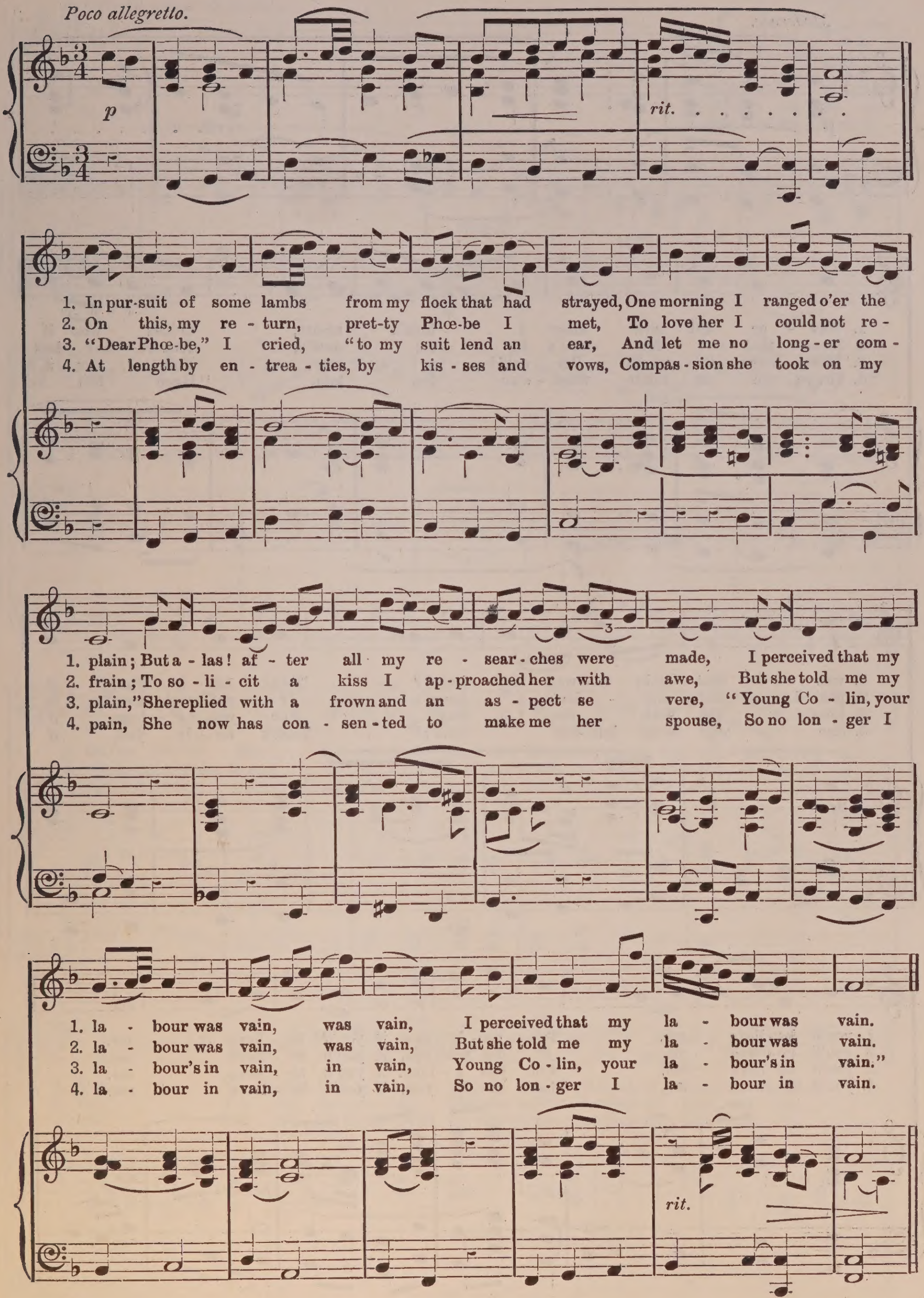

1. tinc - tion of sex was so clear and com - plete, That a
2. so - lace, to soothe, and to sof - ten his cares, To
3. pruned and per - fumed from the top to the toe, Is
1. beau from a belle might be known in the street. But the
2. cher - ish his hopes, not a - wak - en his fears. But
3. each mo - dern sim - per - ing dan - di - fied beau, That the
1. sex - es of late so e - quiv - o - cal grow, That our
2. fol - ly and fash - ion dis - guis - es them so, That our
3. la - dies by far more in - vin - ci - ble grow, Makes our
1. grand - mo - thers sigh, and cry, "Lack - a - day, lack - a - day, O!"
2. grand - mo - thers sigh, and cry, "Lack - a - day, lack - a - day, O!"
3. grand - mo - thers sigh, and cry, "Lack - a - day, lack - a - day, O!"

How Little do the Landsmen Know.


Maestoso.
mf
ff
mf
1. How lit - tle do the
2. Stick stout to or - ders,
3. While here at Deal we're
1. landsmen know Of what we sai - lors feel, When waves do mount and winds do blow, But
2. mess - mates, We'll plun - der, burn, and sink, Then, France, have at your first - rates, For
3. ly - ing With our no - ble Com - mo - dore, We'll spend our wa - ges free - ly, boys, And
1. we have hearts of steel. No dan - ger can af - fright us, No en - e - my shall
2. Bri - tons nev - er shrink. We'll rum - mage all we fan - cy, We'll bring them in by
3. then to sea for more. In peace we'll drink and sing, boys, In war we'll nev - er
cres.
f
rit.
1. flout; We'll make the mon-sieurs right us, So toss the can a - bout.
2. scores, And Moll and Kate and Nan - cy Shall roll in Lou - is d'ors.
3. fly; Here's a health to George our King, boys, And the Roy - al fam - i - ly.
cres.
f
rit.

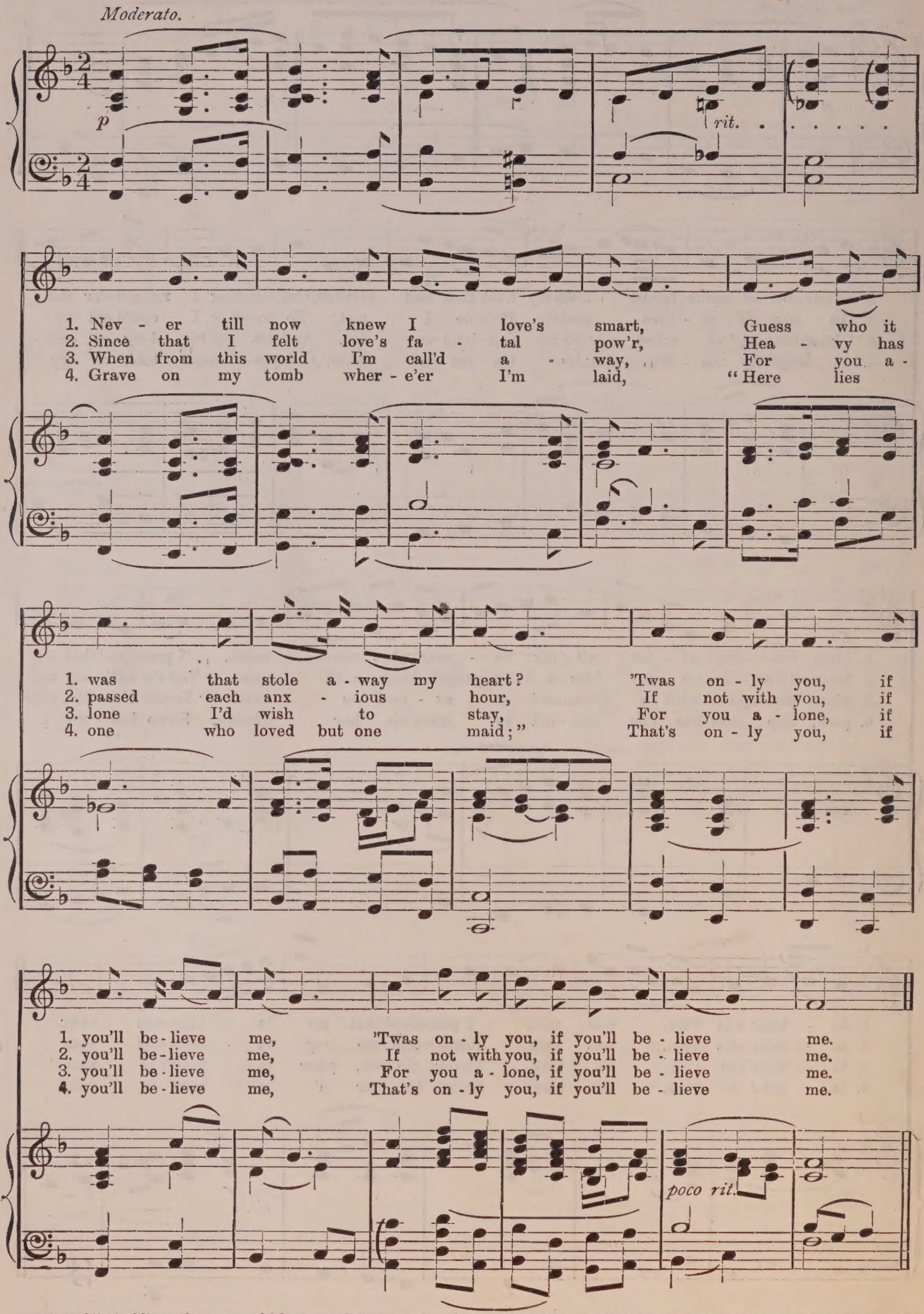
The words are said to be by David Garrick, but there does not seem to be any record as to the composer of the melody. The song was sung by the celebrated tenor vocalist, John Beard, in a revival of *The Fair Quaker of Deal*, about 1756. The play was originally acted in 1710, and several songs in it attained popularity. The present one is found in *The Universal Magazine* for June, 1756 (Supplement), and on engraved half sheets of about the same date.

Labour in Vain.


Poco allegretto.
p
rit.
1. In pur-suit of some lambs from my flock that had strayed, One morning I ranged o'er the
2. On this, my re - turn, pret-ty Phœ-be I met, To love her I could not re -
3. "Dear Phœ-be," I cried, "to my suit lend an ear, And let me no long - er com -
4. At length by en - trea - ties, by kis - ses and vows, Compas - sion she took on my
1. plain; But a - las! af - ter all my re - sear - ches were made, I perceived that my
2. frain; To so - li - cit a kiss I ap - proached her with awe, But she told me my
3. plain," She replied with a frown and an as - pect se vere, "Young Co - lin, your
4. pain, She now has con - sen - ted to make me her spouse, So no lon - ger I
3
1. la - bour was vain, was vain, I perceived that my la - bour was vain.
2. la - bour was vain, was vain, But she told me my la - bour was vain.
3. la - bour's in vain, in vain, Young Co - lin, your la - bour's in vain."
4. la - bour in vain, in vain, So no lon - ger I la - bour in vain.
rit.

Printed in *The Universal Magazine* for August, 1766, as "a new song." The same words are set to another tune in the *Yorkshire Musical Miscellany*, published at Halifax, 1800. In neither case is the composer's name given.

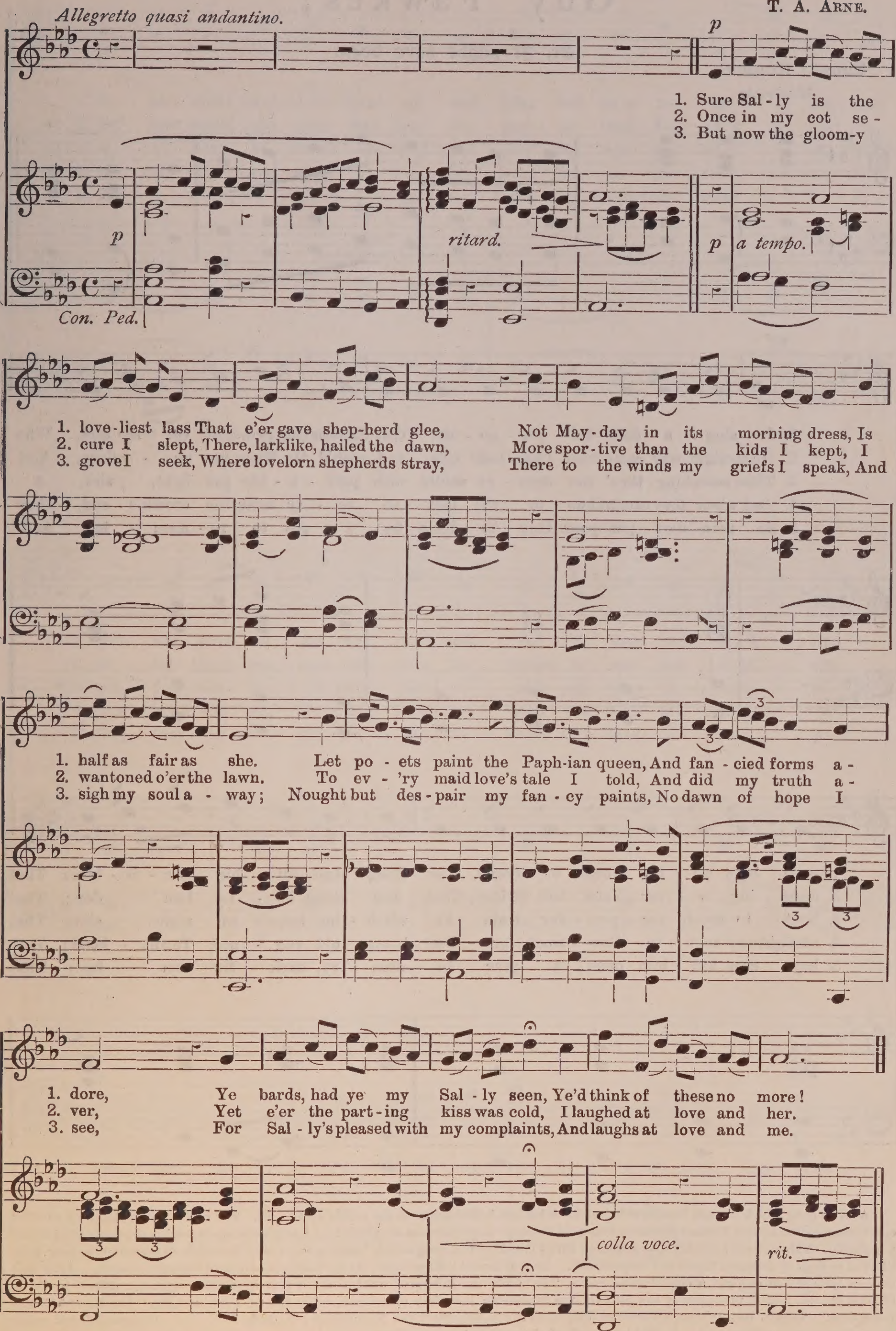
Never till now knew I Love's smart.


Moderato.
p
rit.
1. Nev - er till now knew I love's smart, Guess who it
2. Since that I felt love's fa - tal pow'r, Hea - vy has
3. When from this world I'm call'd a - way, For you a -
4. Grave on my tomb wher - e'er I'm laid, "Here lies
1. was that stole a - way my heart? 'Twas on - ly you, if
2. passed each anx - ious hour, If not with you, if
3. lone I'd wish to stay, For you a - lone, if
4. one who loved but one maid;" That's on - ly you, if
1. you'll be - lieve me, 'Twas on - ly you, if you'll be - lieve me.
2. you'll be - lieve me, If not with you, if you'll be - lieve me.
3. you'll be - lieve me, For you a - lone, if you'll be - lieve me.
4. you'll be - lieve me, That's on - ly you, if you'll be - lieve me.
poco rit.

One of the public garden songs which appeared about 1790-3. It is in *The Edinburgh Musical Miscellany*, vol. ii., 1793; *The Songster's Favourite Companion*, Glasgow, *circa* 1810, etc., etc.

Sure Sally is the Loveliest Lass.

T. A. Arne.

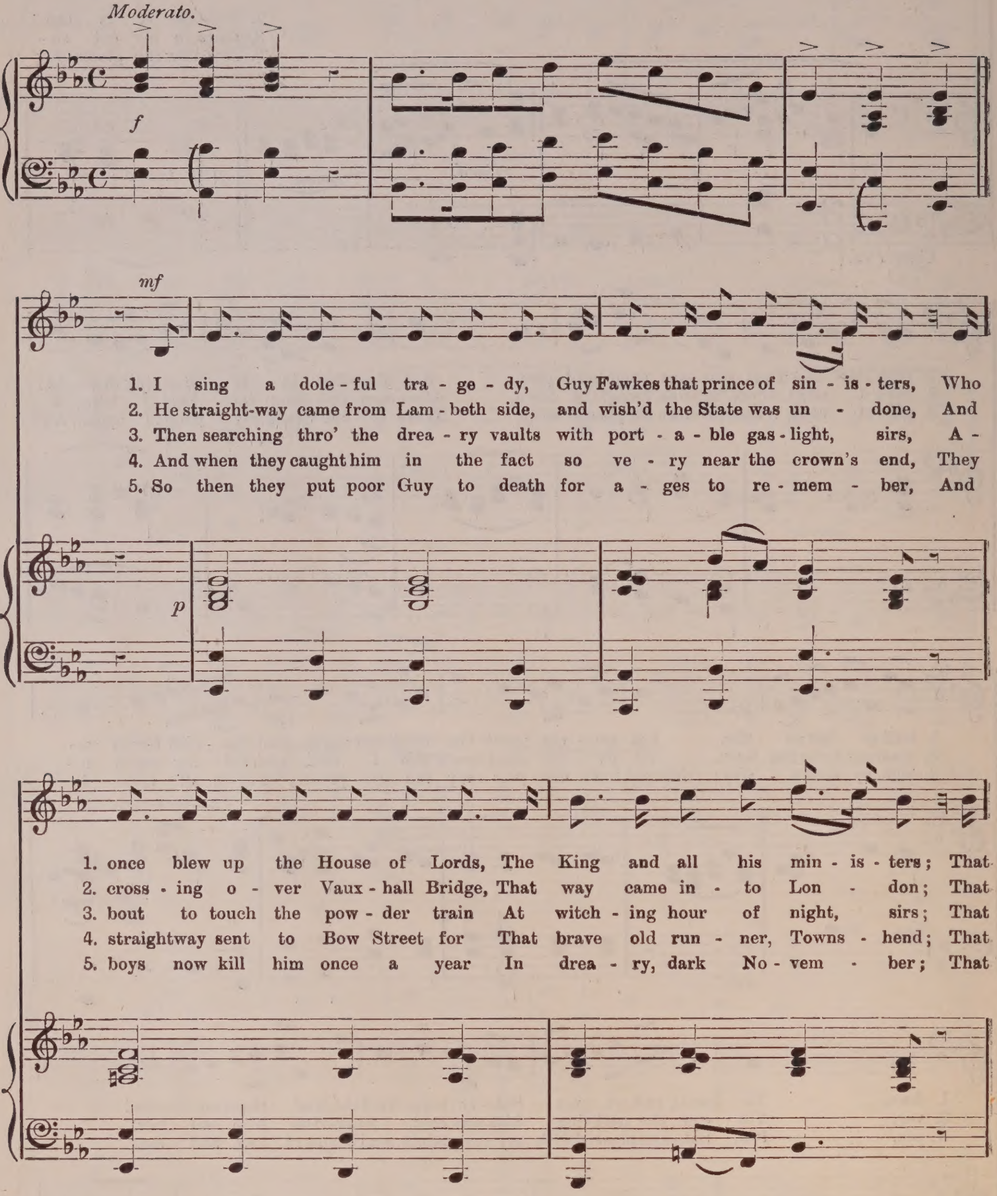

Allegretto quasi andantino.
p
1. Sure Sal-ly is the
2. Once in my cot se-
3. But now the gloom-y
p
ritard.
p a tempo.
Con. Ped.
1. love-liest lass That e'er gave shep-herd glee, Not May-day in its morning dress, Is
2. cure I slept, There, larklike, hailed the dawn, More spor-tive than the kids I kept, I
3. grove I seek, Where lovelorn shepherds stray, There to the winds my griefs I speak, And
1. half as fair as she. Let po-ets paint the Paph-ian queen, And fan-cied forms a-
2. wantoned o'er the lawn. To ev-'ry maid love's tale I told, And did my truth a-
3. sigh my soul a-way; Nought but des-pair my fan-cy paints, No dawn of hope I
3
3
3
1. dore, Ye bards, had ye my Sal-ly seen, Ye'd think of these no more!
2. ver, Yet e'er the part-ing kiss was cold, I laughed at love and her.
3. see, For Sal-ly's pleased with my complaints, And laughs at love and me.
3
3
colla voce.
rit.

Another of Dr. Arne's Vauxhall songs produced about 1750-60. It was reprinted in *Hyde's Collection*, 1798. The words are found in several editions of *The Bullfinch*, 1780, etc.

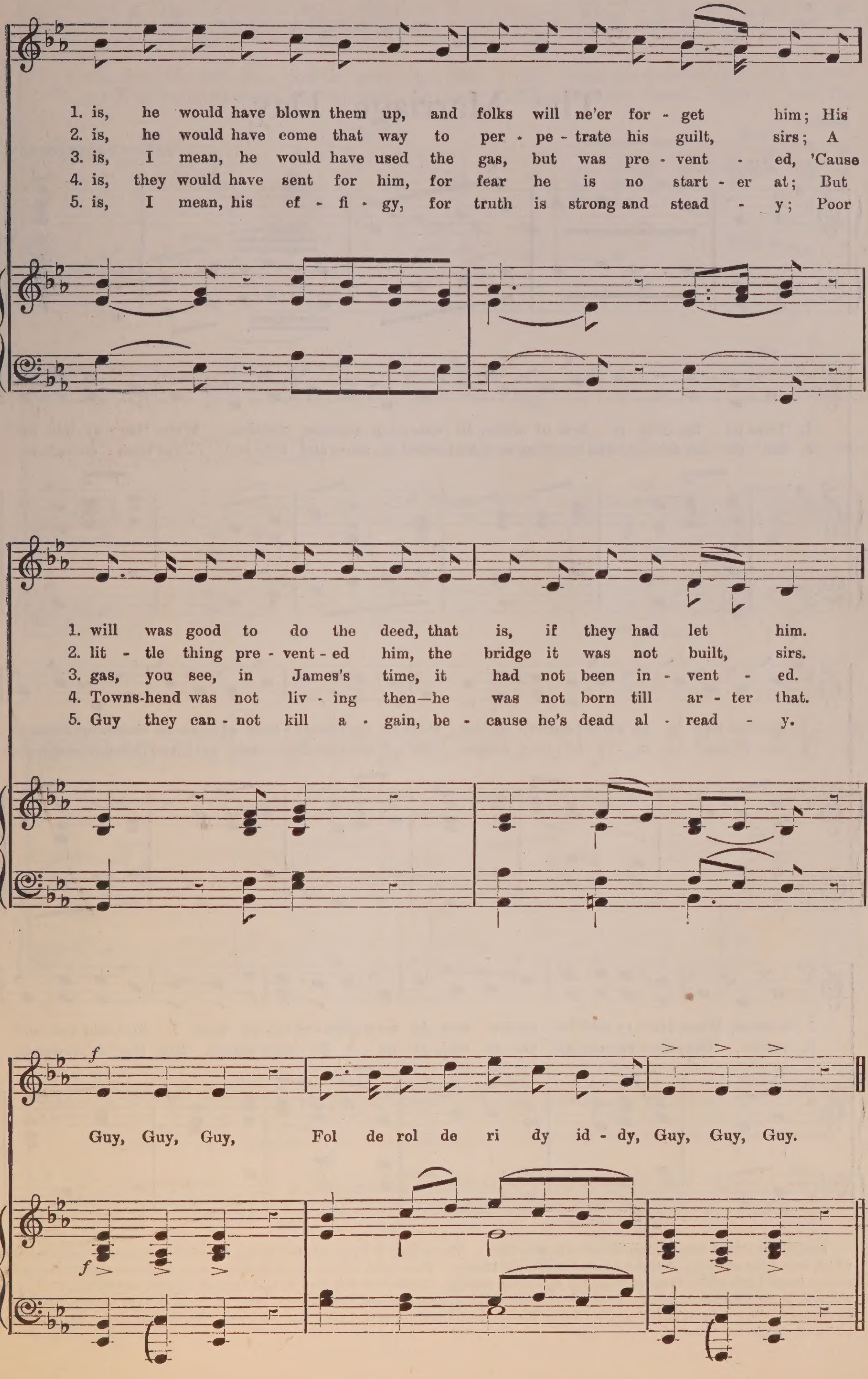
Guy Fawkes;

Or, It might have been.

THOMAS HUDSON.

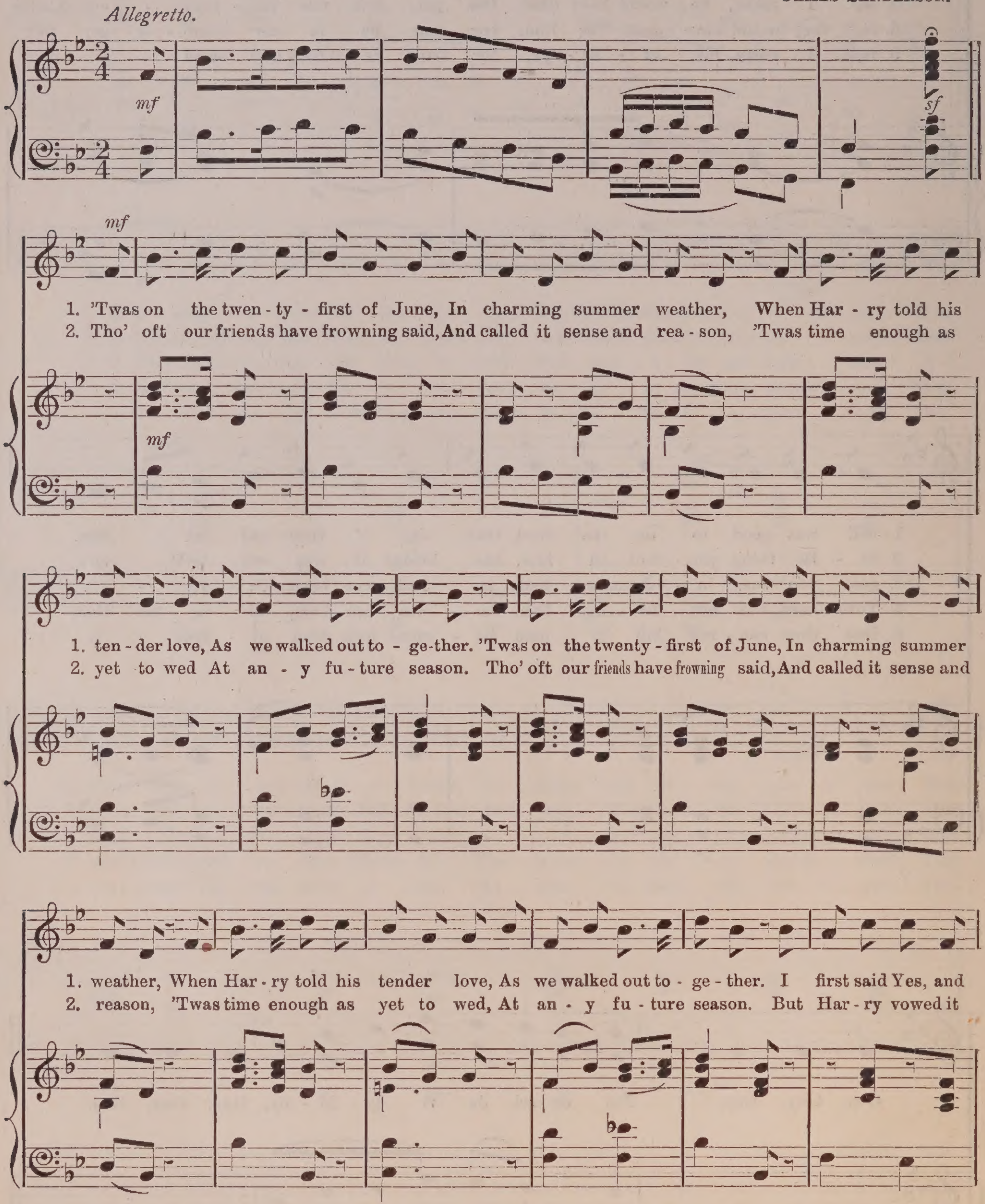

Moderato.
f
mf
p
1. I sing a dole - ful tra - ge - dy, Guy Fawkes that prince of sin - is - ters, Who
2. He straight-way came from Lam - beth side, and wish'd the State was un - done, And
3. Then searching thro' the drea - ry vaults with port - a - ble gas - light, sirs, A -
4. And when they caught him in the fact so ve - ry near the crown's end, They
5. So then they put poor Guy to death for a - ges to re - mem - ber, And
1. once blew up the House of Lords, The King and all his min - is - ters; That
2. cross - ing o - ver Vaux - hall Bridge, That way came in - to Lon - don; That
3. bout to touch the pow - der train At witch - ing hour of night, sirs; That
4. straightway sent to Bow Street for That brave old run - ner, Towns - hend; That
5. boys now kill him once a year In drea - ry, dark No - vem - ber; That

A witty song which at once became a favourite on its first introduction to the public about 1825. The verses were written by a clever comic song writer named Thomas Hudson, who used them to an air (the one we give), that had previously carried many a worse lyric into popularity. This melody probably first appeared about 1760-1770 to a song called "Bow, wow, wow," in which all classes of society were likened to dogs of different kinds and dispositions. Then followed "Mew, mew, mew," a copy where cats were the conceit. After that came a lyric which enjoyed a considerable vogue, "Date Obolum Belsario," written about 1790 by Collins, an actor. Then in 1802-3 Charles Dibdin, junior, made fun of the bones of the Mammoth just then discovered, using the tune for his song, "The Mammoth and Bonaparte." In 1806 Tom Dibdin, his brother, employed the melody for "The Negotiation; or, John Bull *versus* Bonaparte," and many other ditties were written to it. As will be perceived, the melody is an excellent one, and even so late as the sixties it was brought out as a fresh composition and adapted to a song the burden of which was, "By studying economy I live like a lord."

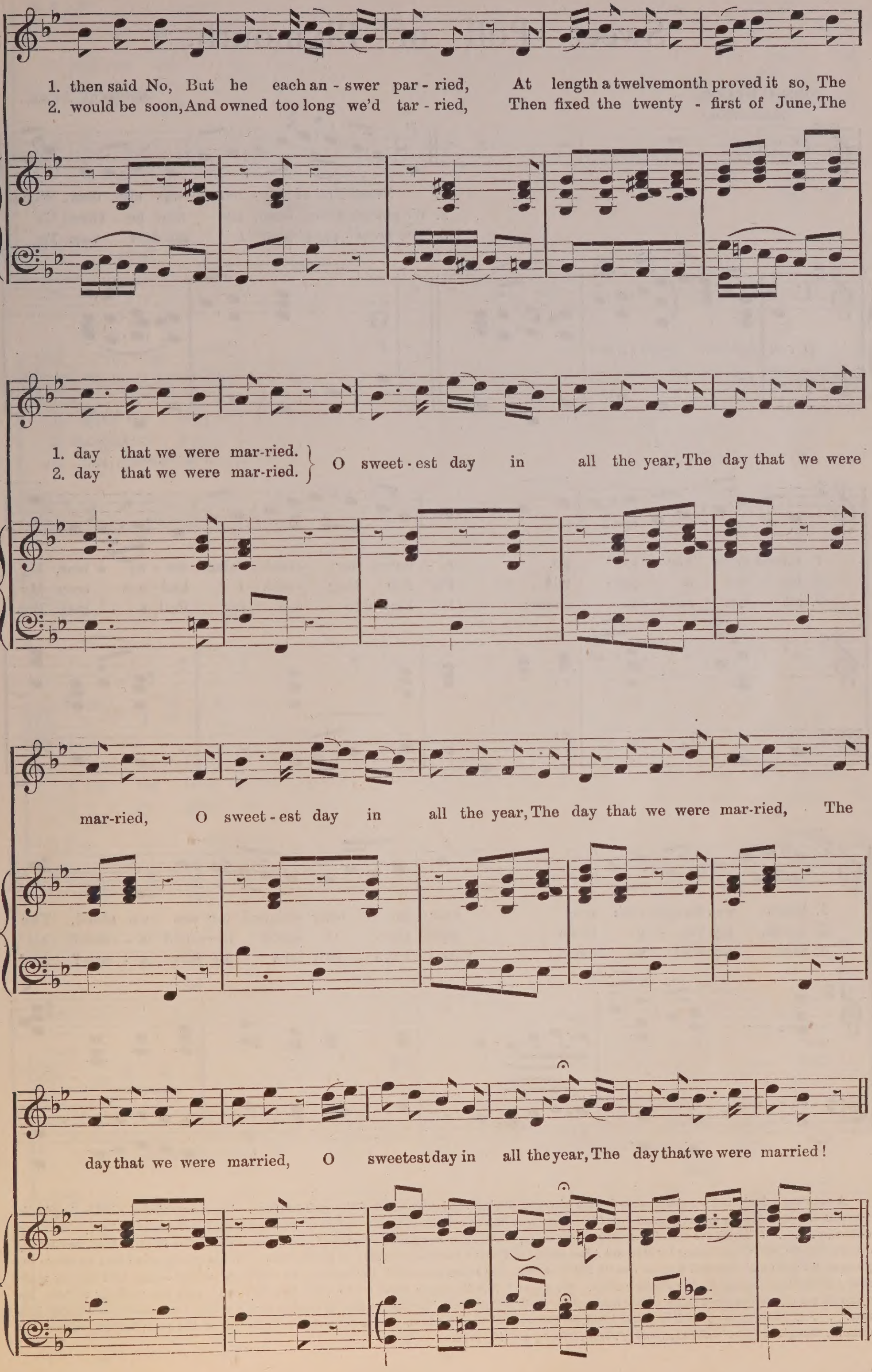

1. is, he would have blown them up, and folks will ne'er for - get him; His
2. is, he would have come that way to per - pe - trate his guilt, sirs; A
3. is, I mean, he would have used the gas, but was pre - vent - ed, 'Cause
4. is, they would have sent for him, for fear he is no start - er at; But
5. is, I mean, his ef - fi - gy, for truth is strong and stead - y; Poor
1. will was good to do the deed, that is, if they had let him.
2. lit - tle thing pre - vent - ed him, the bridge it was not built, sirs.
3. gas, you see, in James's time, it had not been in - vent - ed.
4. Towns-hend was not liv - ing then—he was not born till ar - ter that.
5. Guy they can - not kill a - gain, be - cause he's dead al - read - y.
f
Guy, Guy, Guy, Fol de rol de ri dy id - dy, Guy, Guy, Guy.
f

The Marriage Day.

James Sanderson.

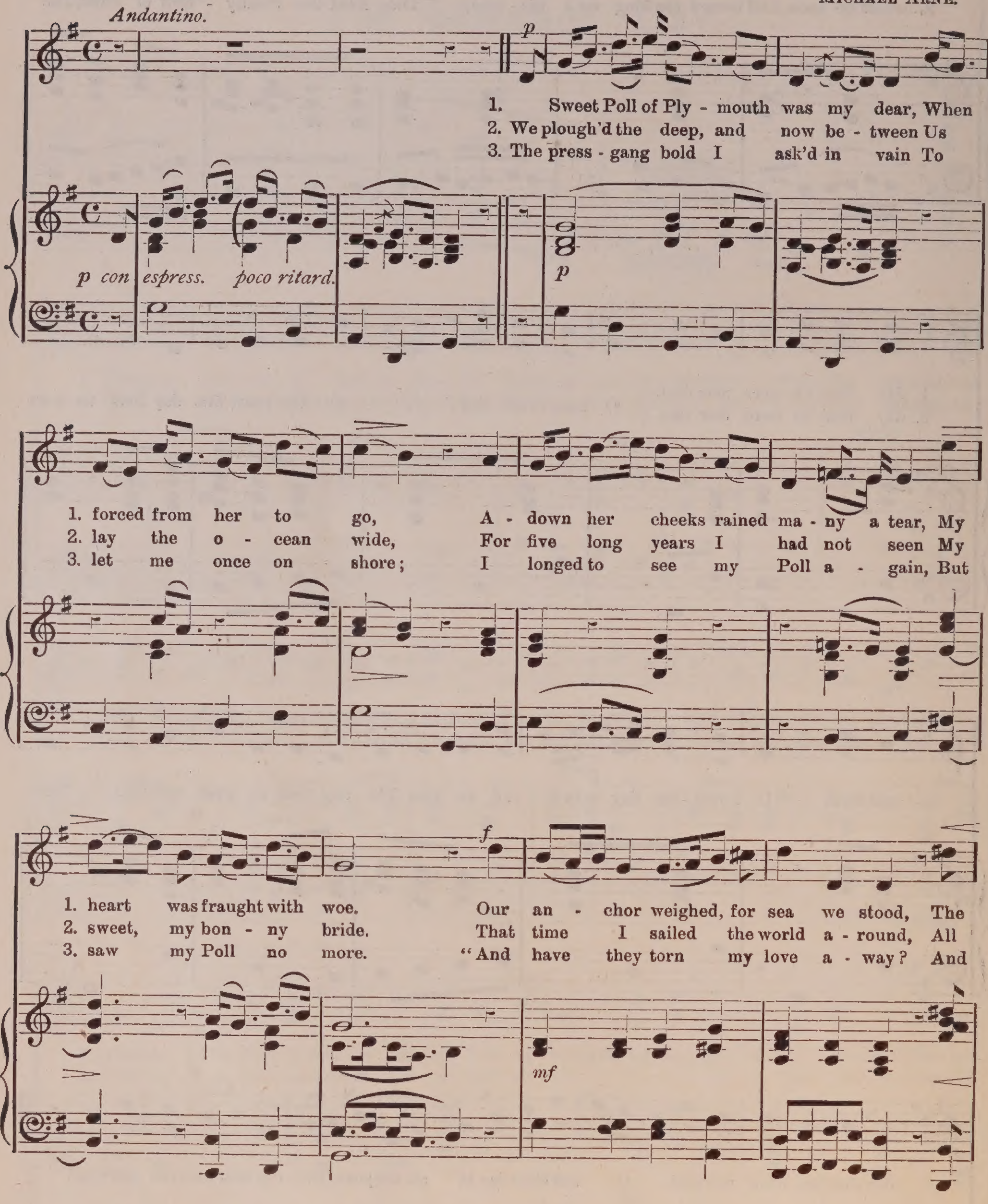

Allegretto.
mf
sf
mf
mf
1. 'Twas on the twen - ty - first of June, In charming summer weather, When Har - ry told his
2. Tho' oft our friends have frowning said, And called it sense and rea - son, 'Twas time enough as
1. ten - der love, As we walked out to - ge-ther. 'Twas on the twenty - first of June, In charming summer
2. yet to wed At an - y fu - ture season. Tho' oft our friends have frowning said, And called it sense and
1. weather, When Har - ry told his tender love, As we walked out to - ge - ther. I first said Yes, and
2. reason, 'Twas time enough as yet to wed, At an - y fu - ture season. But Har - ry vowed it

Sung about 1790 at Astley's Amphitheatre by Miss Gray. The melody is by James Sanderson, a prolific composer for pantomimes which were acted at the Amphitheatre and at the Surrey Theatre. These were written in collaboration with a writer named Crosse, and several tuneful lyrics from them survived the ephemeral libretti. Sanderson was born in Cumberland in 1769, and having skill as a violinist, he got engagements at the theatres at Sunderland, South Shields, and Newcastle-on-Tyne, before he came to London. He was, on coming south, employed at Astley's, the Surrey Theatre, and Vauxhall, as performer and composer. He died in 1841. His music is eminently bright and pleasing.

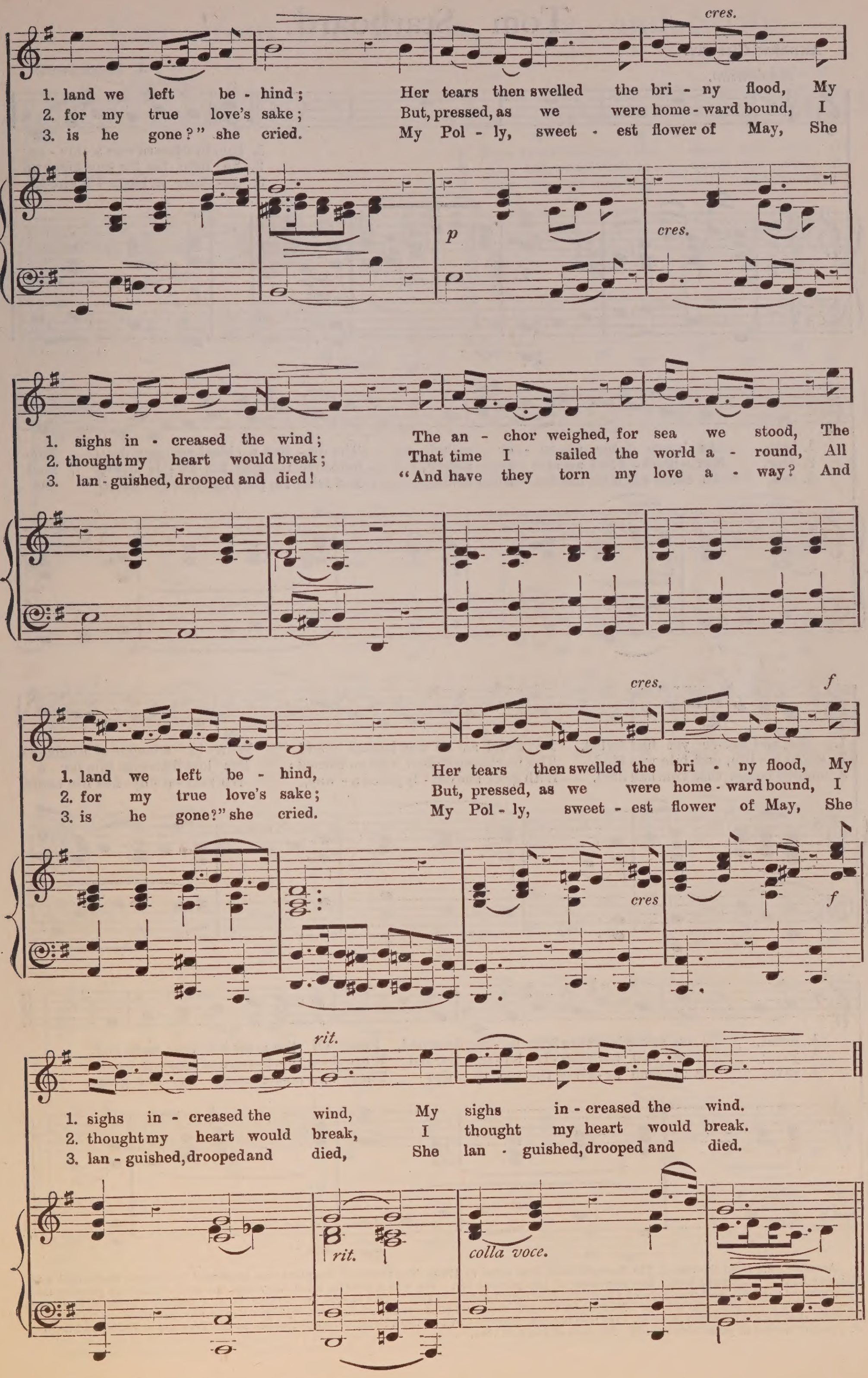

1. then said No, But he each an - swer par - ried, At length a twelvemonth proved it so, The
2. would be soon, And owned too long we'd tar - ried, Then fixed the twenty - first of June, The
1. day that we were mar-ried.
2. day that we were mar-ried.
O sweet - est day in all the year, The day that we were
mar-ried, O sweet - est day in all the year, The day that we were mar-ried, The
day that we were married, O sweetest day in all the year, The day that we were married!

Sweet Poll of Plymouth.

JOHN O'KEEFFE. MICHAEL ARNE.


Andantino.
p
1. Sweet Poll of Ply - mouth was my dear, When
2. We plough'd the deep, and now be - tween Us
3. The press - gang bold I ask'd in vain To
p con espress. poco ritard.
p
1. forced from her to go, A - down her cheeks rained ma - ny a tear, My
2. lay the o - cean wide, For five long years I had not seen My
3. let me once on shore; I longed to see my Poll a - gain, But
1. heart was fraught with woe. Our an - chor weighed, for sea we stood, The
2. sweet, my bon - ny bride. That time I sailed the world a - round, All
3. saw my Poll no more. "And have they torn my love a - way? And
f
mf

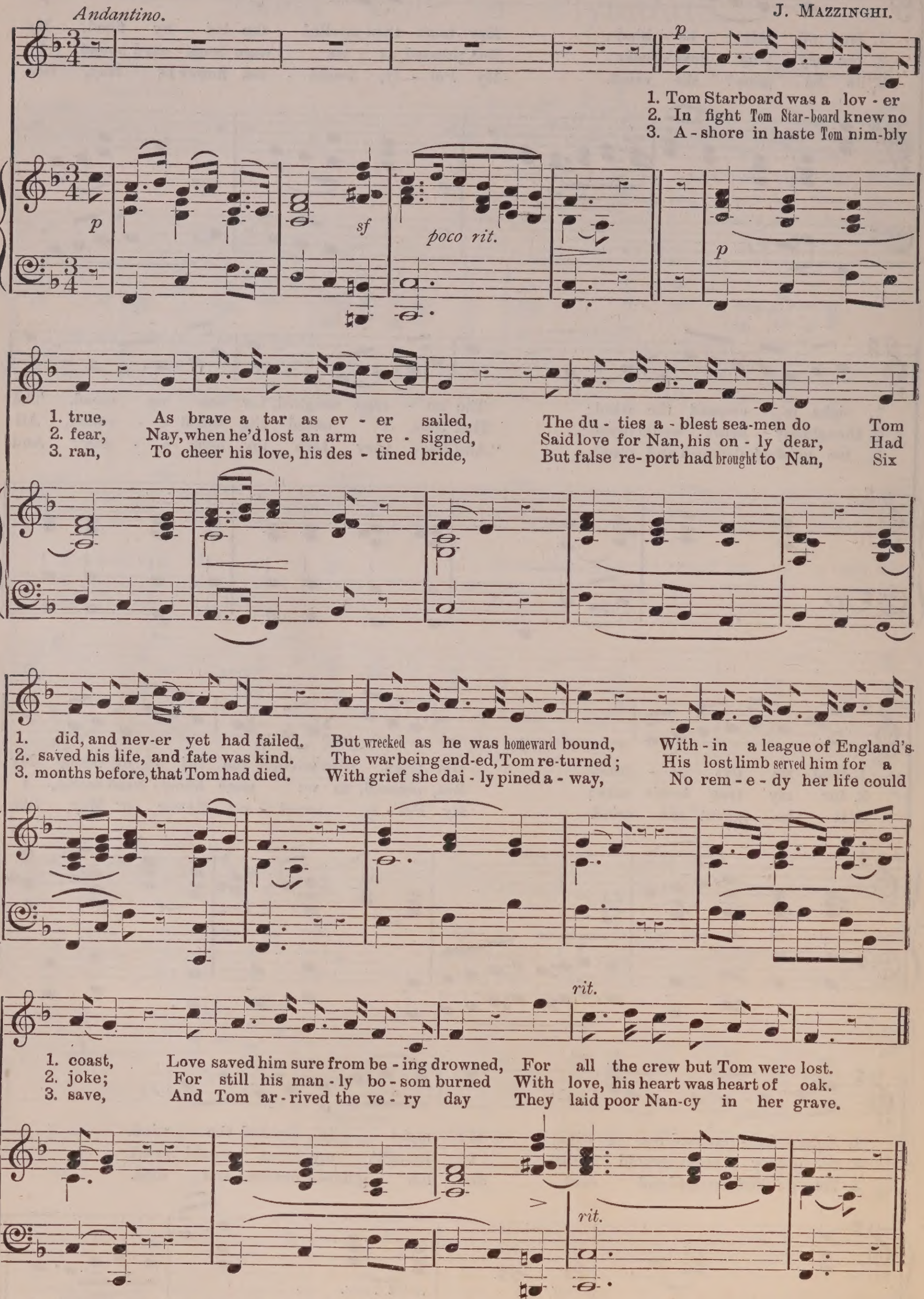
A sea song which had a considerable degree of vogue during the latter years of the 18th century. It even produced a little chap book, *The Entertaining History of that amiable and loving couple, William Ratling and Sweet Poll of Plymouth, with the humours of his friend, Jack Oakum, . . . to which are added a variety of sea songs, 1789.* The song formed part of the musical farce, *The Positive Man*, written by John O'Keeffe, the music being by Michael Arne, acted at Covent Garden in 1782. O'Keeffe tells us in his *Recollections* that he wrote the piece at Margate and founded it upon one of his first dramatic attempts called *The Gallant*, to which he added songs, and having made many alterations, called it *The Positive Man.* He says: "Not knowing what to do with Mrs. Kennedy, and yet wishing to have her voice in an opera I made a sailor of her and wrote 'Poll of Plymouth' for her to sing at a table round which were assembled many jolly tars. . . . Moody once told me that 'Poll of Plymouth' was the best song ever written in favour of the poor English sailor. Mr. Colman thought so too."—*Recollections of John O'Keeffe*, vol. ii., 1826.


cres.
1. land we left be - hind; Her tears then swelled the bri - ny flood, My
2. for my true love's sake; But, pressed, as we were home - ward bound, I
3. is he gone?" she cried. My Pol - ly, sweet - est flower of May, She
p
cres.
1. sighs in - creased the wind; The an - chor weighed, for sea we stood, The
2. thought my heart would break; That time I sailed the world a - round, All
3. lan - guished, drooped and died! "And have they torn my love a - way? And
cres.
f
1. land we left be - hind, Her tears then swelled the bri - ny flood, My
2. for my true love's sake; But, pressed, as we were home - ward bound, I
3. is he gone?" she cried. My Pol - ly, sweet - est flower of May, She
cres
f
rit.
1. sighs in - creased the wind, My sighs in - creased the wind.
2. thought my heart would break, I thought my heart would break.
3. lan - guished, drooped and died, She lan - guished, drooped and died.
rit.
colla voce.

Tom Starboard.

ANDREW CHERRY.

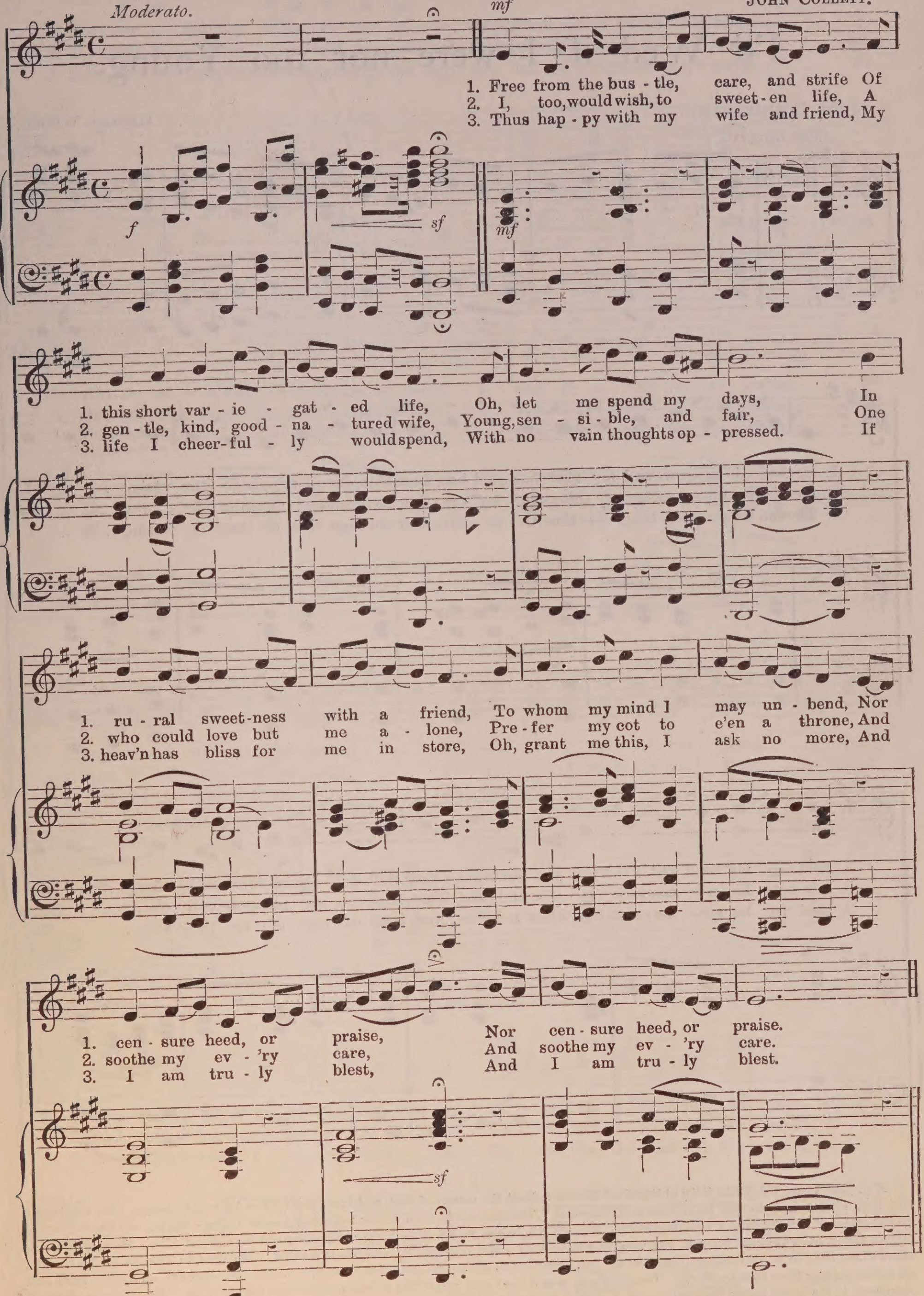
J. MAZZINGHI.


Andantino.
p
sf
poco rit.
p
1. Tom Starboard was a lov - er
2. In fight Tom Star-board knew no
3. A - shore in haste Tom nim-bly
1. true, As brave a tar as ev - er sailed, The du - ties a - blest sea-men do Tom
2. fear, Nay, when he'd lost an arm re - signed, Said love for Nan, his on - ly dear, Had
3. ran, To cheer his love, his des - tined bride, But false re- port had brought to Nan, Six
1. did, and nev-er yet had failed. But wrecked as he was homeward bound, With - in a league of England's
2. saved his life, and fate was kind. The war being end-ed, Tom re-turned; His lost limb served him for a
3. months before, that Tom had died. With grief she dai - ly pined a - way, No rem - e - dy her life could
rit.
1. coast, Love saved him sure from be - ing drowned, For all the crew but Tom were lost.
2. joke; For still his man - ly bo - som burned With love, his heart was heart of oak.
3. save, And Tom ar - rived the ve - ry day They laid poor Nan-cy in her grave.
rit.

Another song from the opera, *The Turnpike Gate*, first acted in 1799. The music of the piece was composed by Joseph Mazzinghi and William Reeve, Mazzinghi being the composer of the present air. He was a prolific musician about the end of the 1 th century and beginning of the 19th, and was born of Corsican parents in London in 1765. His operas are numerous, and include *The Exile*, *Paul and Virginia*, *The Blind Girl*, and others. Mazzinghi worked much in these productions with William Reeve, and his music is thoroughly English, despite his Corsican descent. He was musical director to the King's theatre, music teacher to the Princess of Wales, and author of a vast quantity of pianoforte music. He died at Bath in 1844.

Free from the Bustle, Care, and Strife.

JOHN COLLETT.

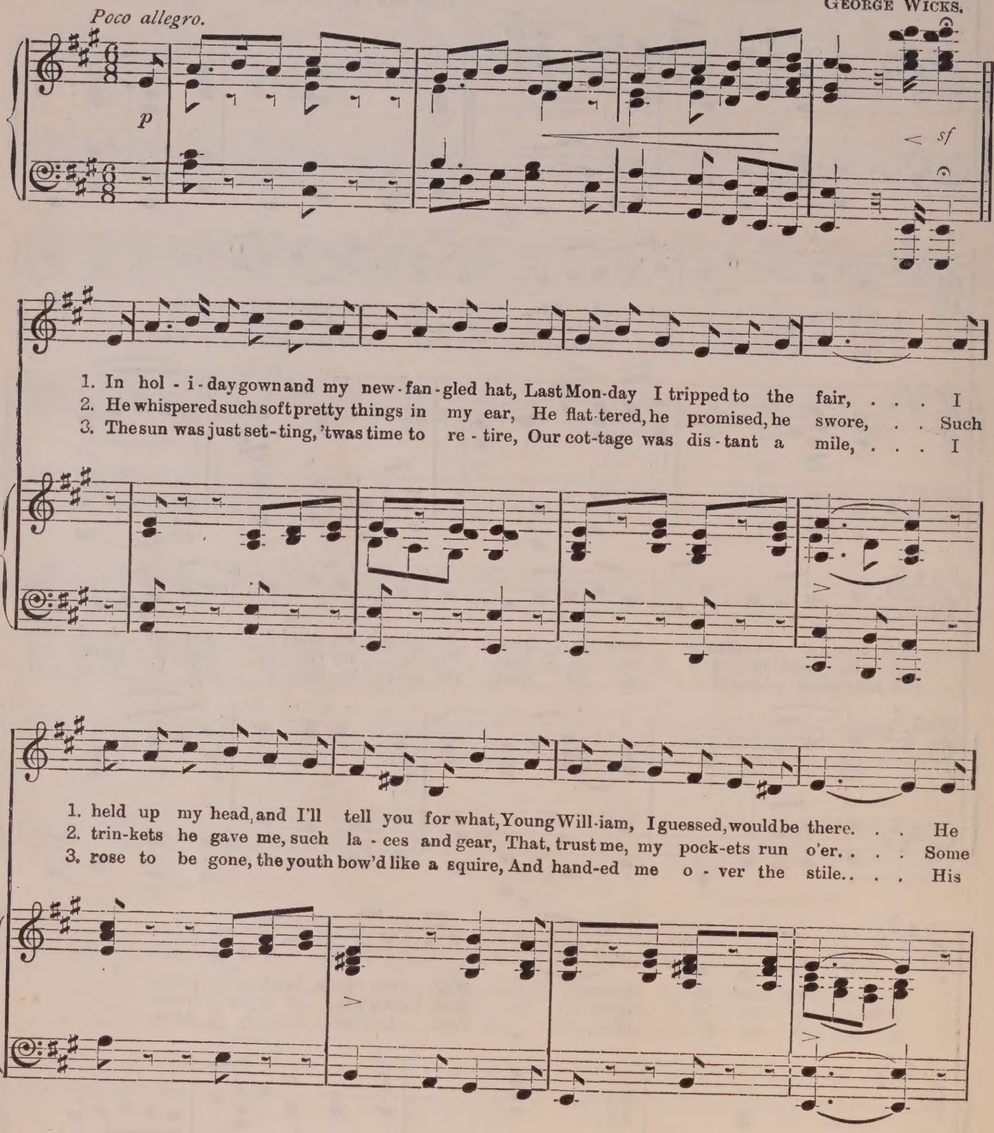

Moderato.
mf
f
sf
mf
1. Free from the bus - tle, care, and strife Of this short var - ie - gat - ed life, Oh, let me spend my days, In ru - ral sweet-ness with a friend, To whom my mind I may un - bend, Nor cen - sure heed, or praise, Nor cen - sure heed, or praise.
2. I, too, would wish, to sweet - en life, A gen - tle, kind, good - na - tured wife, Young, sen - si - ble, and fair, One who could love but me a - lone, Pre - fer my cot to e'en a throne, And soothe my ev - 'ry care, And soothe my ev - 'ry care.
3. Thus hap - py with my wife and friend, My life I cheer-ful - ly would spend, With no vain thoughts op - pressed. If heav'n has bliss for me in store, Oh, grant me this, I ask no more, And I am tru - ly blest, And I am tru - ly blest.
sf

Under the title, "The Young Man's Wish," the song came into vogue about 1766. It was published in December of that year in the *Universal Magazine*, and in February, 1767, in the *London Magazine*. Some years later it found a place in Robert Horsfield's *Vocal Music*. It was sung at Marylebone Gardens by Thomas Lowe, and an early half sheet copy gives the composer's name as "Mr. Collett." John Collett was a musician of the period who wrote *Six Solos for the Violin*, and other instrumental pieces.

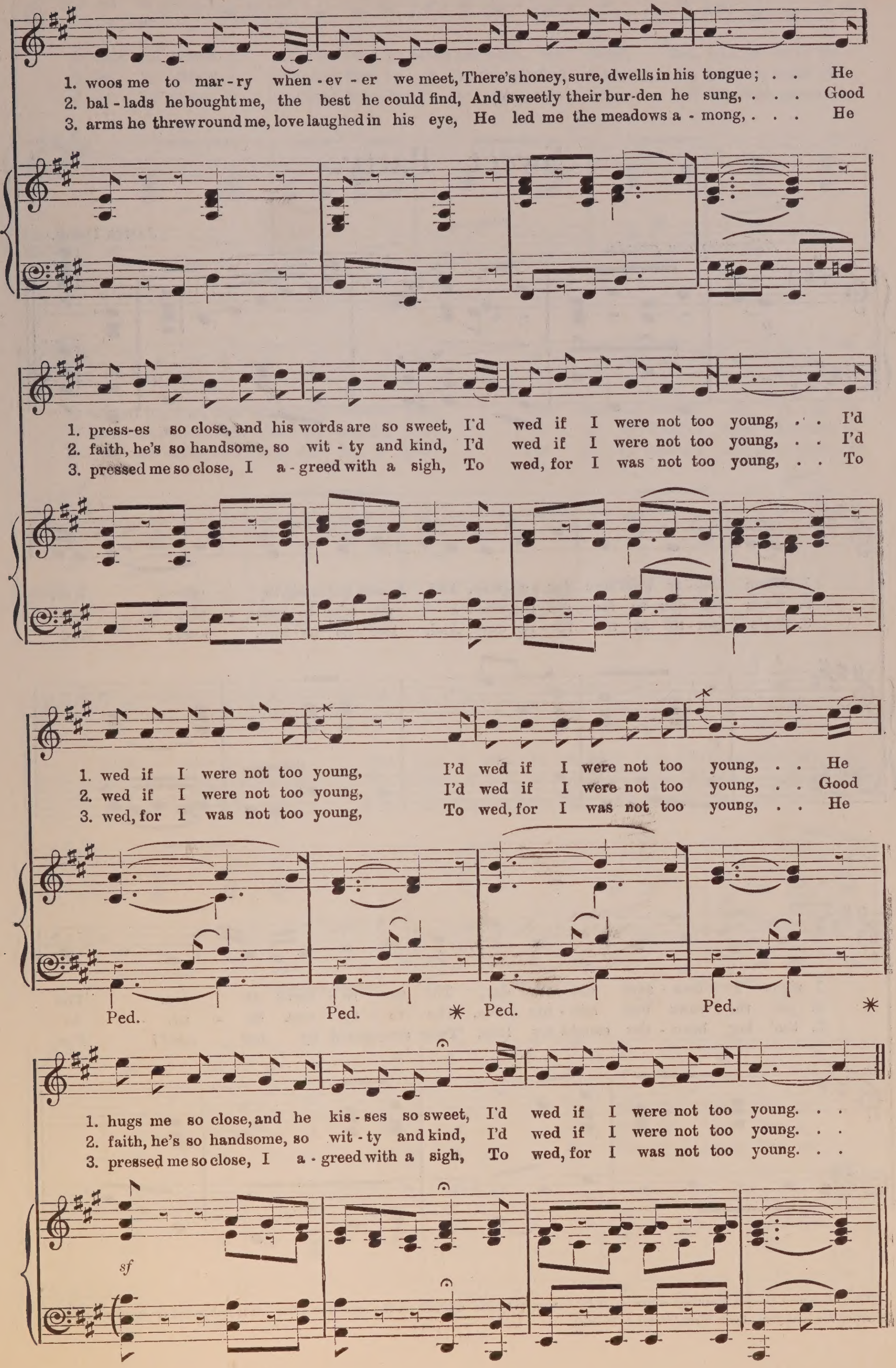
I'd Wed if I were not too Young.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

GEORGE WICKS.

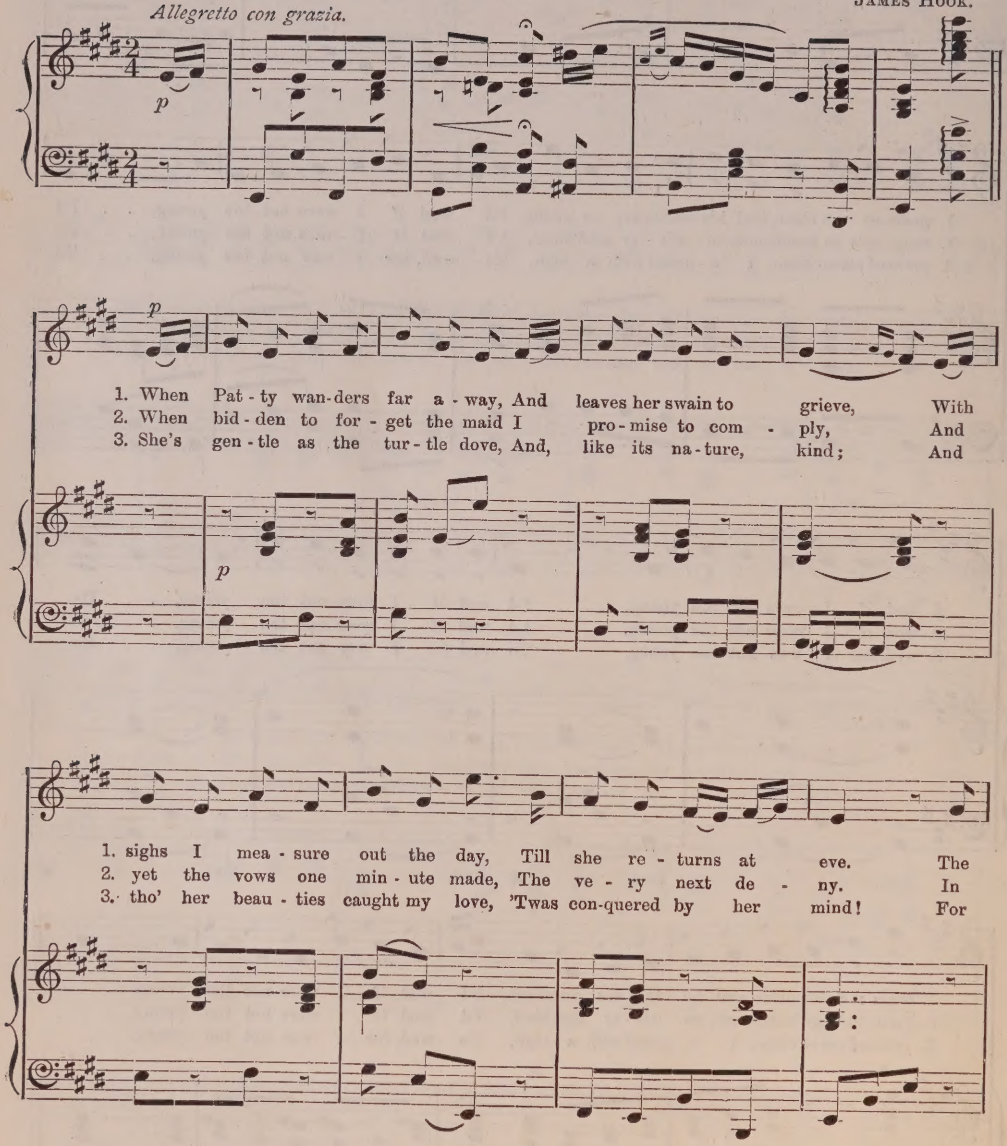

Poco allegro.
p
sf
1. In hol - i - day gown and my new - fan - gled hat, Last Mon-day I tripped to the fair, . . . I
2. He whispered such soft pretty things in my ear, He flat-tered, he promised, he swore, . . Such
3. The sun was just set - ting, 'twas time to re - tire, Our cot-tage was dis - tant a mile, . . . I
1. held up my head, and I'll tell you for what, Young Will-iam, I guessed, would be there. . . He
2. trin-kets he gave me, such la - ces and gear, That, trust me, my pock-ets run o'er. . . . Some
3. rose to be gone, the youth bow'd like a squire, And hand-ed me o - ver the stile. . . His

Mrs. Bland sang this little ditty at Vauxhall Gardens about the season of 1806, and it attained some degree of favour. Her singing of this type of simple lyric was inimitable and charming. The melody is by a clever musician named George Wicks, who according to Messrs. Brown and Stratton's valuable *British Musical Biography*, was a viola player and composer born about 1775. He played at the Italian Opera and at Covent Garden, and was for a number of years manager of concerts at Oxford. He died in London in 1841. His name is attached to songs ranging from 1797 to 1825. The words are abbreviated from a song by John Cunningham, and must have had an earlier setting than that by Wicks. Cunningham was a poet and actor who is best remembered by the song, "May Eve; or, Kate of Aberdeen." He wrote many Vauxhall lyrics, and died in great poverty in Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1773; he was born in Dublin in 1729. Thomas Bewick, the wood engraver, sketched a portrait of Cunningham carrying home a herring for his dinner. It is reproduced in Cromek's *Scottish Songs*, 1810.

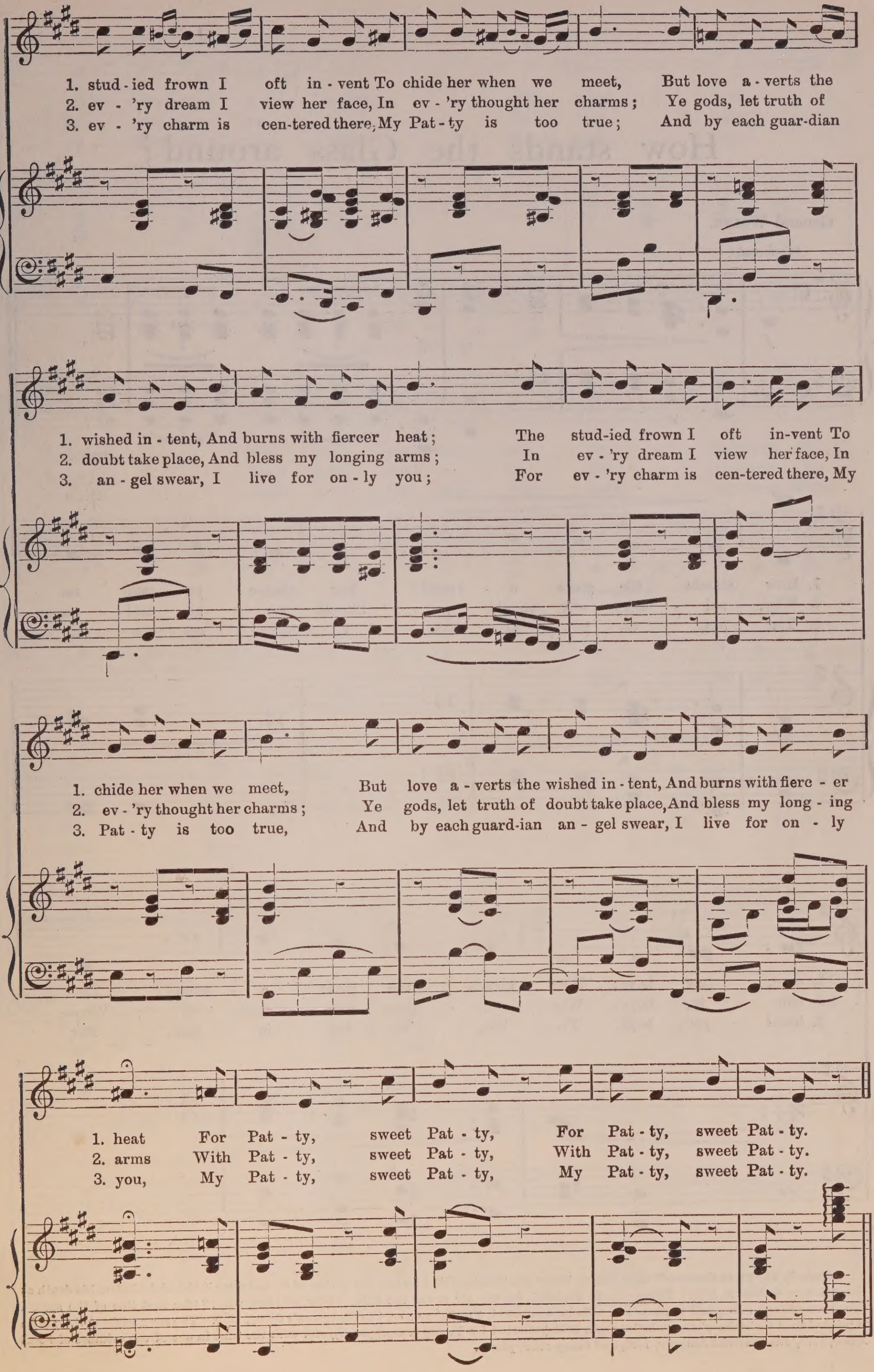

1. woos me to mar-ry when-ev-er we meet, There's honey, sure, dwells in his tongue; . . He
2. bal-lads he bought me, the best he could find, And sweetly their bur-den he sung, . . . Good
3. arms he threw round me, love laughed in his eye, He led me the meadows a-mong, . . . He
1. press-es so close, and his words are so sweet, I'd wed if I were not too young, . . I'd
2. faith, he's so handsome, so wit-ty and kind, I'd wed if I were not too young, . . I'd
3. pressed me so close, I a-greed with a sigh, To wed, for I was not too young, . . To
1. wed if I were not too young, I'd wed if I were not too young, . . He
2. wed if I were not too young, I'd wed if I were not too young, . . Good
3. wed, for I was not too young, To wed, for I was not too young, . . He
Ped.
Ped.
✳
Ped.
Ped.
✳
1. hugs me so close, and he kis-ses so sweet, I'd wed if I were not too young. . .
2. faith, he's so handsome, so wit-ty and kind, I'd wed if I were not too young. . .
3. pressed me so close, I a-greed with a sigh, To wed, for I was not too young. . .
sf

Sweet Patty.

JAMES HOOK.


Allegretto con grazia.
p
p
p
1. When Pat-ty wan-ders far a-way, And leaves her swain to grieve, With
2. When bid-den to for-get the maid I pro-mise to com-ply, And
3. She's gen-tle as the tur-tle dove, And, like its na-ture, kind; And
1. sighs I mea-sure out the day, Till she re-turns at eve. The
2. yet the vows one min-ute made, The ve-ry next de-ny. In
3. tho' her beau-ties caught my love, 'Twas con-quered by her mind! For

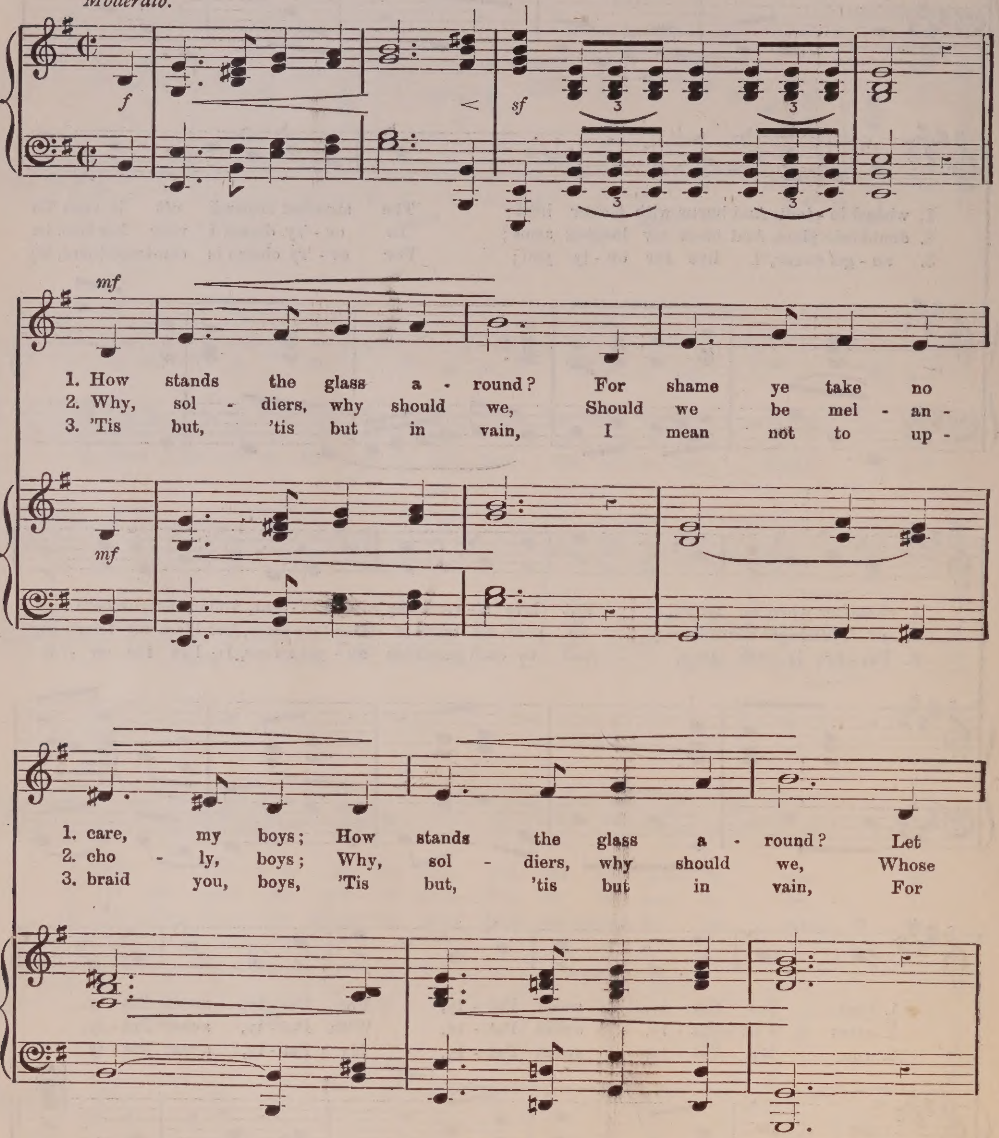
One of James Hook's Vauxhall songs sung by a singer named Clifford in the season of 1793. It is published in Hook's *Vauxhall Collection* for that year, Book First (Bland & Weller).


1. stud-ied frown I oft in-vent To chide her when we meet, But love a-verts the
2. ev-'ry dream I view her face, In ev-'ry thought her charms; Ye gods, let truth of
3. ev-'ry charm is cen-tered there, My Pat-ty is too true; And by each guar-dian
1. wished in-tent, And burns with fiercer heat; The stud-ied frown I oft in-vent To
2. doubt take place, And bless my longing arms; In ev-'ry dream I view her face, In
3. an-gel swear, I live for on-ly you; For ev-'ry charm is cen-tered there, My
1. chide her when we meet, But love a-verts the wished in-tent, And burns with fierc-er
2. ev-'ry thought her charms; Ye gods, let truth of doubt take place, And bless my long-ing
3. Pat-ty is too true, And by each guard-ian an-gel swear, I live for on-ly
1. heat For Pat-ty, sweet Pat-ty, For Pat-ty, sweet Pat-ty.
2. arms With Pat-ty, sweet Pat-ty, With Pat-ty, sweet Pat-ty.
3. you, My Pat-ty, sweet Pat-ty, My Pat-ty, sweet Pat-ty.
)

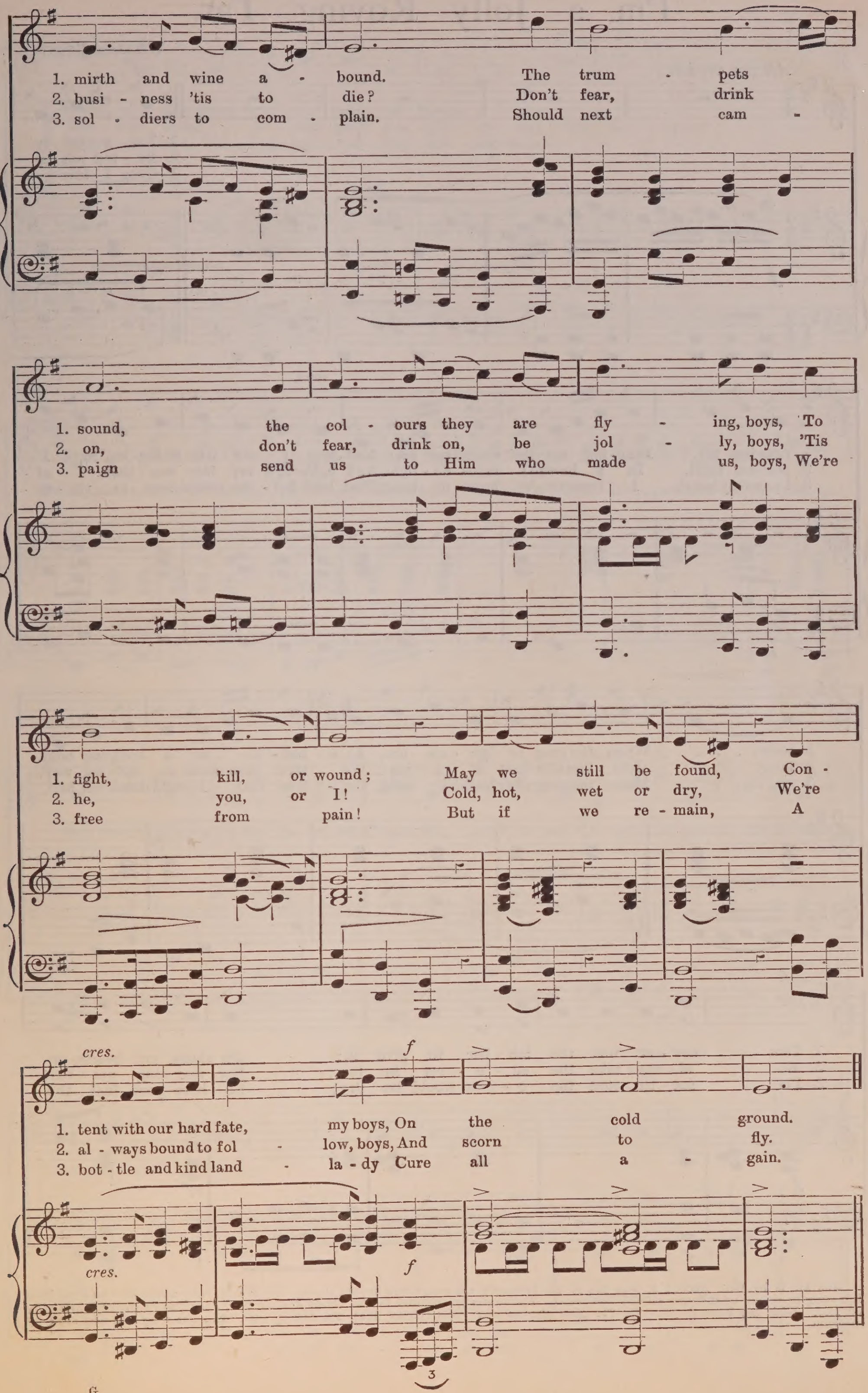
How stands the Glass around?

General Wolfe.

Moderato.

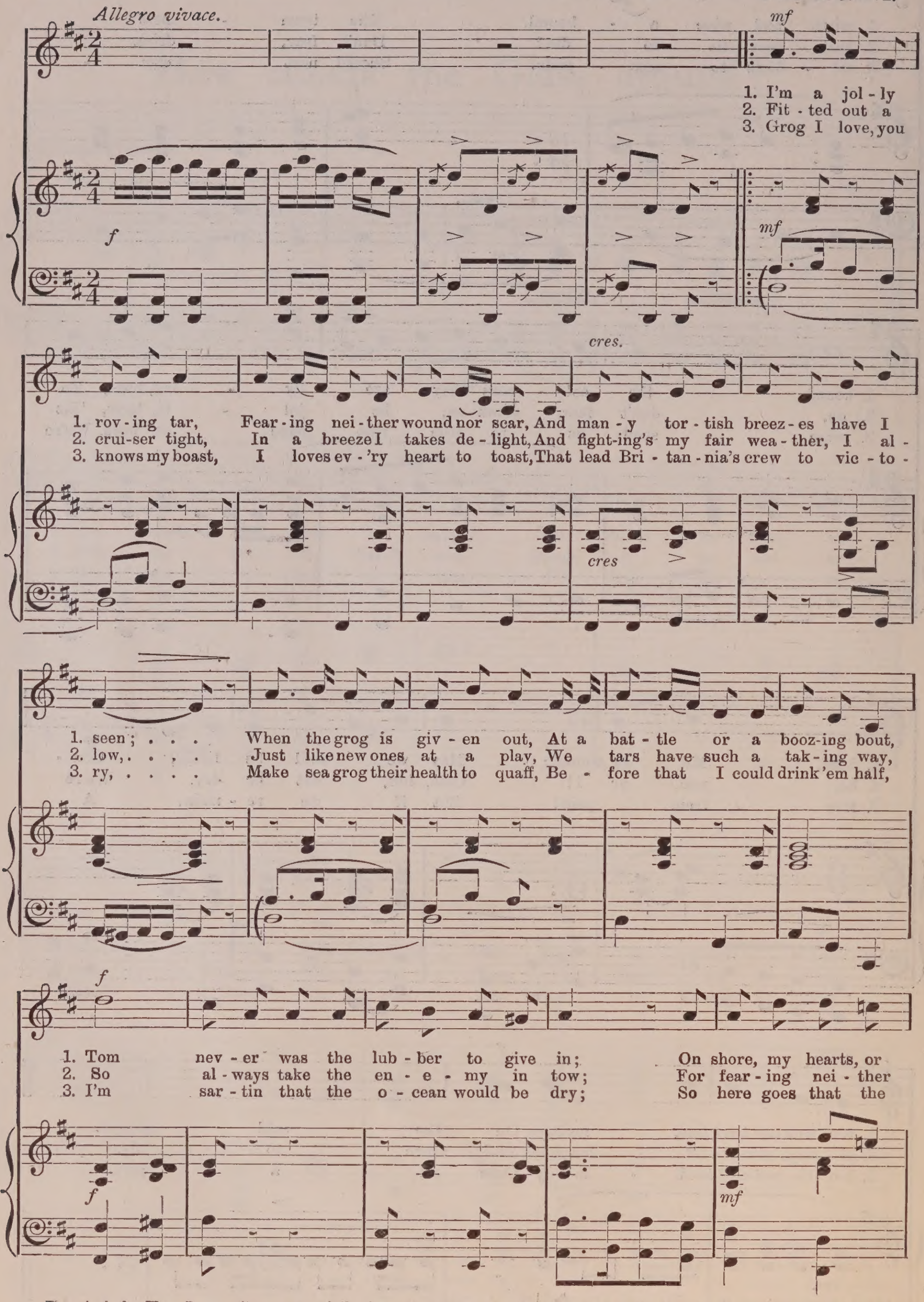

f
sf
mf
1. How stands the glass a - round? For shame ye take no
2. Why, sol - diers, why should we, Should we be mel - an -
3. 'Tis but, 'tis but in vain, I mean not to up -
1. care, my boys; How stands the glass a - round? Let
2. cho - ly, boys; Why, sol - diers, why should we, Whose
3. braid you, boys, 'Tis but, 'tis but in vain, For

Popularly known as General Wolfe's song. There is a tradition that he was the author of it, and sang it the night before his death at the attack on Quebec in 1759. This is quite doubtful, for the air under the title, "Why, soldiers, why?" (the first line of the second verse), according to Chappell, appears in a ballad opera called, *The Patron: or, The Statesman's Opera*, 1729. The song without the music is printed in *A Collection of Songs*, Edinburgh, 1762 (collected by Young, a clergyman), and with the tune in one of the volumes of *Vocal Music*, 1775, *The Convivial Songster*, 1782, and many other places.

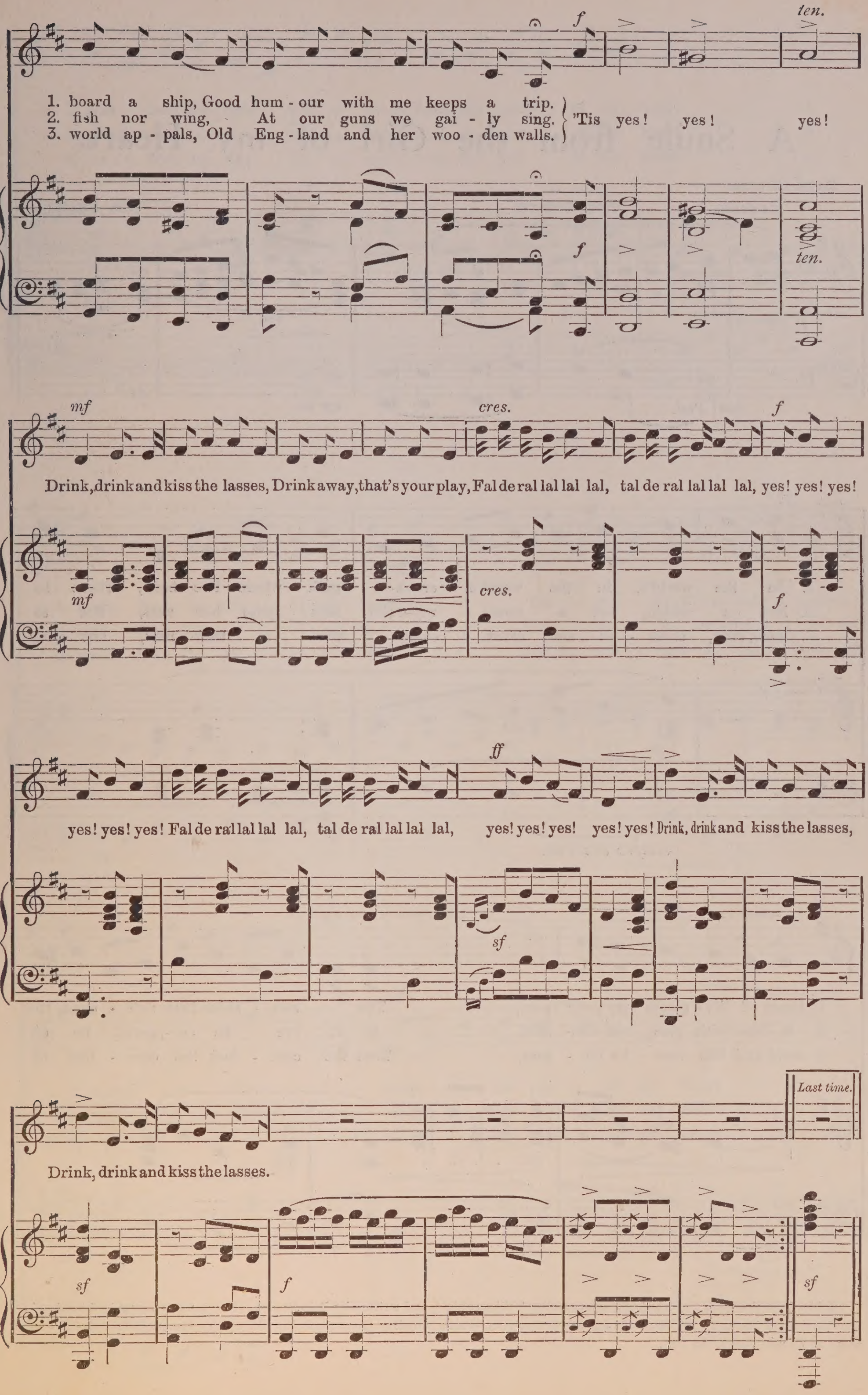

1. mirth and wine a - bound. The trum - pets
2. busi - ness 'tis to die? Don't fear, drink
3. sol - diers to com - plain. Should next cam -
1. sound, the col - ours they are fly - ing, boys, To
2. on, don't fear, drink on, be jol - ly, boys, 'Tis
3. paign send us to Him who made us, boys, We're
1. fight, kill, or wound; May we still be found, Con -
2. he, you, or I! Cold, hot, wet or dry, We're
3. free from pain! But if we re - main, A
cres.
f
1. tent with our hard fate, my boys, On the cold ground.
2. al - ways bound to fol - low, boys, And scorn to fly.
3. bot - tle and kind land - la - dy Cure all a - gain.
cres.
f
3

I'm a Jolly Roving Tar.

William Reeve.


Allegro vivace.
mf
f
cres.
cres
mf
f
mf
1. I'm a jol-ly
2. Fit-ted out a
3. Grog I love, you
1. rov-ing tar, Fear-ing nei-ther wound nor scar, And man-y tor-tish breez-es have I
2. crui-ser tight, In a breeze I takes de-light, And fight-ing's my fair wea-ther, I al-
3. knows my boast, I loves ev-'ry heart to toast, That lead Bri-tan-nia's crew to vic-to-
1. seen; . . . When the grog is giv-en out, At a bat-tle or a booz-ing bout,
2. low, ... Just like new ones at a play, We tars have such a tak-ing way,
3. ry, ... Make sea grog their health to quaff, Be-fore that I could drink 'em half,
1. Tom nev-er was the lub-ber to give in; On shore, my hearts, or
2. So al-ways take the en-e-my in tow; For fear-ing nei-ther
3. I'm sar-tin that the o-cean would be dry; So here goes that the

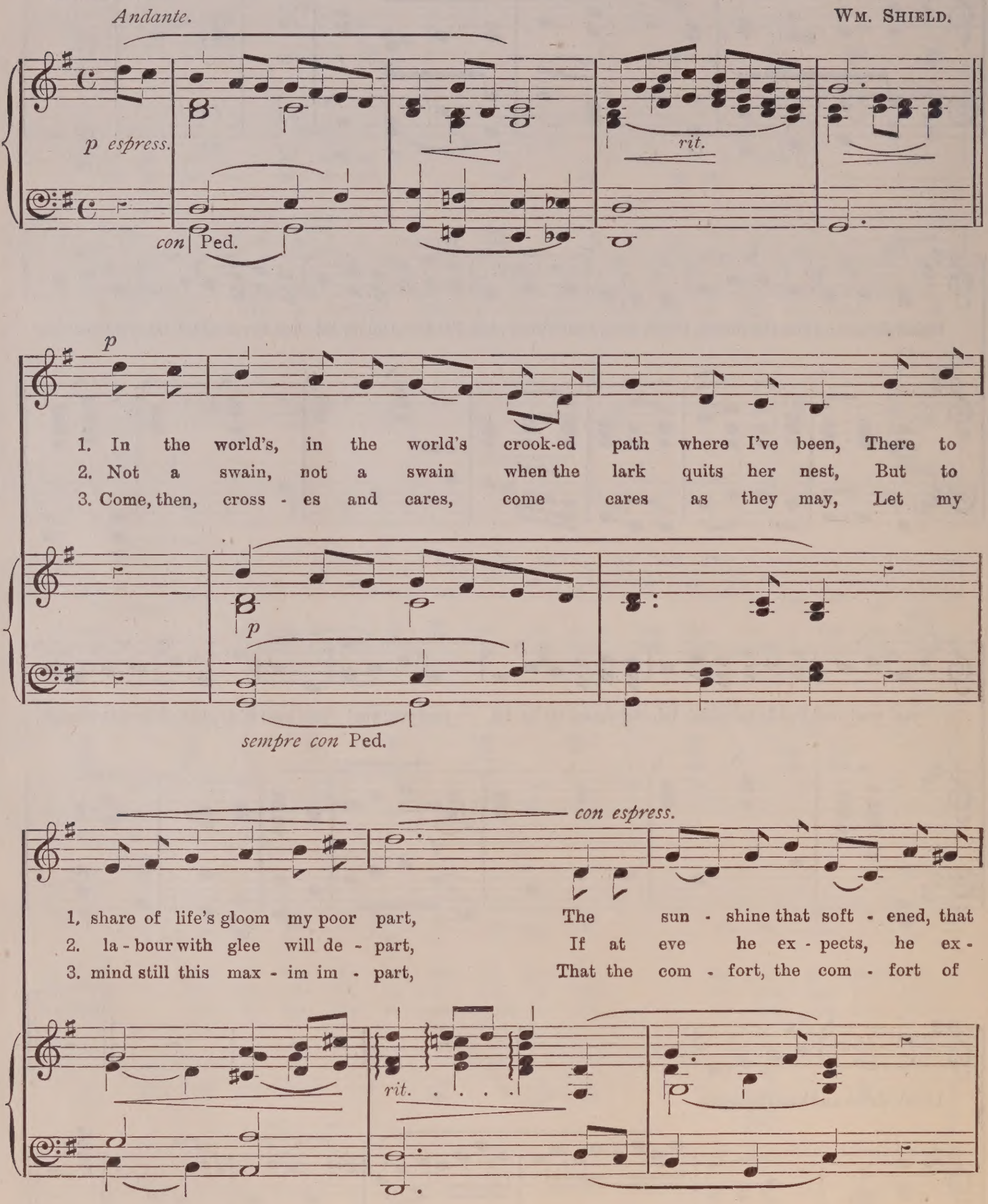
The air is by Wm. Reeve; it was one of the favourite sea songs well-known during the French war, and seems to have been first sung in public by a singer named Townsend. The words are printed in *The Naval Songster*; *or, Jack Tar's Chest of Conviviality for 1802.* With the tune they are in *The New Musical and Vocal Cabinet*, 1820, *The Linnet*, 1830, etc. The song was also sung by Incledon.


1. board a ship, Good hum - our with me keeps a trip.
2. fish nor wing, At our guns we gai - ly sing.
3. world ap - pals, Old Eng - land and her woo - den walls.
'Tis yes! yes! yes!
f
ten.
mf
cres.
Drink, drink and kiss the lasses, Drink away, that's your play, Fal de ral lal lal lal, tal de ral lal lal lal, yes! yes! yes!
ff
yes! yes! yes! Fal de ral lal lal lal, tal de ral lal lal lal, yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! Drink, drink and kiss the lasses,
sf
Drink, drink and kiss the lasses.
Last time.

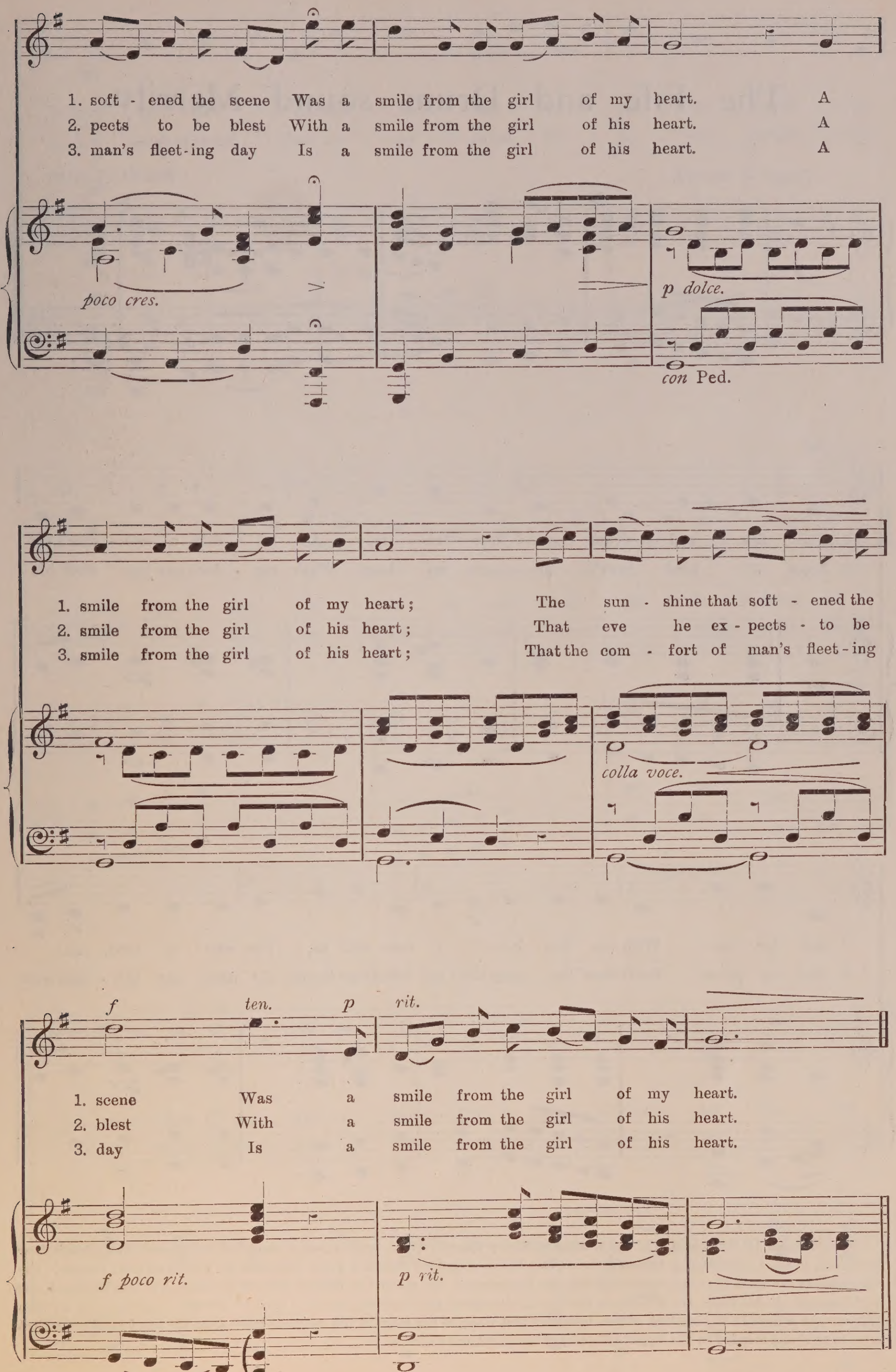
A Smile from the Girl of my Heart.

Bate Dudley.

Wm. Shield.

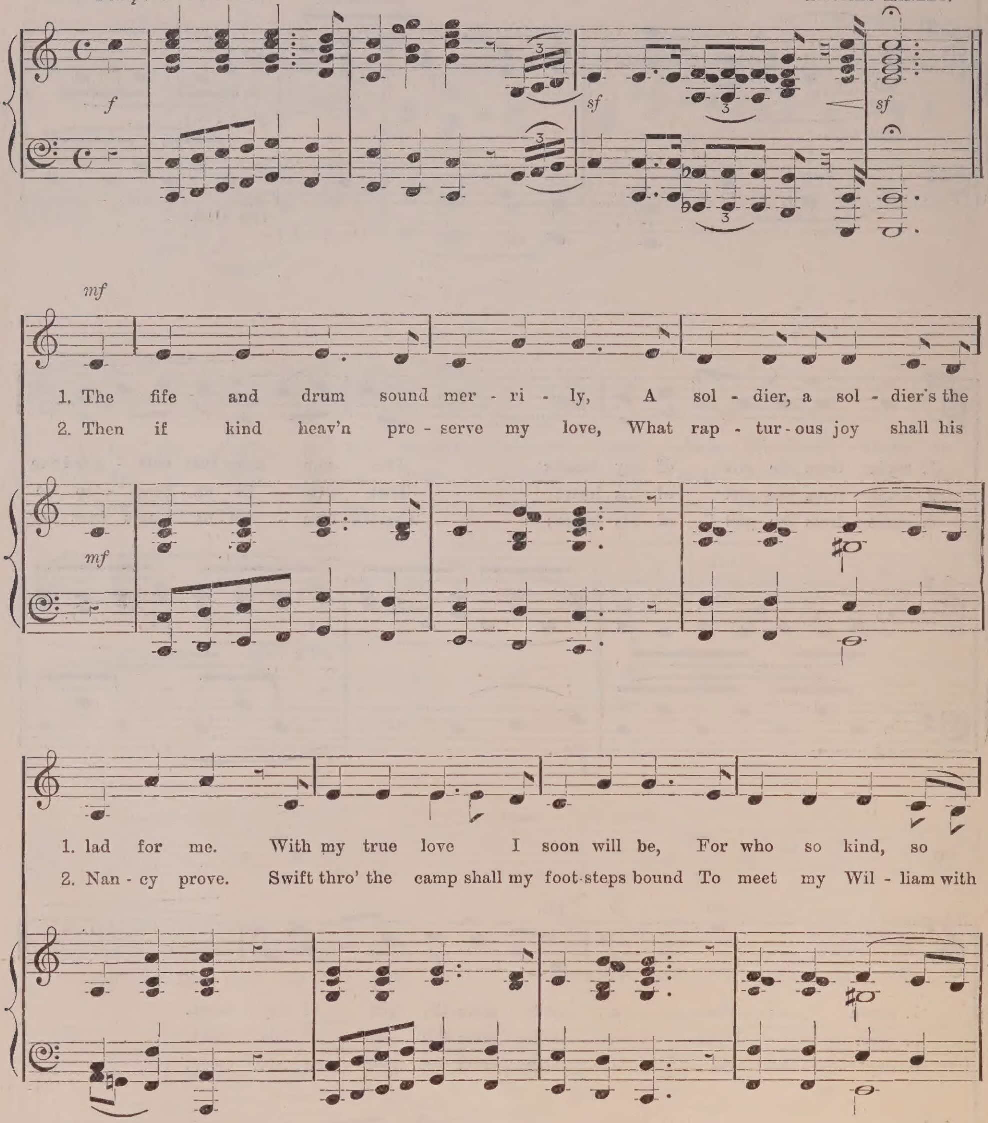

Andante.
p espress.
con Ped.
rit.
p
1. In the world's, in the world's crook-ed path where I've been, There to
2. Not a swain, not a swain when the lark quits her nest, But to
3. Come, then, cross - es and cares, come cares as they may, Let my
p
sempre con Ped.
con espress.
1, share of life's gloom my poor part, The sun - shine that soft - ened, that
2. la - bour with glee will de - part, If at eve he ex - pects, he ex -
3. mind still this max - im im - part, That the com - fort, the com - fort of
rit.

Taken from the opera *The Woodman*, composed by William Shield, and written by Bate Dudley. The song was sung by Blanchard in the character of Medley. *The Woodman* left one or two songs which remained favourites after the rest of the piece had died. It was acted at Covent Garden in 1791.

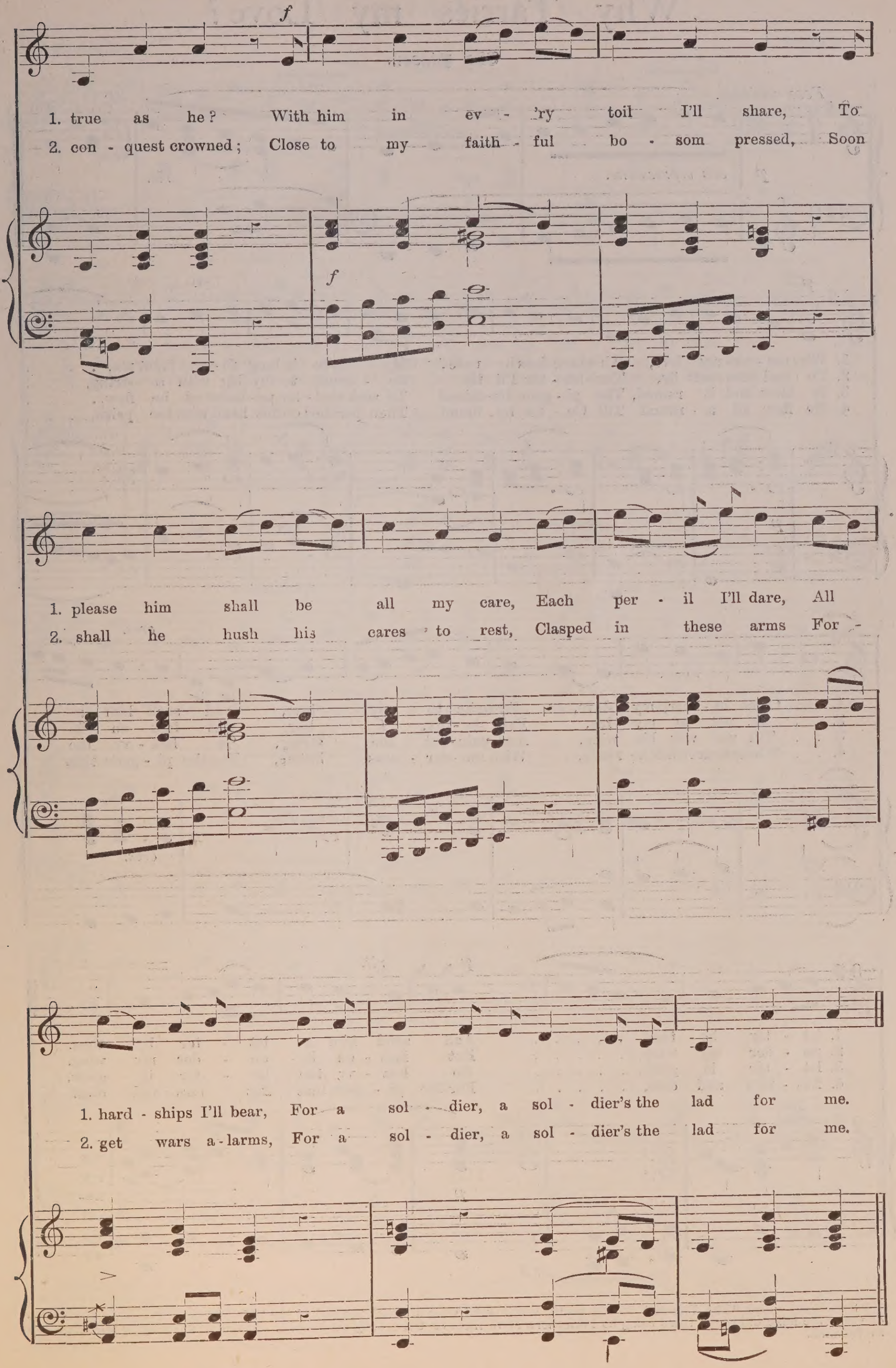

1. soft - ened the scene Was a smile from the girl of my heart. A
2. pects to be blest With a smile from the girl of his heart. A
3. man's fleet-ing day Is a smile from the girl of his heart. A
poco cres.
p dolce.
con Ped.
1. smile from the girl of my heart; The sun - shine that soft - ened the
2. smile from the girl of his heart; That eve he ex - pects - to be
3. smile from the girl of his heart; That the com - fort of man's fleet-ing
colla voce.
f
ten.
p
rit.
1. scene Was a smile from the girl of my heart.
2. blest With a smile from the girl of his heart.
3. day Is a smile from the girl of his heart.
f poco rit.
p rit.

The Fife and Drum sound Merrily.

Tempo di marcia. THOMAS LINLEY.

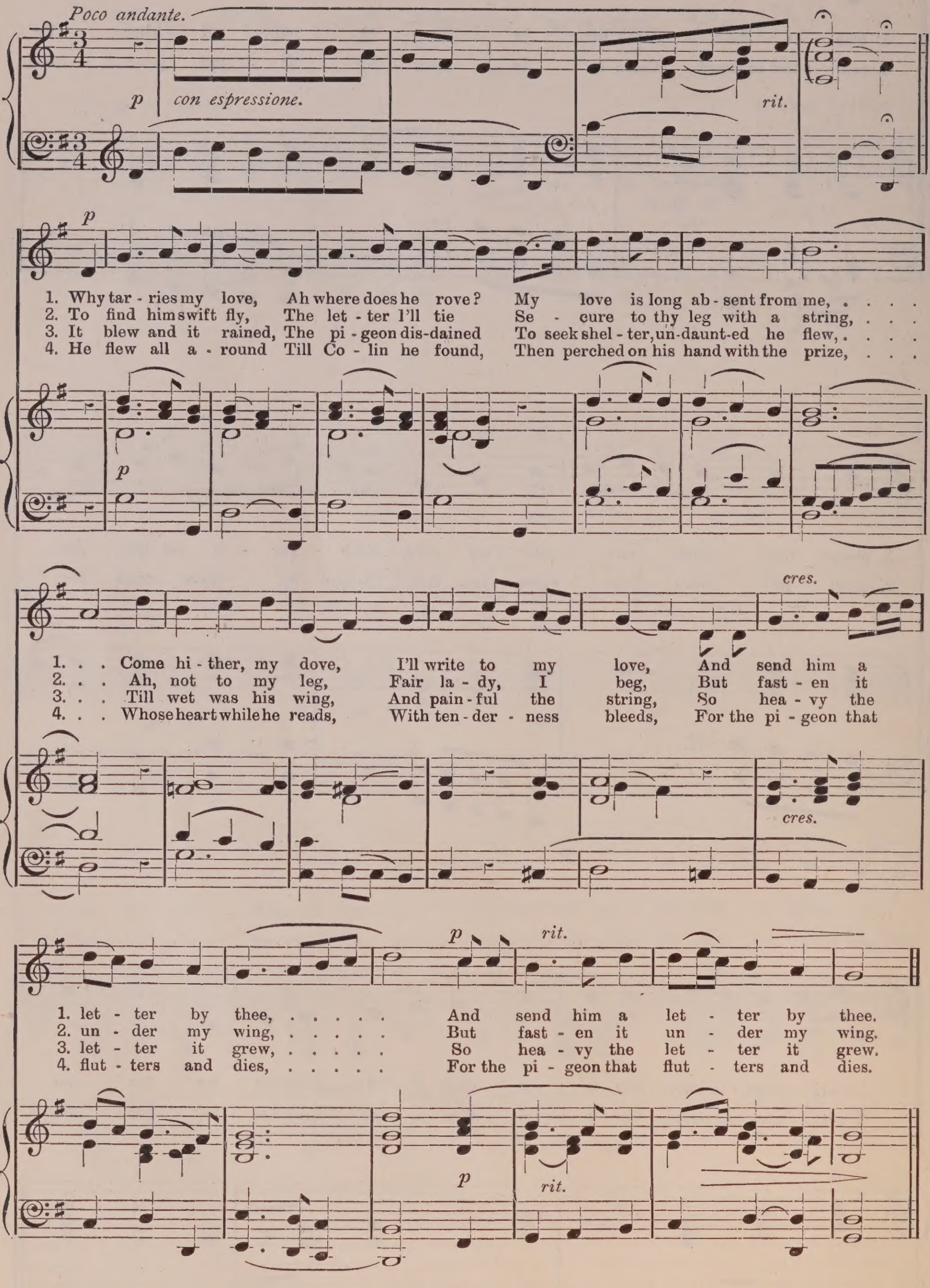

f
sf
sf
mf
mf
1. The fife and drum sound mer - ri - ly, A sol - dier, a sol - dier's the
2. Then if kind heav'n pre - serve my love, What rap - tur - ous joy shall his
1. lad for me. With my true love I soon will be, For who so kind, so
2. Nan - cy prove. Swift thro' the camp shall my foot-steps bound To meet my Wil - liam with

From Thomas Linley's opera, *The Camp*, acted at Drury Lane in 1778. In this year a camp had been formed at Coxheath, near Maidstone, to repel a threatened French invasion, and the encampment formed a great attraction for sightseers from London. The authorship of the opera *The Camp*, so far as the libretto is concerned, was claimed by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, but Tate Wilkinson, the York manager, in his book, *The Wandering Patentee*, stoutly denies that Sheridan had any hand in it. The song was sung by Miss Walpole, and a note in the original edition intimates that many of the songs in the opera are taken from *The Royal Merchant*, a piece acted in 1768, and founded on *The Beggar's Wedding* of Beaumont and Fletcher.


f
1. true as he? With him in ev - 'ry toil I'll share, To
2. con - quest crowned; Close to my faith - ful bo - som pressed, Soon
f
1. please him shall be all my care, Each per - il I'll dare, All
2. shall he hush his cares to rest, Clasped in these arms For -
1. hard - ships I'll bear, For a sol - dier, a sol - dier's the lad for me.
2. get wars a - larms, For a sol - dier, a sol - dier's the lad for me.

Why Tarries my Love?

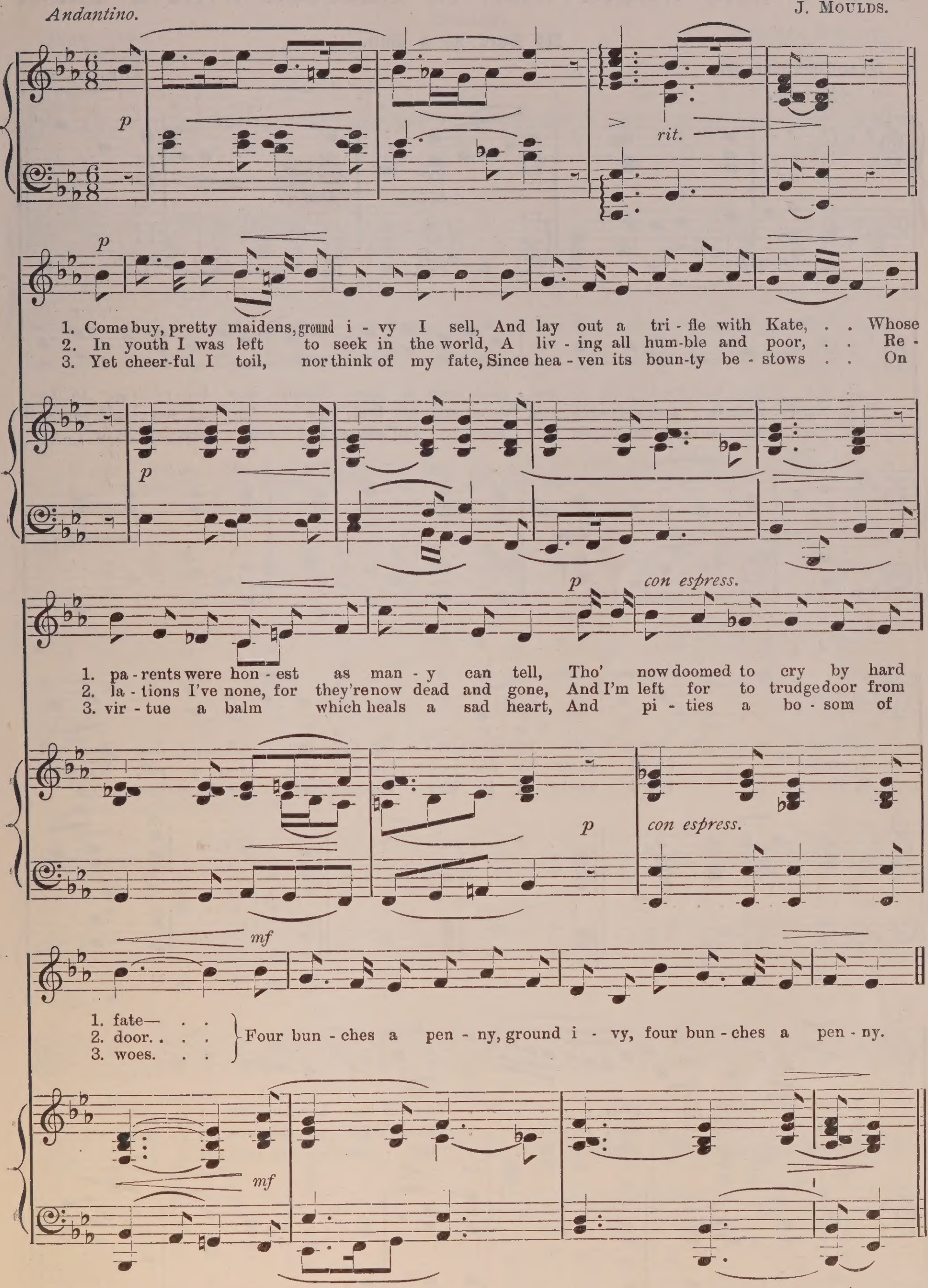
The Pigeon.


Poco andante.
p
con espressione.
rit.
1. Why tar - ries my love, Ah where does he rove? My love is long ab - sent from me, ...
2. To find him swift fly, The let - ter I'll tie Se - cure to thy leg with a string, . . .
3. It blew and it rained, The pi - geon dis-dained To seek shel - ter, un-daunt-ed he flew, ...
4. He flew all a - round Till Co - lin he found, Then perched on his hand with the prize, . . .
1. . . Come hi - ther, my dove, I'll write to my love, And send him a
2. . . Ah, not to my leg, Fair la - dy, I beg, But fast - en it
3. . . Till wet was his wing, And pain - ful the string, So hea - vy the
4. . . Whose heart while he reads, With ten - der - ness bleeds, For the pi - geon that
cres.
1. let - ter by thee, ... And send him a let - ter by thee.
2. un - der my wing, ... But fast - en it un - der my wing.
3. let - ter it grew, ... So hea - vy the let - ter it grew.
4. flut - ters and dies, ... For the pi - geon that flut - ters and dies.

Sometimes called "The Pigeon." It is a pretty sentimental song of about the end of the 18th century. Composer and writer of verses are alike unknown, there being no indications as to them on the old engraved copies. The song was sung by Mrs. Kennedy at Vauxhall.

Ground Ivy.

J. MOULDS.

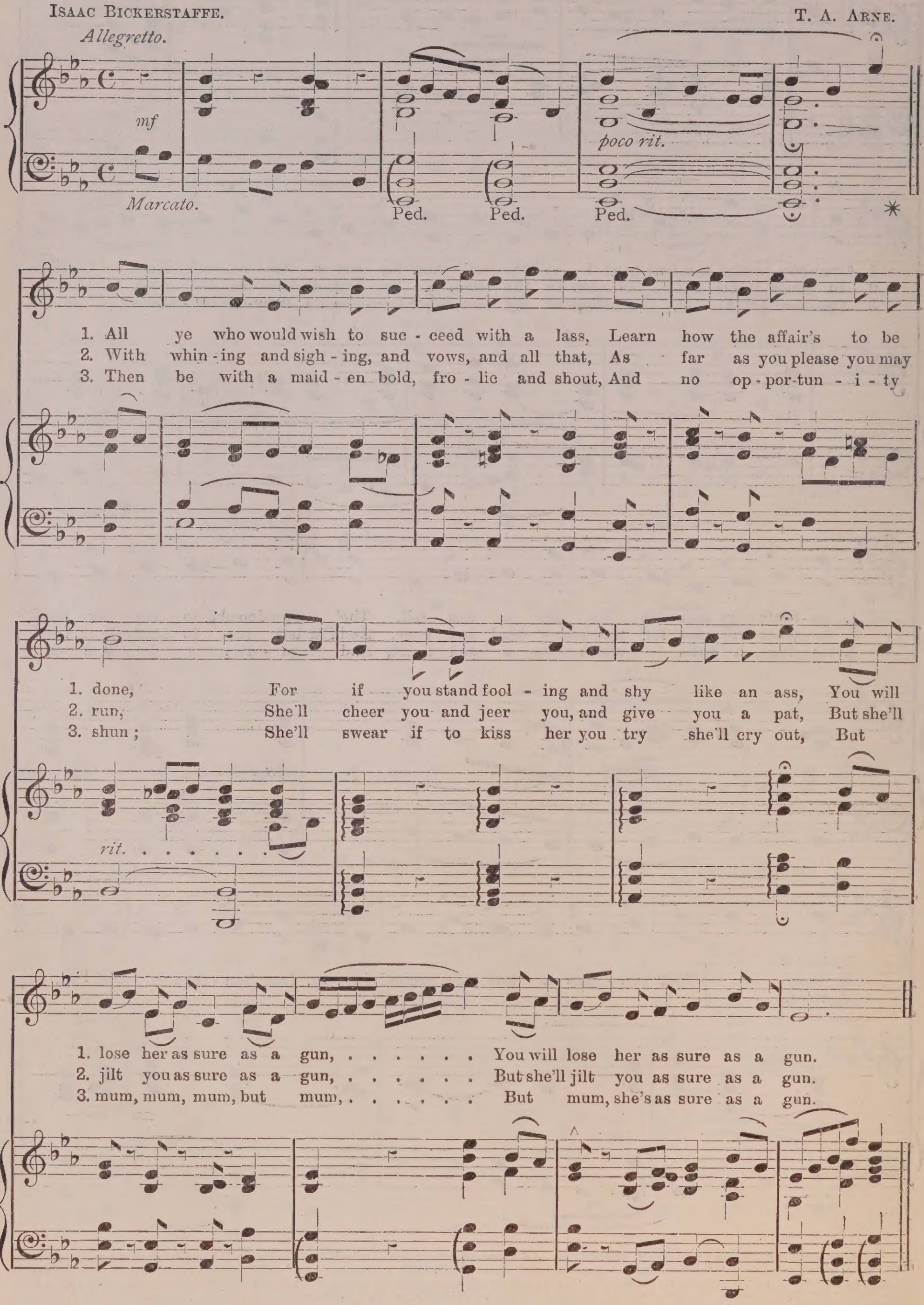

Andantino.
p
rit.
p
1. Come buy, pretty maidens, ground i - vy I sell, And lay out a tri - fle with Kate, . . Whose
2. In youth I was left to seek in the world, A liv - ing all hum-ble and poor, . . Re -
3. Yet cheer-ful I toil, nor think of my fate, Since hea - ven its boun-ty be - stows . . On
p
1. pa - rents were hon - est as man - y can tell, Tho' now doomed to cry by hard
2. la - tions I've none, for they're now dead and gone, And I'm left for to trudge door from
3. vir - tue a balm which heals a sad heart, And pi - ties a bo - som of
p
con espress.
p
con espress.
mf
1. fate— . .
2. door. . . .
3. woes. . .
Four bun - ches a pen - ny, ground i - vy, four bun - ches a pen - ny.
mf

Another song illustrating Old London street cries. Of these ditties we have included in our work, "The Girl of the Seasons," "Two bunches a penny primroses," "Come, who'll buy primroses?" and "Little Sally's wooden ware." The present lyric is found on sheet music published about 1790 as "composed by J. Moulds." It is entirely different, both in words and music from one bearing the same title which was "sung by Miss Leak at the Academy of Ancient Music at Freemasons' Hall, composed by Dr. Arnold, the words by S. J. Arnold, junr.," *circa* 1794. Moulds' melody is by far the better of the two. John Moulds was a musician of considerable ability who composed for the Gardens about the end of the 18th century.

All ye who would wish to Succeed with a Lass.

As Sure as a Gun.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFFE. T. A. ARNE.


Allegretto.
mf
Marcato.
poco rit.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
rit.
1. All ye who would wish to suc - ceed with a lass, Learn how the affair's to be done, For if you stand fool - ing and shy like an ass, You will lose her as sure as a gun, ... You will lose her as sure as a gun.
2. With whin - ing and sigh - ing, and vows, and all that, As far as you please you may run, She'll cheer you and jeer you, and give you a pat, But she'll jilt you as sure as a gun, ... But she'll jilt you as sure as a gun.
3. Then be with a maid - en bold, fro - lic and shout, And no op - por - tun - i - ty shun; She'll swear if to kiss her you try she'll cry out, But mum, mum, mum, but mum, ... But mum, she's as sure as a gun.

For note to this song see Appendix.

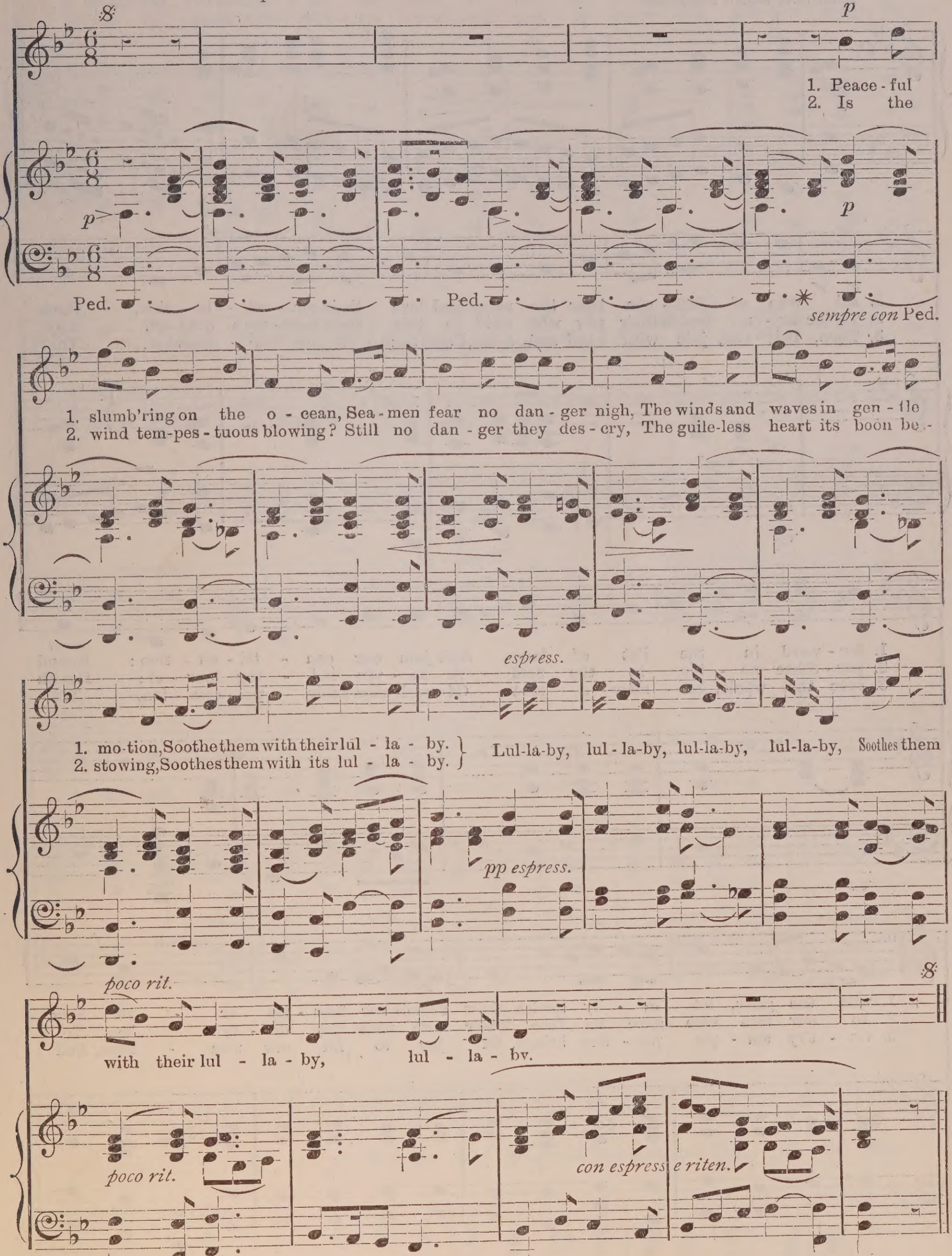
Peaceful Slumb'ring on the Ocean.

Lullaby.

JAMES COBB.

STEPHEN STORACE.

4b


Andante molto tranquillo.
p
1. Peace-ful slumb'ring on the o-cean, Sea-men fear no dan-ger nigh, The winds and waves in gen-tle mo-tion, Soothe them with their lul-la-by.
2. Is the wind tem-pes-tuous blowing? Still no dan-ger they des-cry, The guile-less heart its boon be-stowing, Soothes them with its lul-la-by.
Lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, Soothes them with their lul-la-by, lul-la-by.
Ped.
sempre con Ped.
espress.
pp espress.
poco rit.
con espress e riten.

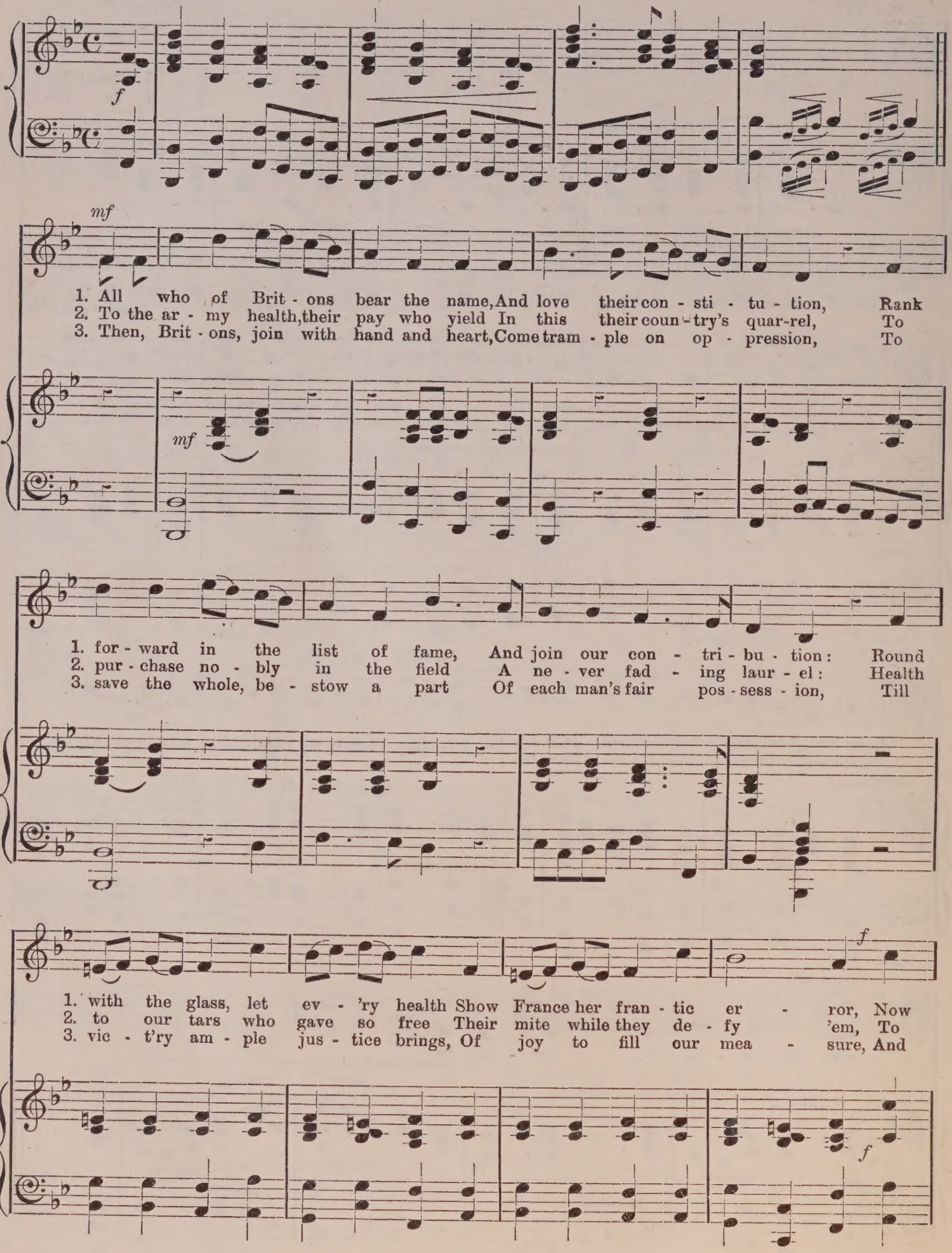
The song is taken from the opera, *The Pirates*, written by James Cobb, with the music provided by Stephen Storace. It was acted at Drury Lane in 1792, and at once rose to great favour. Several of Storace's lyrics in it long survived their first production, and "Peaceful Slumb'ring on the Ocean" is likely to still keep the popularity it at first enjoyed. At the first representation of the opera the song was sung by Anne Storace, sister of the composer. She was a sweet singer with a soprano voice, and her good qualities as a woman are spoken of in the highest manner by her contemporaries.

All who of Britons bear the Name.

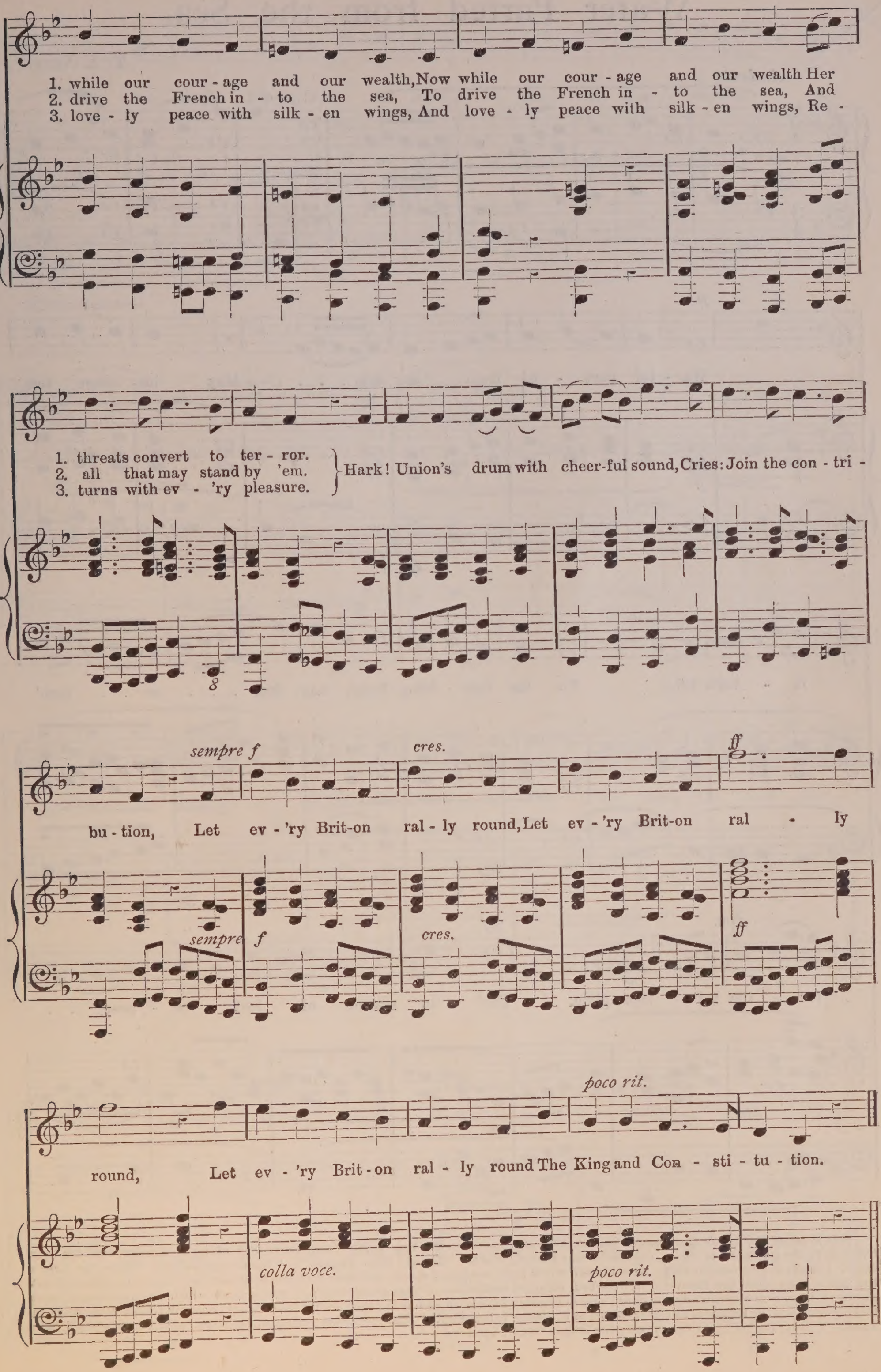
Freedom's Contribution.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

Moderato molto maestoso.

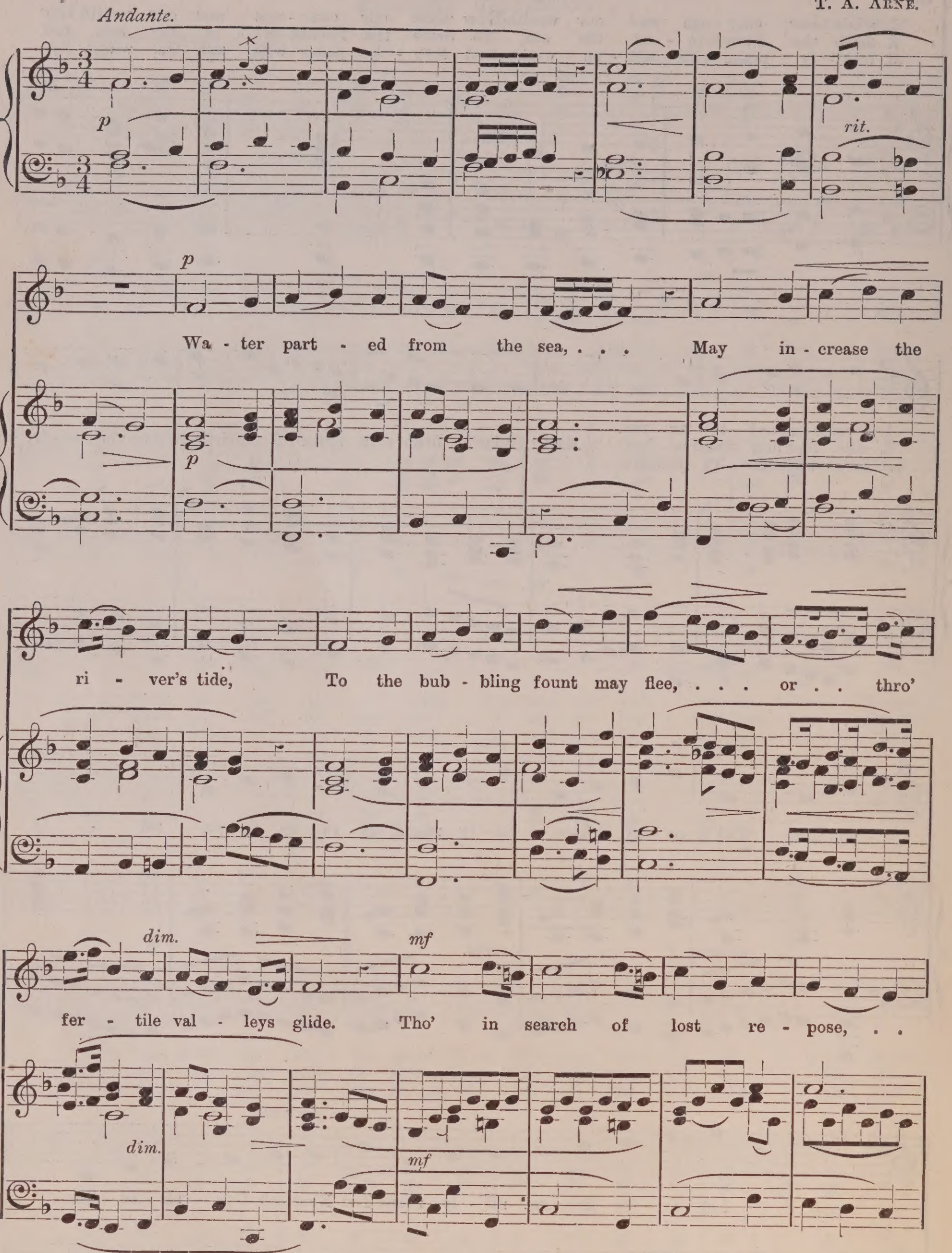

f
mf
1. All who of Brit - ons bear the name, And love their con - sti - tu - tion, Rank
2. To the ar - my health, their pay who yield In this their coun - try's quar-rel, To
3. Then, Brit - ons, join with hand and heart, Come tram - ple on op - pression, To
mf
1. for - ward in the list of fame, And join our con - tri - bu - tion: Round
2. pur - chase no - bly in the field A ne - ver fad - ing laur - el: Health
3. save the whole, be - stow a part Of each man's fair pos - sess - ion, Till
1. with the glass, let ev - 'ry health Show France her fran - tic er - ror, Now
2. to our tars who gave so free Their mite while they de - fy 'em, To
3. vic - t'ry am - ple jus - tice brings, Of joy to fill our mea - sure, And
f
f

This song was a prototype of the "Absent-Minded Beggar" of our day. At a time when France threatened an invasion (in 1798) the song was written, composed, and sung by Charles Dibdin as a stimulus towards a patriotic collection in defence of the nation. He included it among the songs in his entertainment, *The Sphinx*. The fund was commenced by a merchant named Edward Kemble after an ineffectual attempt had been made with Napoleon towards a treaty of peace. Kemble convened a meeting at the Royal Exchange on February 9, 1798, and daily attended for the purpose of receiving the sums of money offered. The entire amount raised by the people of Britain and the Colonies amounted to three millions sterling.

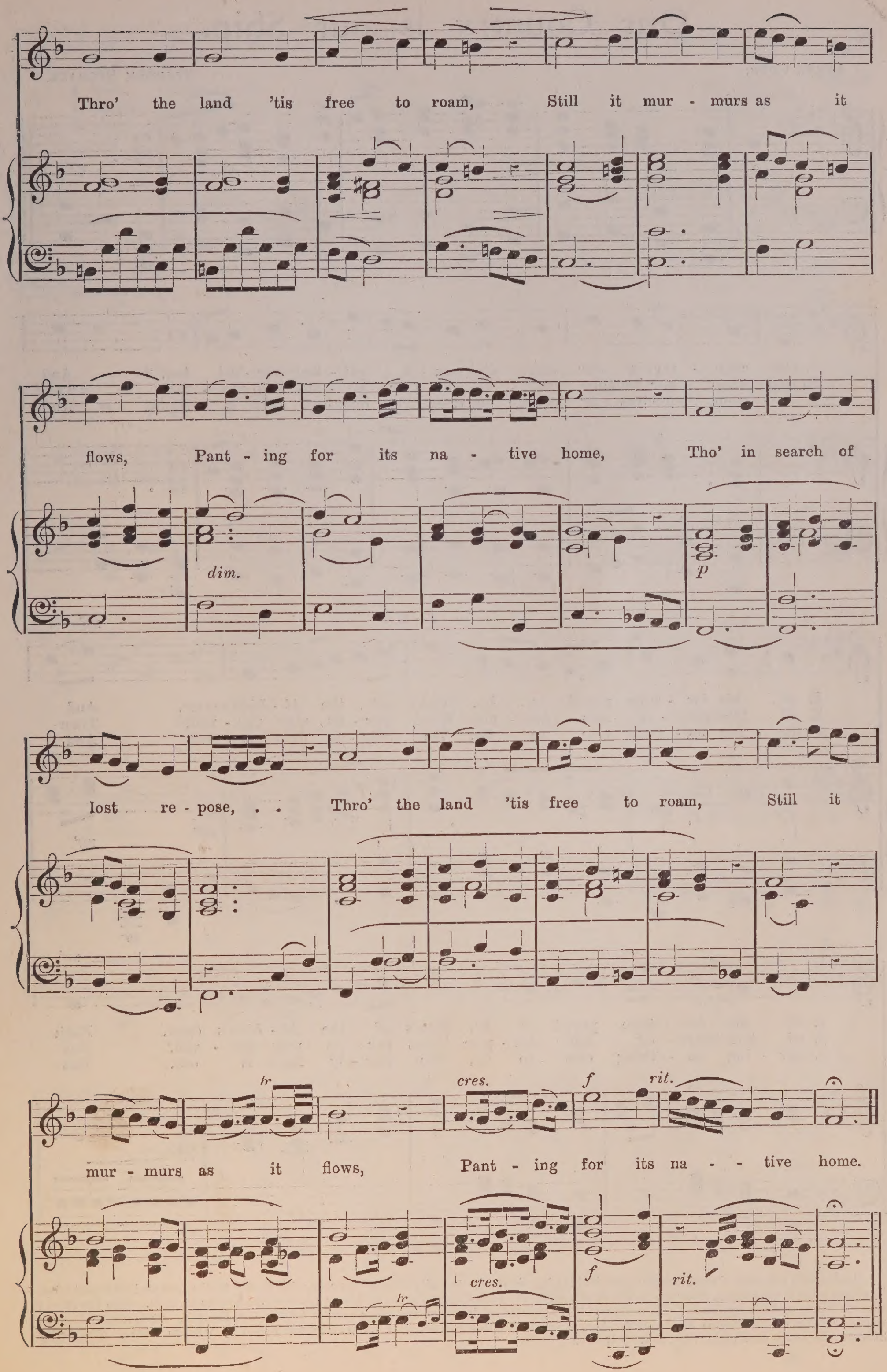

1. while our cour - age and our wealth, Now while our cour - age and our wealth Her
2. drive the French in - to the sea, To drive the French in - to the sea, And
3. love - ly peace with silk - en wings, And love - ly peace with silk - en wings, Re -
1. threats convert to ter - ror.
2. all that may stand by 'em.
3. turns with ev - 'ry pleasure.
Hark! Union's drum with cheer-ful sound, Cries: Join the con - tri -
8
sempre f
cres.
ff
bu - tion, Let ev - 'ry Brit-on ral - ly round, Let ev - 'ry Brit-on ral - ly
sempre f
cres.
ff
poco rit.
round, Let ev - 'ry Brit - on ral - ly round The King and Con - sti - tu - tion.
colla voce.
poco rit.

Water Parted from the Sea.

T. A. ARNE.

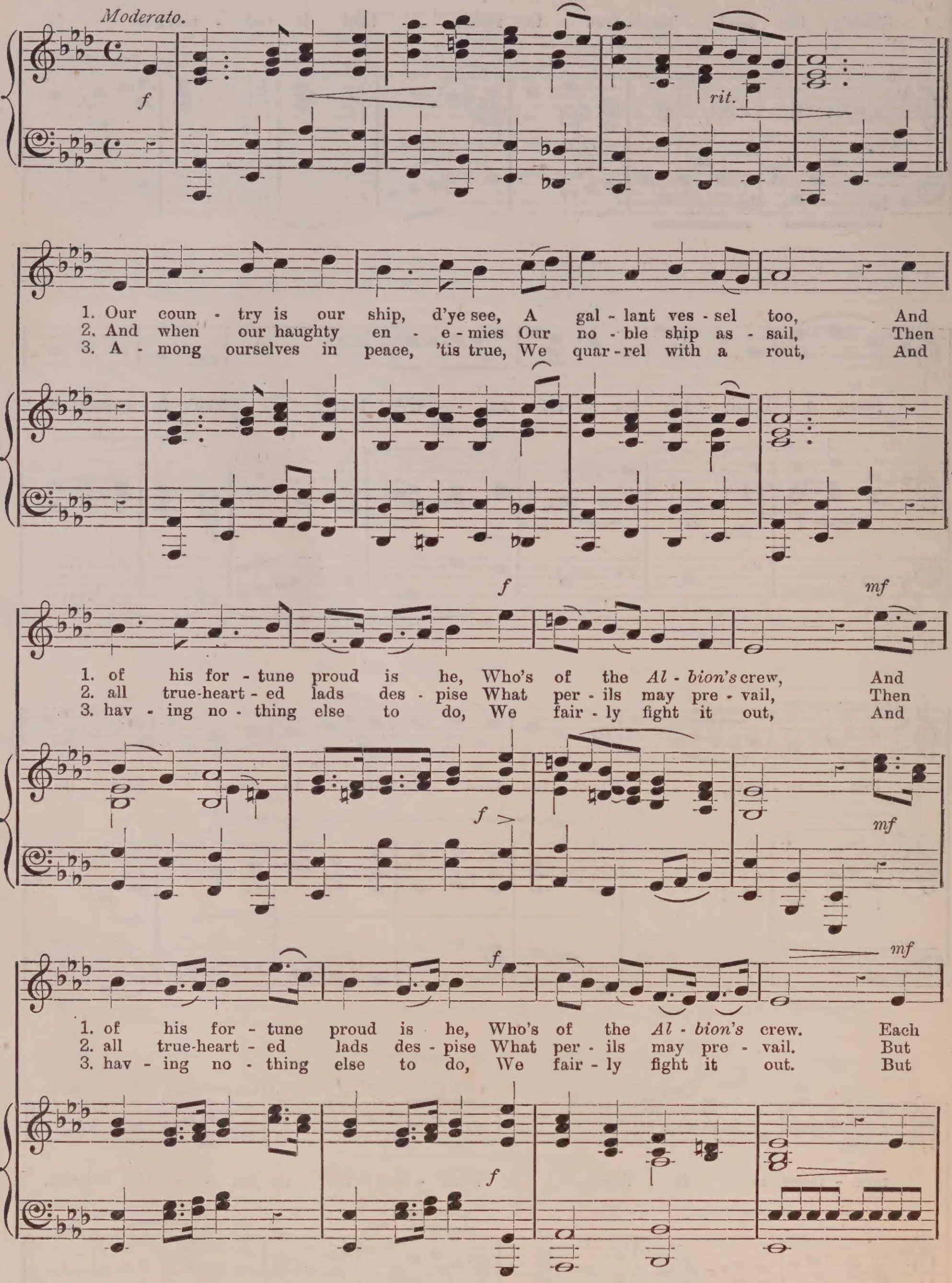

Andante.
p
rit.
p
Wa - ter part - ed from the sea, . . . May in - crease the
p
ri - ver's tide, To the bub - bling fount may flee, . . . or . . thro'
dim.
mf
fer - tile val - leys glide. Tho' in search of lost re - pose, . .
dim.
mf

This is one of Dr. Arne's most famous pieces. We all remember the bear leader's remark in *She Stoops to Conquer*, that his bear "dances to the genteelest of tunes, such as 'Water Parted,' and the 'Minuet' from *Ariadne*." "Water Parted" was written for Arne's opera, *Artaxerxes*, produced in 1762. Arne himself wrote both words and music, and the opera was an immediate success in spite of what the critics then called the libretto—"a wretched, mangled translation of that excellent piece, *Artaserse*, in which Dr. Arne has at least shown that however close an alliance poetry and music may have with each other they are far from being constant companions, since in this performance the former is as contemptible as the latter is inimitable." The opera was written mainly to bring out Arne's pupil, Miss Brent. "Water Parted" was also sung by the Italian singer, Tenducci.

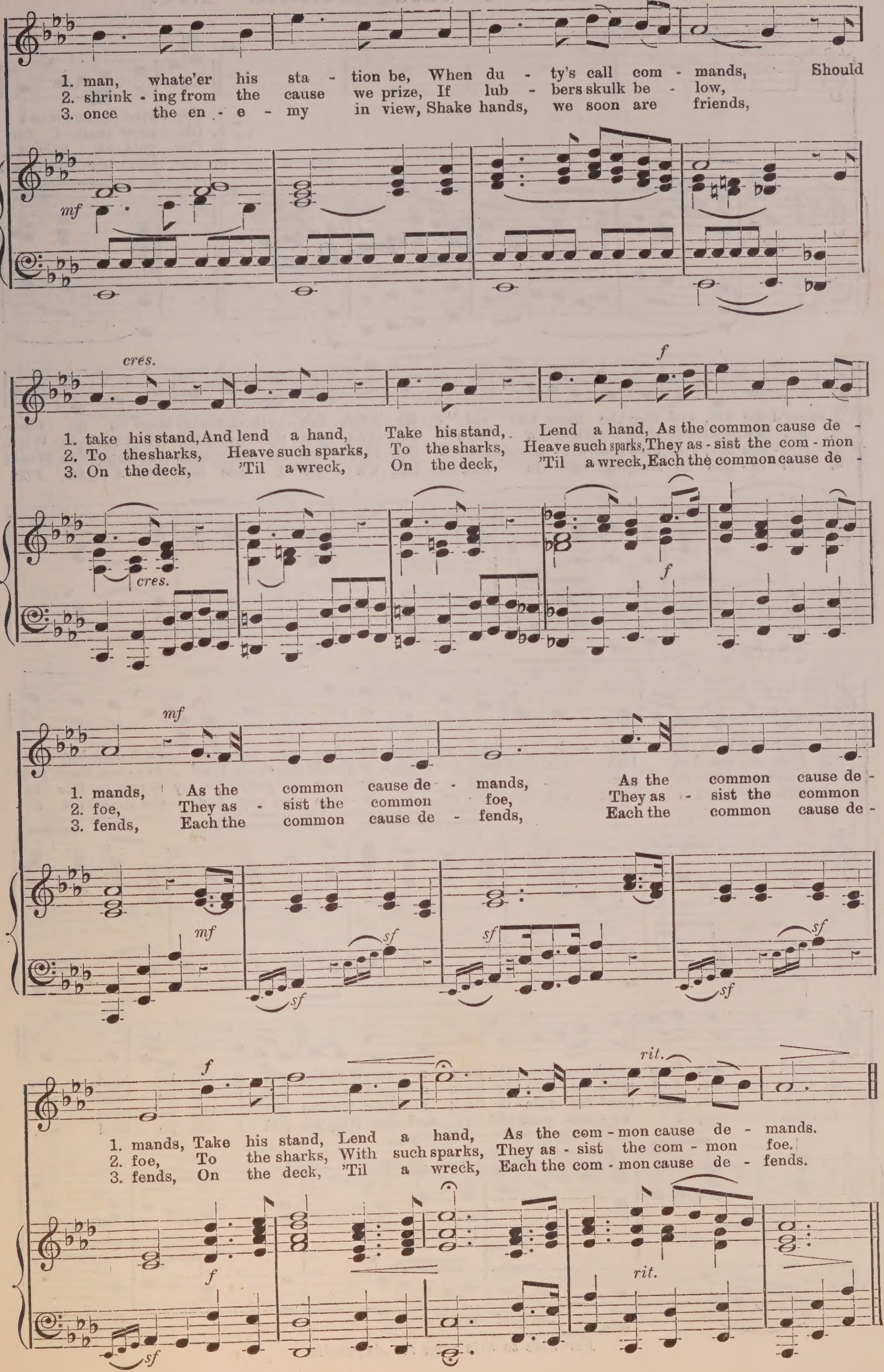

Thro' the land 'tis free to roam, Still it mur - murs as it
flows, Pant - ing for its na - tive home, Tho' in search of
dim.
p
lost re - pose, . . Thro' the land 'tis free to roam, Still it
tr
cres.
f
rit.
mur - murs as it flows, Pant - ing for its na - - tive home.
cres.
f
rit.
tr

Our Country is our Ship.

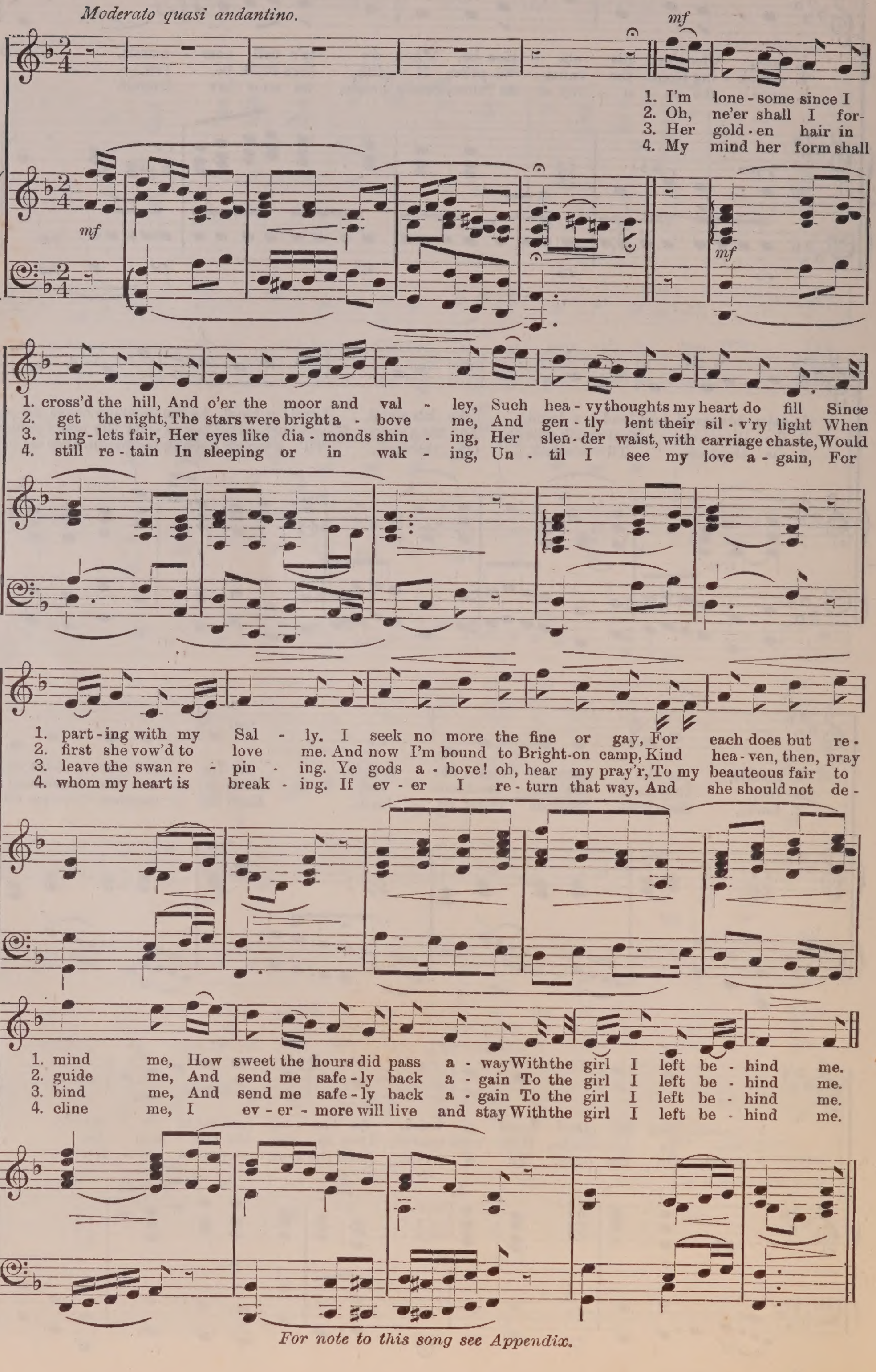
James Cobb. Stephen Storace.


Moderato.
f
rit.
1. Our coun - try is our ship, d'ye see, A gal - lant ves - sel too, And
2. And when our haughty en - e - mies Our no - ble ship as - sail, Then
3. A - mong ourselves in peace, 'tis true, We quar - rel with a rout, And
f
mf
1. of his for - tune proud is he, Who's of the Al - bion's crew, And
2. all true-heart - ed lads des - pise What per - ils may pre - vail, Then
3. hav - ing no - thing else to do, We fair - ly fight it out, And
f
mf
f
mf
1. of his for - tune proud is he, Who's of the Al - bion's crew. Each
2. all true-heart - ed lads des - pise What per - ils may pre - vail. But
3. hav - ing no - thing else to do, We fair - ly fight it out. But
f

An English sea song of much merit which had its fair share of popularity during the war with France in the 18th and 19th centuries. The song with the air above printed appears in the opera, *The Cherokee*, first acted at Drury Lane on December 20, 1794. The libretto of this work was written by James Cobb, author of other similar productions, and the music is by Stephen Storace. It is rather singular that in a later opera entitled *Paul and Virginia*, acted in 1800, the same song is taken and set to music by William Reeve. The air by Storace is however much finer than that by Reeve.

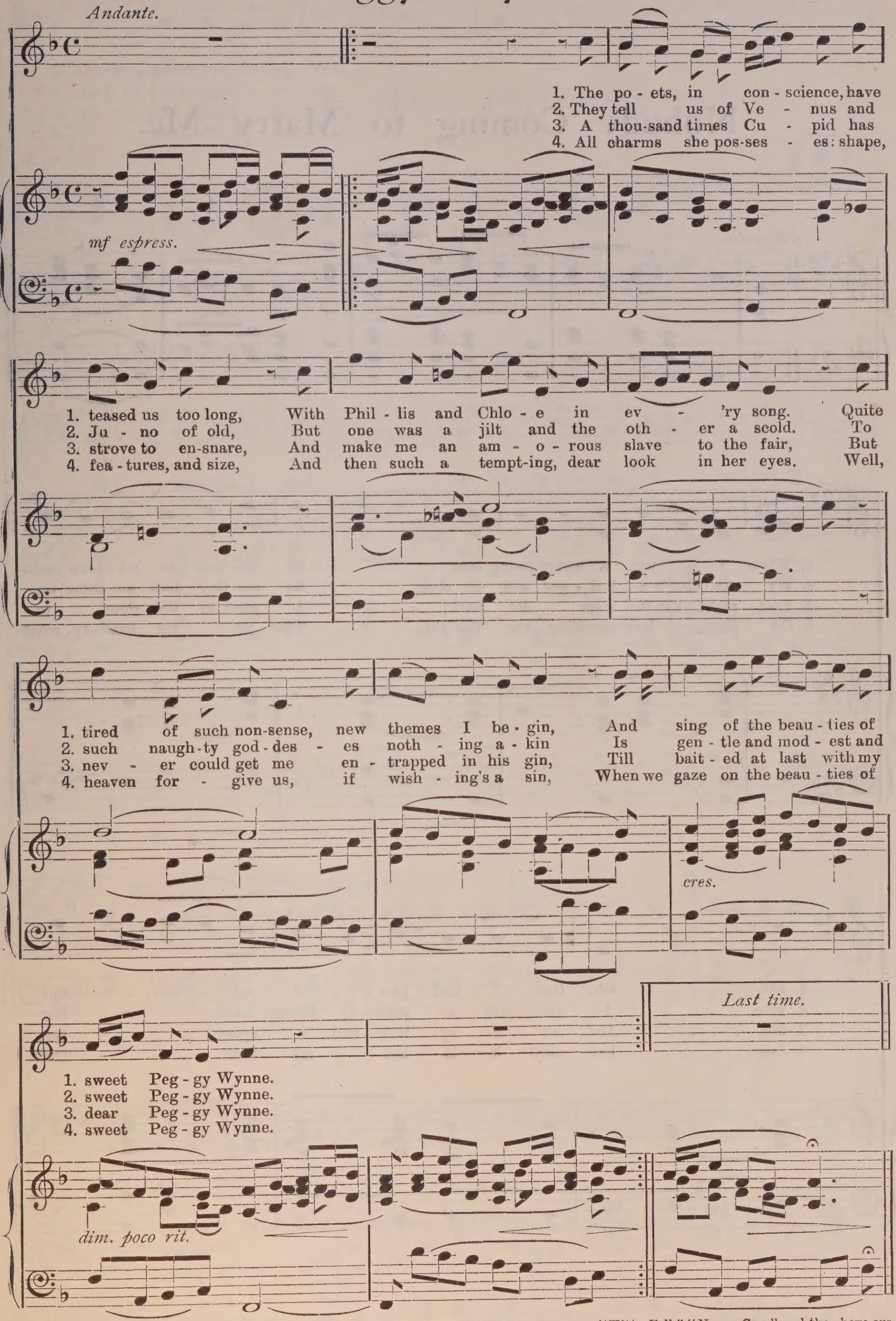

mf
cres.
f
mf
sf
f
rit.
1. man, whate'er his sta - tion be, When du - ty's call com - mands, Should
2. shrink - ing from the cause we prize, If lub - bers skulk be - low,
3. once the en - e - my in view, Shake hands, we soon are friends,
1. take his stand, And lend a hand, Take his stand, Lend a hand, As the common cause de -
2. To the sharks, Heave such sparks, To the sharks, Heave such sparks, They as - sist the com - mon
3. On the deck, 'Til a wreck, On the deck, 'Til a wreck, Each the common cause de -
1. mands, As the common cause de - mands, As the common cause de -
2. foe, They as - sist the common foe, They as - sist the common
3. fends, Each the common cause de - fends, Each the common cause de -
1. mands, Take his stand, Lend a hand, As the com - mon cause de - mands.
2. foe, To the sharks, With such sparks, They as - sist the com - mon foe.
3. fends, On the deck, 'Til a wreck, Each the com - mon cause de - fends.

The Girl I left Behind Me.


Moderato quasi andantino.
mf
1. I'm lone - some since I
2. Oh, ne'er shall I for-
3. Her gold - en hair in
4. My mind her form shall
1. cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and val - ley, Such hea - vy thoughts my heart do fill Since
2. get the night, The stars were bright a - bove me, And gen - tly lent their sil - v'ry light When
3. ring - lets fair, Her eyes like dia - monds shin - ing, Her slen - der waist, with carriage chaste, Would
4. still re - tain In sleeping or in wak - ing, Un - til I see my love a - gain, For
1. part - ing with my Sal - ly. I seek no more the fine or gay, For each does but re -
2. first she vow'd to love me. And now I'm bound to Bright - on camp, Kind hea - ven, then, pray
3. leave the swan re - pin - ing. Ye gods a - bove! oh, hear my pray'r, To my beauteous fair to
4. whom my heart is break - ing. If ev - er I re - turn that way, And she should not de -
1. mind me, How sweet the hours did pass a - way With the girl I left be - hind me.
2. guide me, And send me safe - ly back a - gain To the girl I left be - hind me.
3. bind me, And send me safe - ly back a - gain To the girl I left be - hind me.
4. cline me, I ev - er - more will live and stay With the girl I left be - hind me.

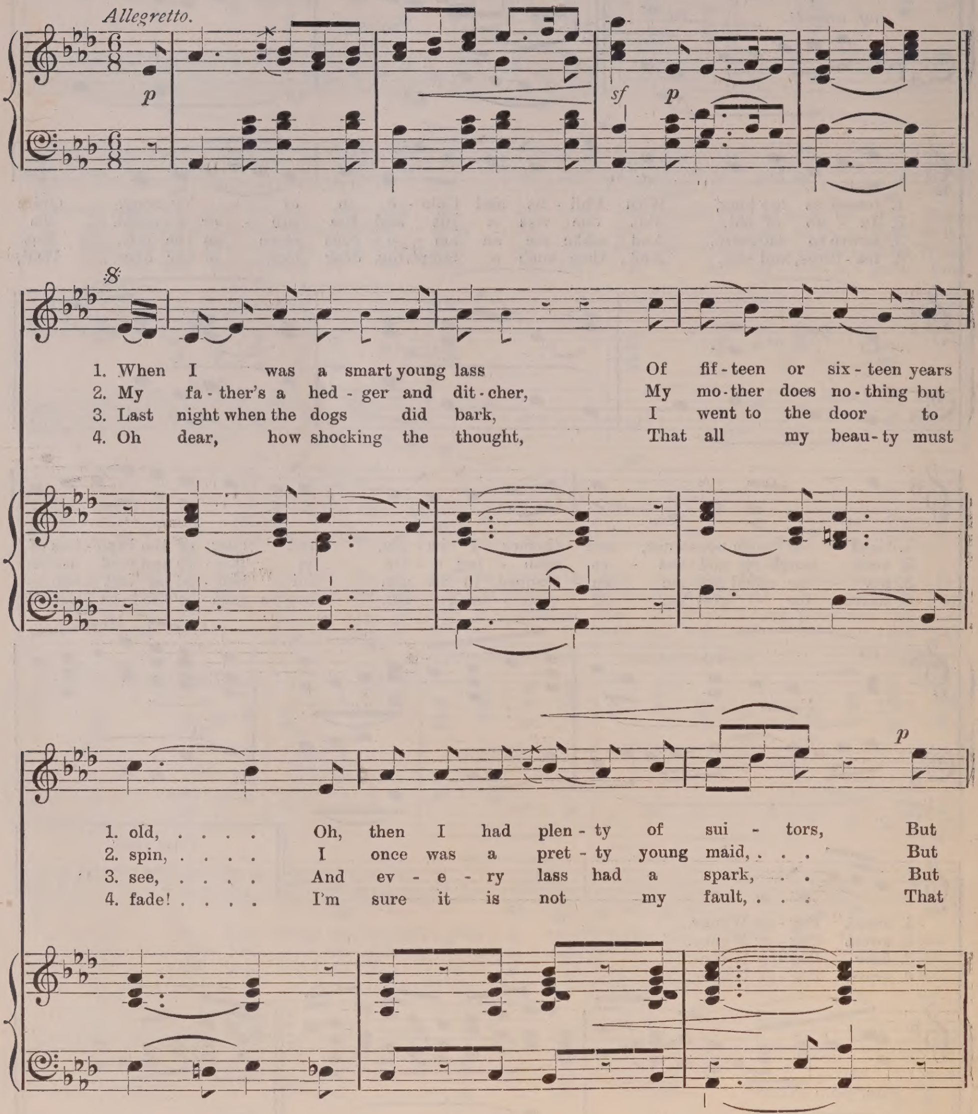
For note to this song see Appendix.

Peggy Wynne.

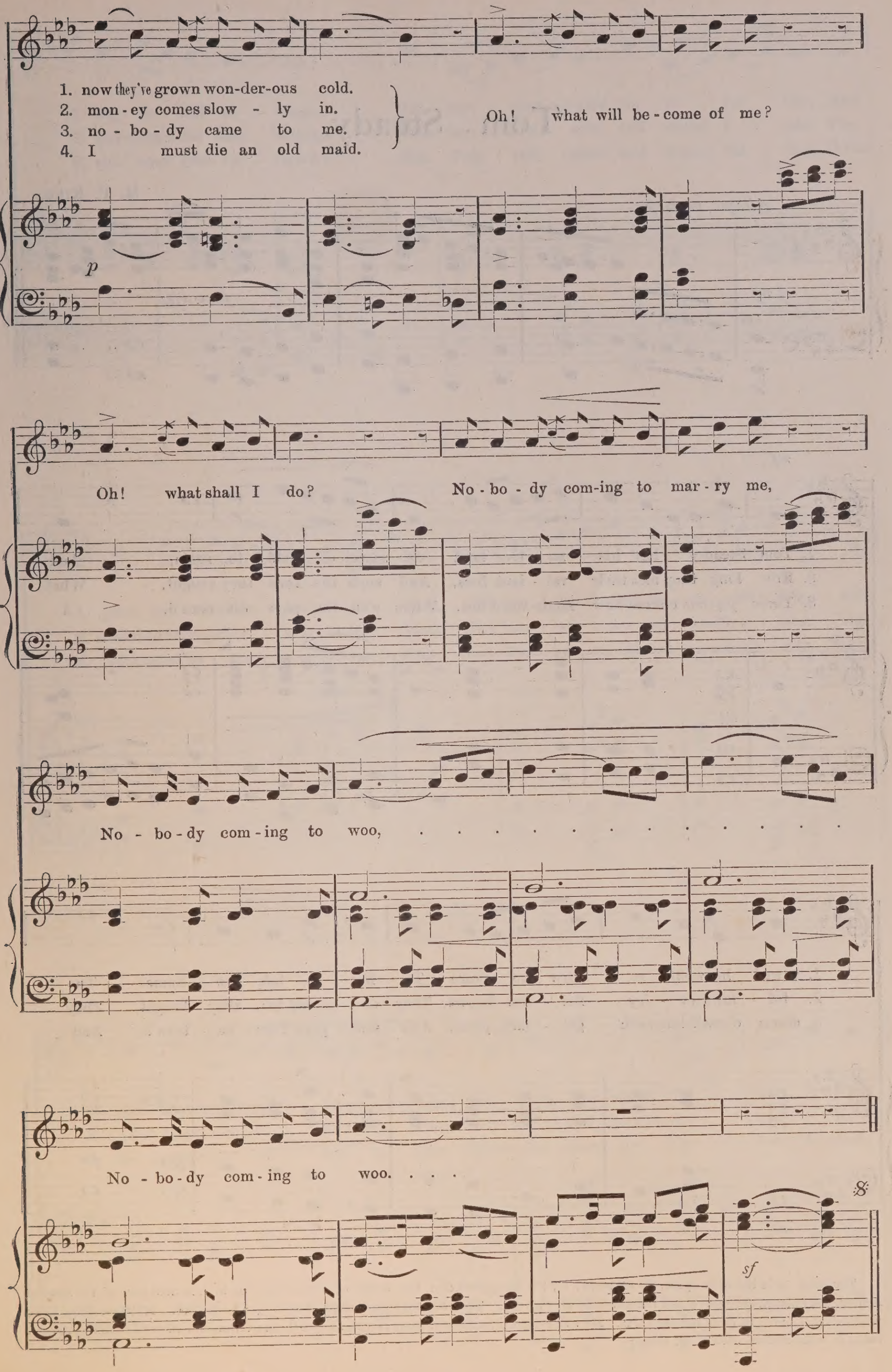

Andante.
1. The po - ets, in con - science, have
2. They tell us of Ve - nus and
3. A thou-sand times Cu - pid has
4. All charms she pos-ses - es: shape,
mf espress.
1. teased us too long, With Phil - lis and Chlo - e in ev - 'ry song. Quite
2. Ju - no of old, But one was a jilt and the oth - er a scold. To
3. strove to en-snare, And make me an am - o - rous slave to the fair, But
4. fea - tures, and size, And then such a tempt-ing, dear look in her eyes. Well,
1. tired of such non-sense, new themes I be - gin, And sing of the beau - ties of
2. such naugh-ty god - des - es noth - ing a - kin Is gen - tle and mod - est and
3. nev - er could get me en - trapped in his gin, Till bait - ed at last with my
4. heaven for - give us, if wish - ing's a sin, When we gaze on the beau - ties of
cres.
Last time.
1. sweet Peg - gy Wynne.
2. sweet Peg - gy Wynne.
3. dear Peg - gy Wynne.
4. sweet Peg - gy Wynne.
dim. poco rit.

One of a type of songs very much in favour with Vauxhall and Ranelagh audiences. "Kitty Fell," "Nancy Gay," and the above are examples which will be found in the present volume. "Peggy Wynne" is given in *The Universal Magazine* for May, 1763, without author's or composer's name. It was most likely sung at some of the public gardens in that year.

Nobody Coming to Marry Me.

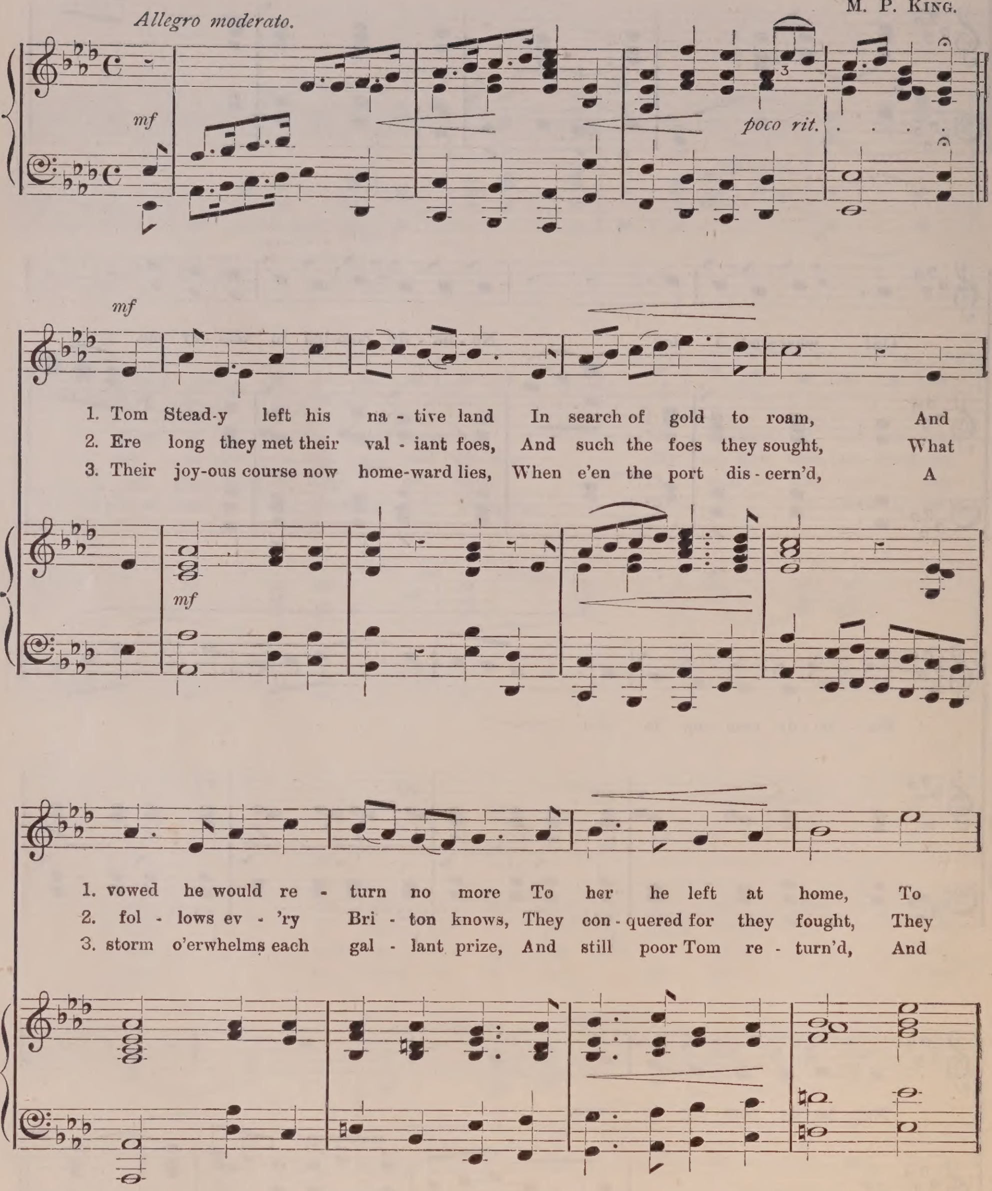

Allegretto.
p
sf
p
p
1. When I was a smart young lass Of fif-teen or six-teen years old, ... Oh, then I had plen-ty of sui-tors, But
2. My fa-ther's a hed-ger and dit-cher, My mo-ther does no-thing but spin, ... I once was a pret-ty young maid, . . . But
3. Last night when the dogs did bark, I went to the door to see, ... And ev-e-ry lass had a spark, . . But
4. Oh dear, how shocking the thought, That all my beau-ty must fade! . . . . I'm sure it is not my fault, . . . That

An English song which became popular about 1800 or 1803. It was sung by Miss Tyrer at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, about that date. There seems to be no trace left of the composer's name, and in all probability a folk tune has been the basis of the air. The words are founded on an early Scottish song, "My daddy's a delver of dykes" (see *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, etc.).

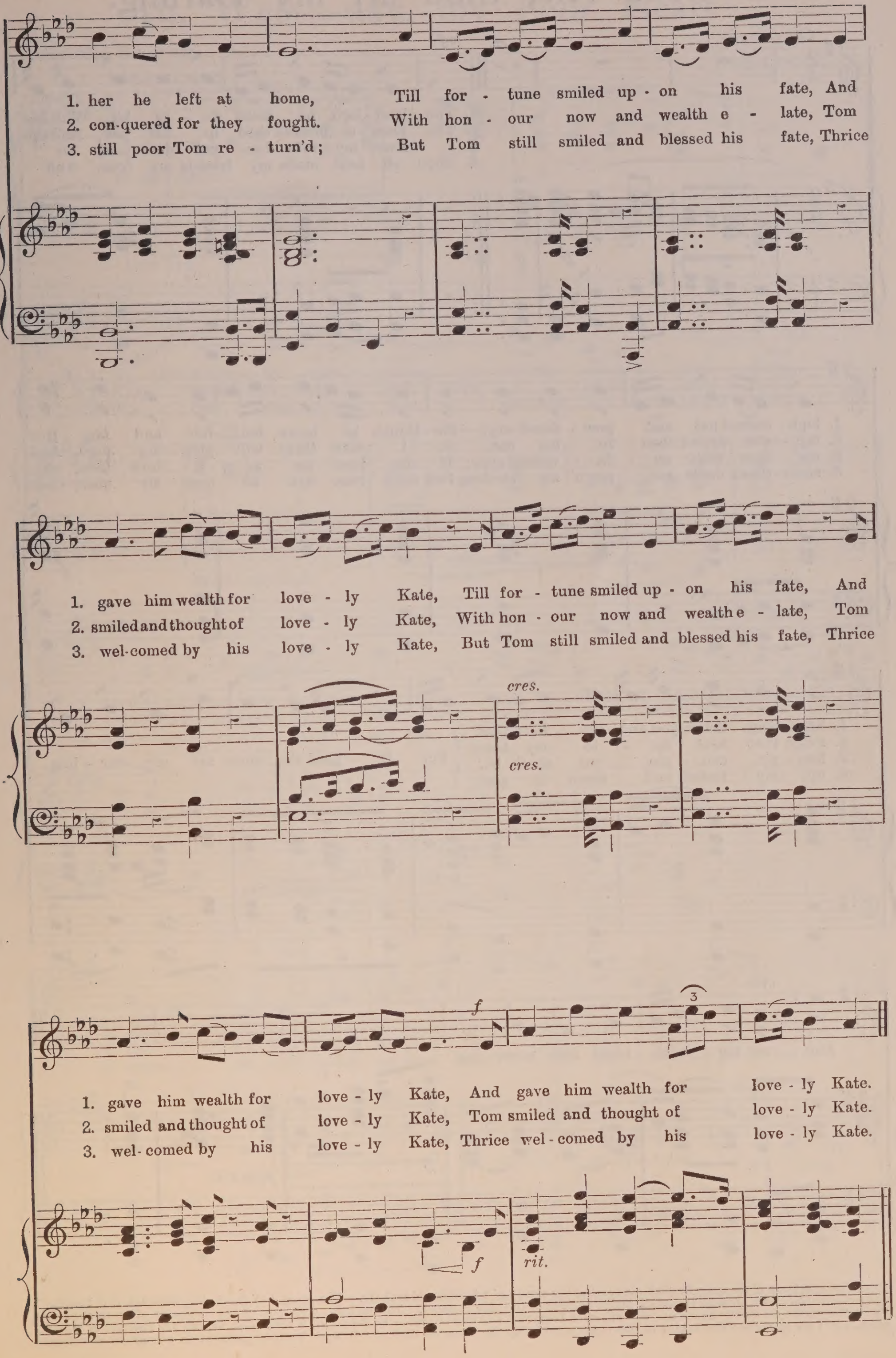

1. now they've grown won-der-ous cold.
2. mon-ey comes slow - ly in.
3. no - bo - dy came to me.
4. I must die an old maid.
Oh! what will be-come of me?
Oh! what shall I do?
No-bo-dy coming to mar-ry me,
No - bo-dy com-ing to woo, ...
No - bo-dy com-ing to woo. . . .
p
sf

Tom Steady.

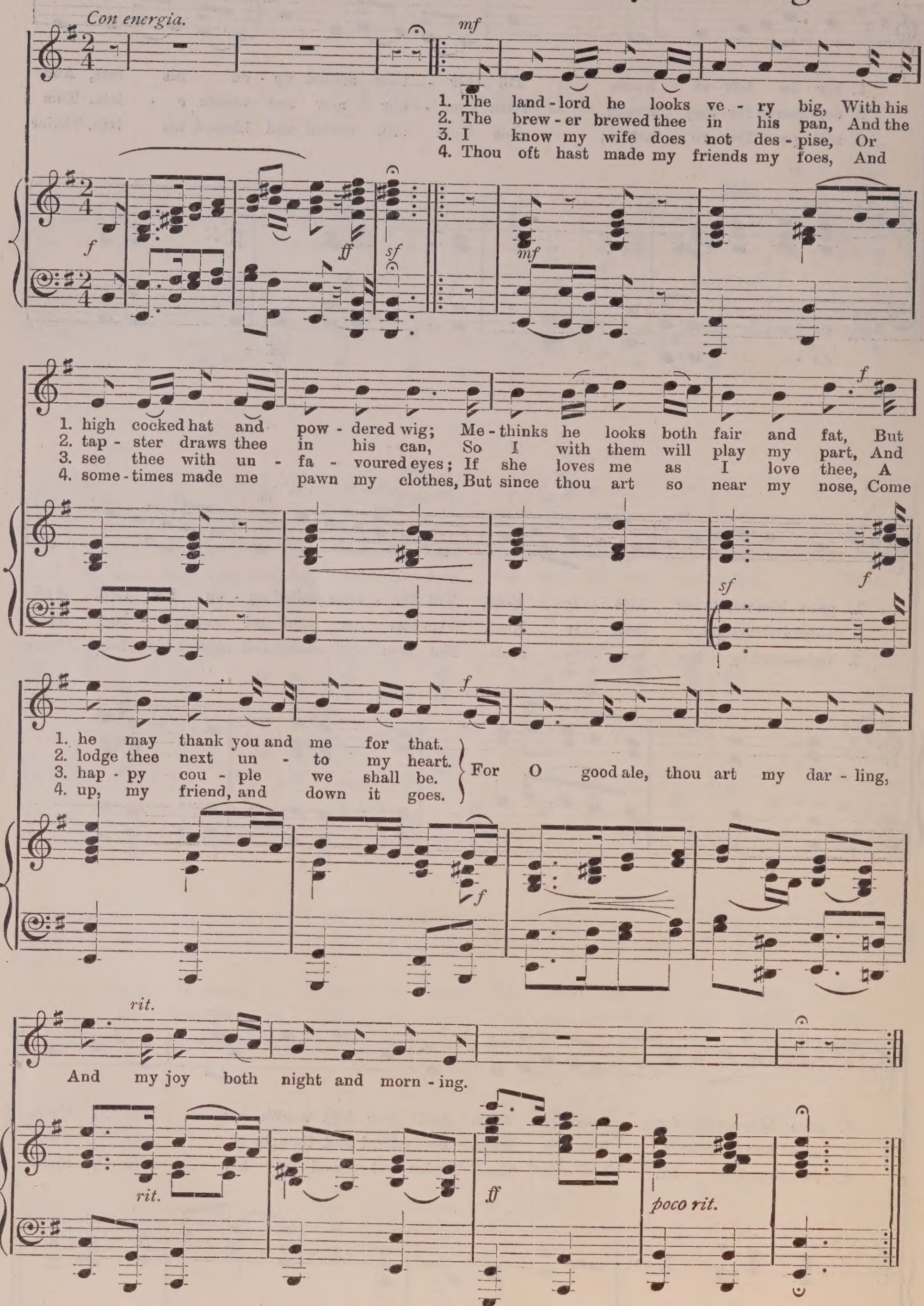
M. P. King.


Allegro moderato.
mf
poco rit.
mf
1. Tom Stead-y left his na - tive land In search of gold to roam, And
2. Ere long they met their val - iant foes, And such the foes they sought, What
3. Their joy-ous course now home-ward lies, When e'en the port dis - cern'd, A
mf
1. vowed he would re - turn no more To her he left at home, To
2. fol - lows ev - 'ry Bri - ton knows, They con - quered for they fought, They
3. storm o'erwhelms each gal - lant prize, And still poor Tom re - turn'd, And

The song is in the little opera, *Up all night; or, The Smuggler's Cove*, the words of which were by S. J. Arnold (son of Dr. Samuel Arnold, the musical composer), and the music by M. P. King. This was first performed at the Lyceum in 1809. Matthew Peter King was born in London in 1773, and died 1823. He wrote a great number of scores for the musical entertainments then so common, several being in collaboration with H. R. Bishop.


1. her he left at home, Till for - tune smiled up - on his fate, And
2. con-quered for they fought. With hon - our now and wealth e - late, Tom
3. still poor Tom re - turn'd; But Tom still smiled and blessed his fate, Thrice
1. gave him wealth for love - ly Kate, Till for - tune smiled up - on his fate, And
2. smiled and thought of love - ly Kate, With hon - our now and wealth e - late, Tom
3. wel-comed by his love - ly Kate, But Tom still smiled and blessed his fate, Thrice
cres.
cres.
f
3
1. gave him wealth for love - ly Kate, And gave him wealth for love - ly Kate.
2. smiled and thought of love - ly Kate, Tom smiled and thought of love - ly Kate.
3. wel- comed by his love - ly Kate, Thrice wel - comed by his love - ly Kate.
f
rit.

O Good Ale, thou art my Darling.

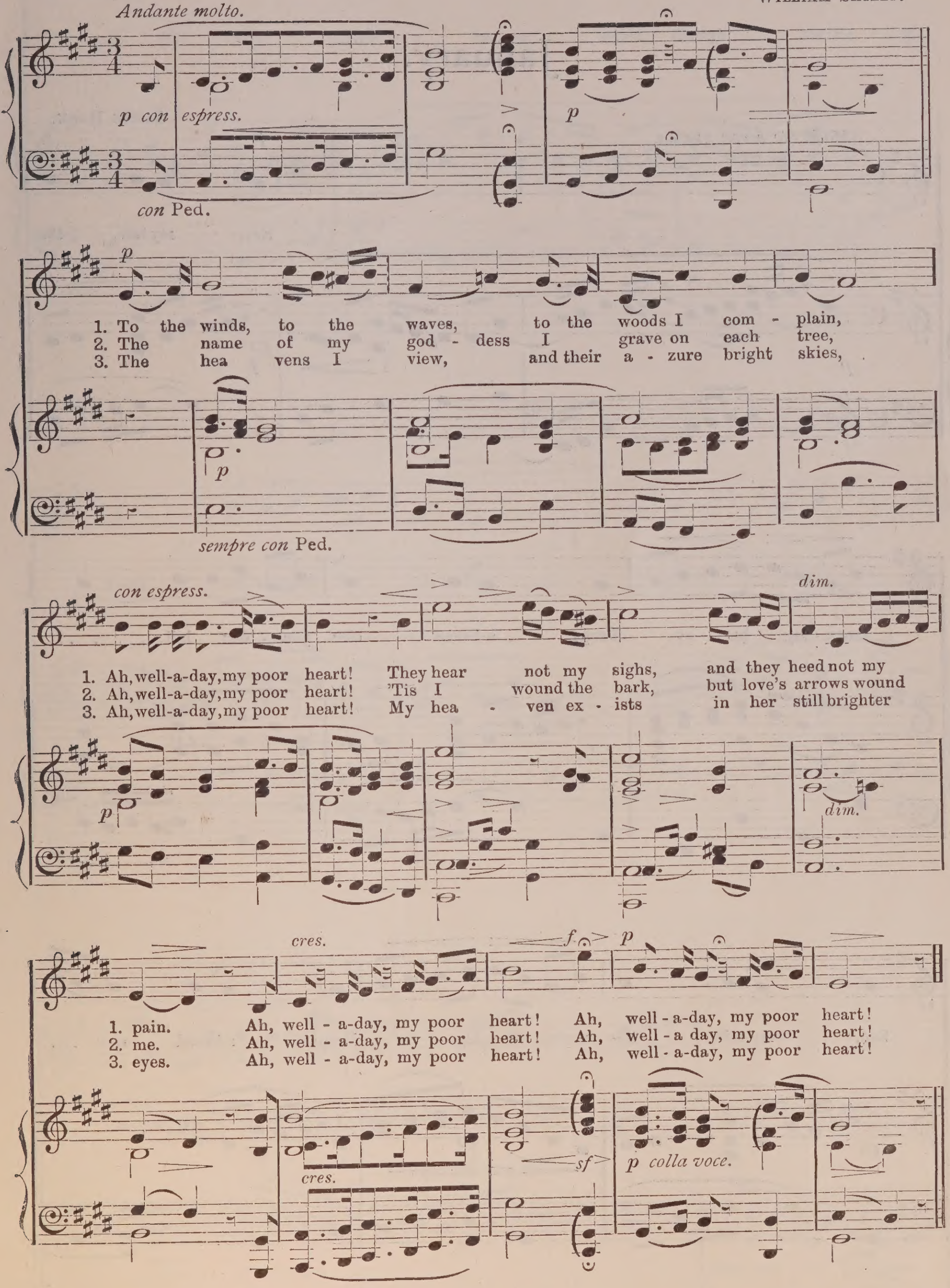

Con energia.
mf
f
ff
sf
1. The land-lord he looks ve-ry big, With his
2. The brew-er brewed thee in his pan, And the
3. I know my wife does not des-pise, Or
4. Thou oft hast made my friends my foes, And
1. high cocked hat and pow-dered wig; Me-thinks he looks both fair and fat, But
2. tap-ster draws thee in his can, So I with them will play my part, And
3. see thee with un-fa-voured eyes; If she loves me as I love thee, A
4. some-times made me pawn my clothes, But since thou art so near my nose, Come
1. he may thank you and me for that.
2. lodge thee next un-to my heart.
3. hap-py cou-ple we shall be.
4. up, my friend, and down it goes.
For O good ale, thou art my dar-ling,
rit.
And my joy both night and morn-ing.
poco rit.

A fine specimen of an early English air bearing the stamp of a traditional melody. The song, "O Good Ale, thou art my Darling" was sung by the clown, Joseph Grimaldi, about the end of the 18th century. The melody, with one of the verses, is given in *Cahusac's Pocket Companion for the German Flute*, vol. xi., *circa* 1802, and the words are to be found in a song book named *The Banquet of Thalia*, printed at York in 1792. The origin of the tune is probably the same as that of "O Rare Turpin," printed in our previous volume.

Ah, Well-a-day, my Poor Heart!

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

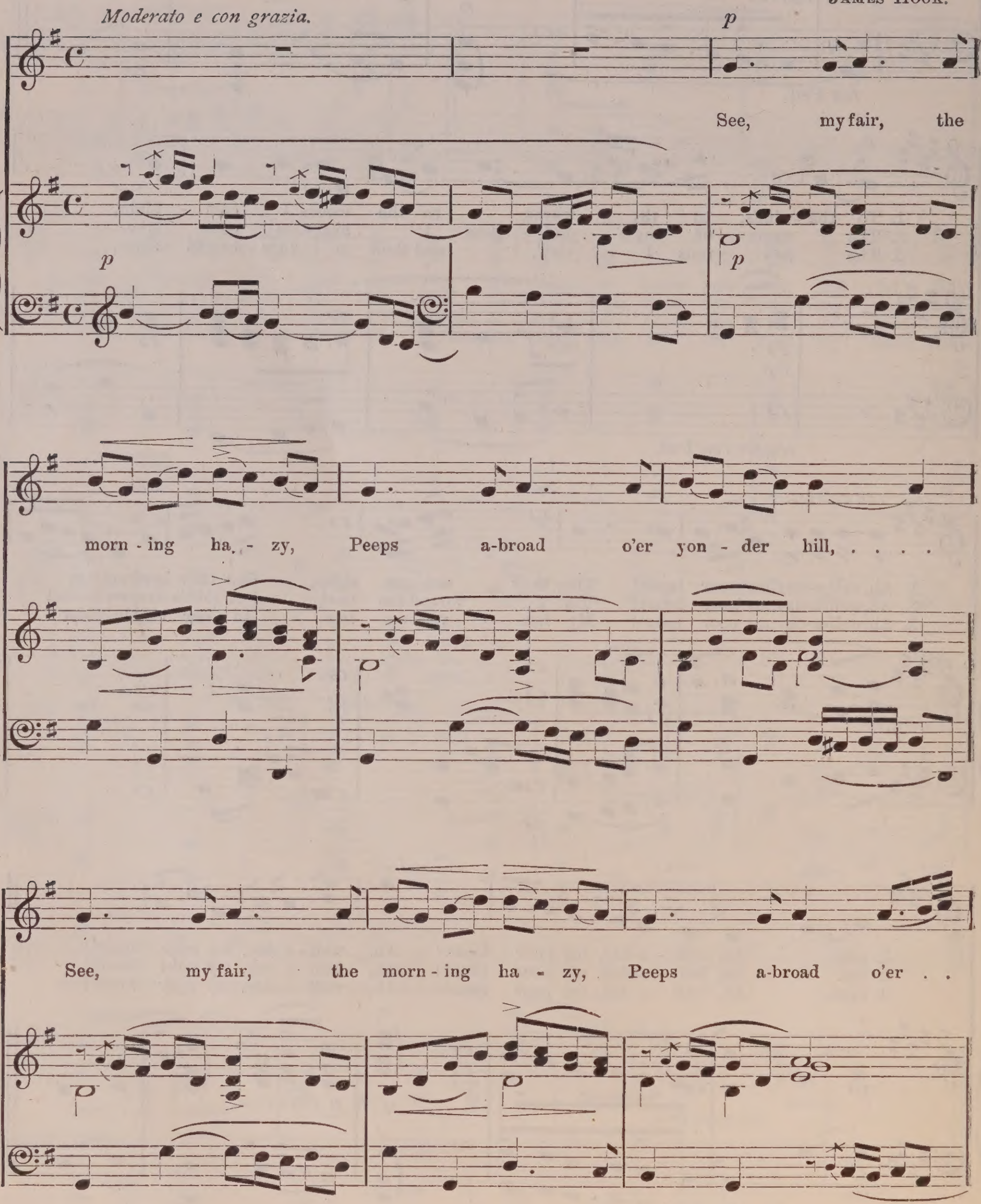
WILLIAM SHIELD.


Andante molto.
p con espress.
con Ped.
p
1. To the winds, to the waves, to the woods I com - plain,
2. The name of my god - dess I grave on each tree,
3. The hea vens I view, and their a - zure bright skies,
p
sempre con Ped.
con espress.
dim.
1. Ah, well-a-day, my poor heart! They hear not my sighs, and they heed not my
2. Ah, well-a-day, my poor heart! 'Tis I wound the bark, but love's arrows wound
3. Ah, well-a-day, my poor heart! My hea - ven ex - ists in her still brighter
p
dim.
cres.
f
p
1. pain. Ah, well - a-day, my poor heart! Ah, well - a-day, my poor heart!
2. me. Ah, well - a-day, my poor heart! Ah, well - a-day, my poor heart!
3. eyes. Ah, well - a-day, my poor heart! Ah, well - a-day, my poor heart!
cres.
sf
p colla voce.

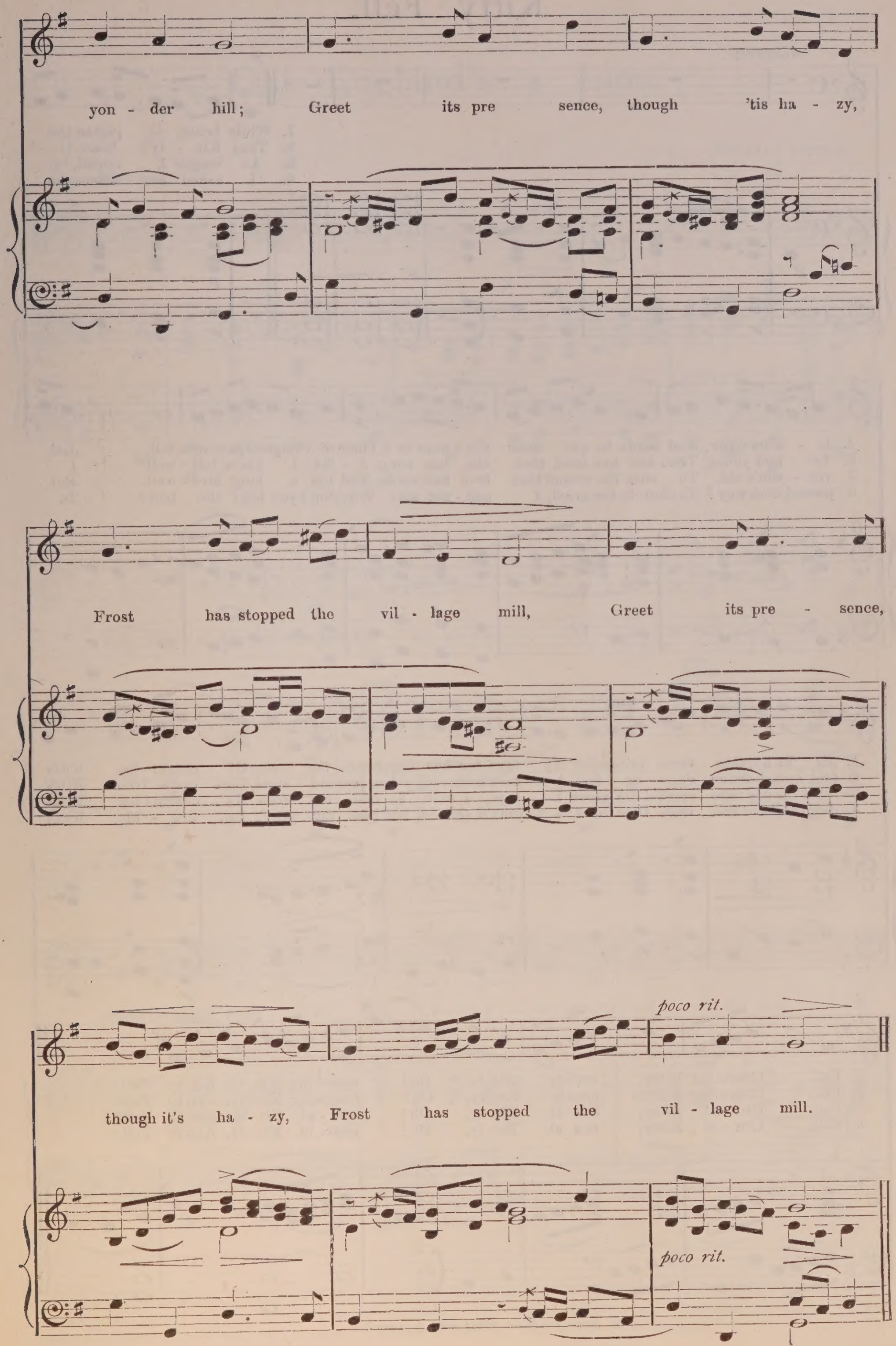
The air is by William Shield, and the song by Thomas Holcroft. It was sung in the character of a page by Mrs. Martyr in Holcroft's play, *The Follies of a Day; or, the Marriage of Figaro*, acted at Covent Garden in 1784, the play being of course a translation or an adaptation. The music was published in sheet form, and the song is to be seen in several contemporary song books.

January.

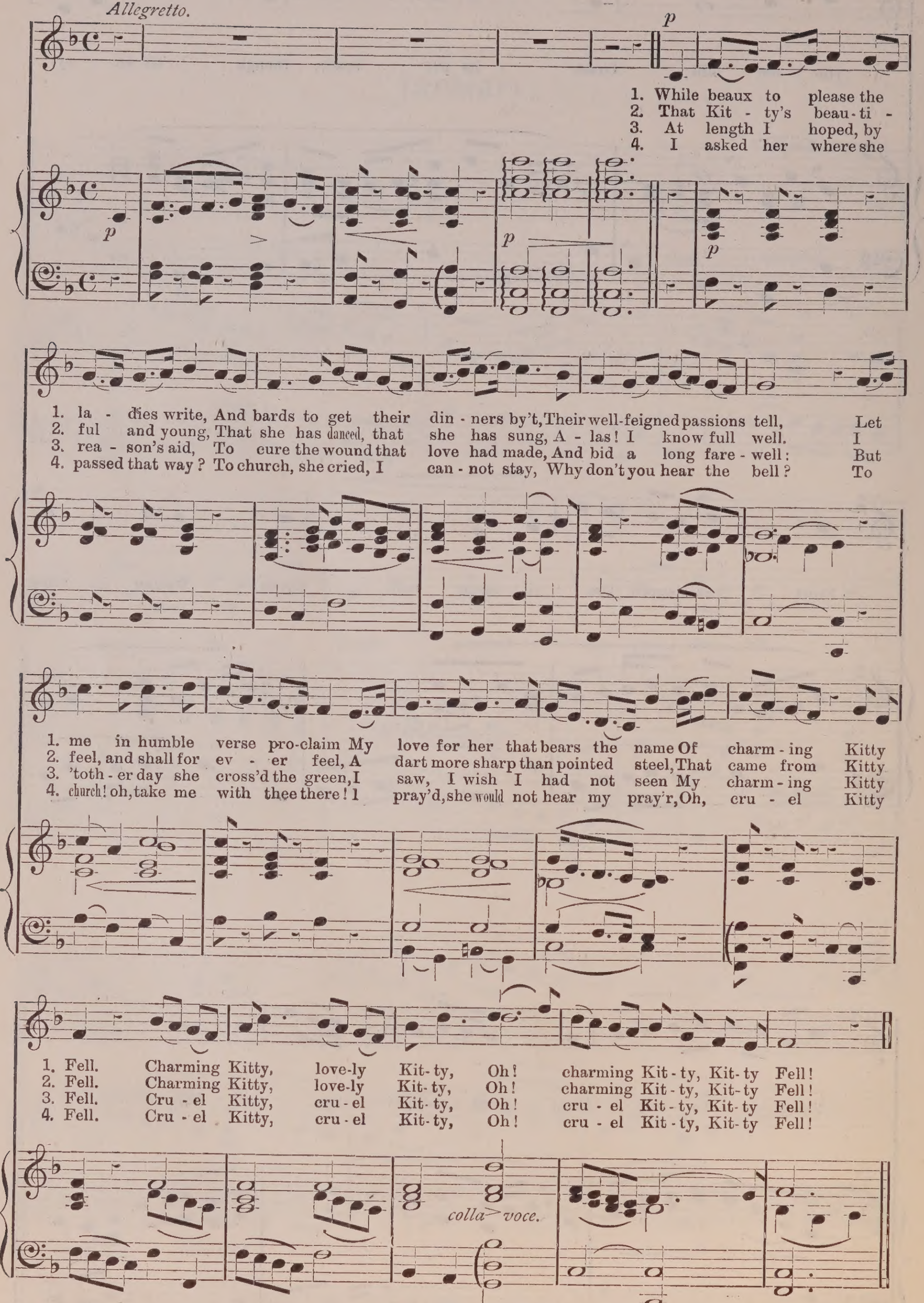
James Hook.


Moderato e con grazia.
p
See, my fair, the morn - ing ha - zy, Peeps a-broad o'er yon - der hill, ...
See, my fair, the morn - ing ha - zy, Peeps a-broad o'er . .

The song with the air appears in a scarce folio publication issued by Joseph Dale about 1805. This is entitled, *L'Année; consisting of Twelve Ariettes appropriate to each month, . . . written by Mr. Collings, and composed by Mr. Hook.*


yon - der hill; Greet its pre sence, though 'tis ha - zy,
Frost has stopped the vil - lage mill, Greet its pre - sence,
poco rit.
though it's ha - zy, Frost has stopped the vil - lage mill.
poco rit.

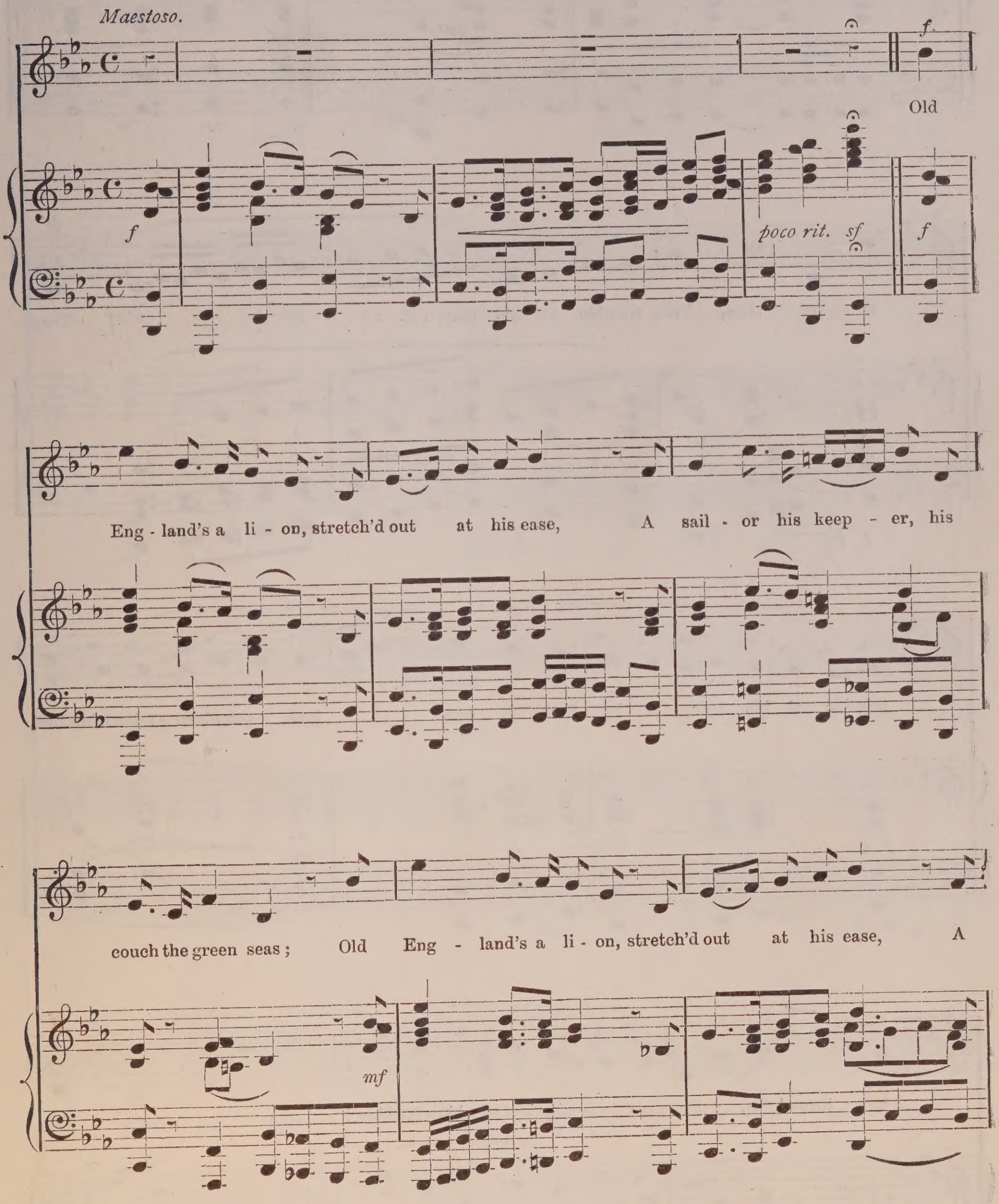
Kitty Fell.


Allegretto.
p
1. While beaux to please the
2. That Kit - ty's beau-ti -
3. At length I hoped, by
4. I asked her where she
p
p
p
1. la - dies write, And bards to get their din - ners by't, Their well-feigned passions tell, Let
2. ful and young, That she has danced, that she has sung, A - las! I know full well. I
3. rea - son's aid, To cure the wound that love had made, And bid a long fare - well: But
4. passed that way? To church, she cried, I can - not stay, Why don't you hear the bell? To
1. me in humble verse pro-claim My love for her that bears the name Of charm - ing Kitty
2. feel, and shall for ev - er feel, A dart more sharp than pointed steel, That came from Kitty
3. 'toth - er day she cross'd the green, I saw, I wish I had not seen My charm - ing Kitty
4. church! oh, take me with thee there! I pray'd, she would not hear my pray'r, Oh, cru - el Kitty
1. Fell. Charming Kitty, love-ly Kit-ty, Oh! charming Kit - ty, Kit-ty Fell!
2. Fell. Charming Kitty, love-ly Kit-ty, Oh! charming Kit - ty, Kit-ty Fell!
3. Fell. Cru - el Kitty, cru - el Kit-ty, Oh! cru - el Kit - ty, Kit-ty Fell!
4. Fell. Cru - el Kitty, cru - el Kit-ty, Oh! cru - el Kit - ty, Kit-ty Fell!
colla voce.

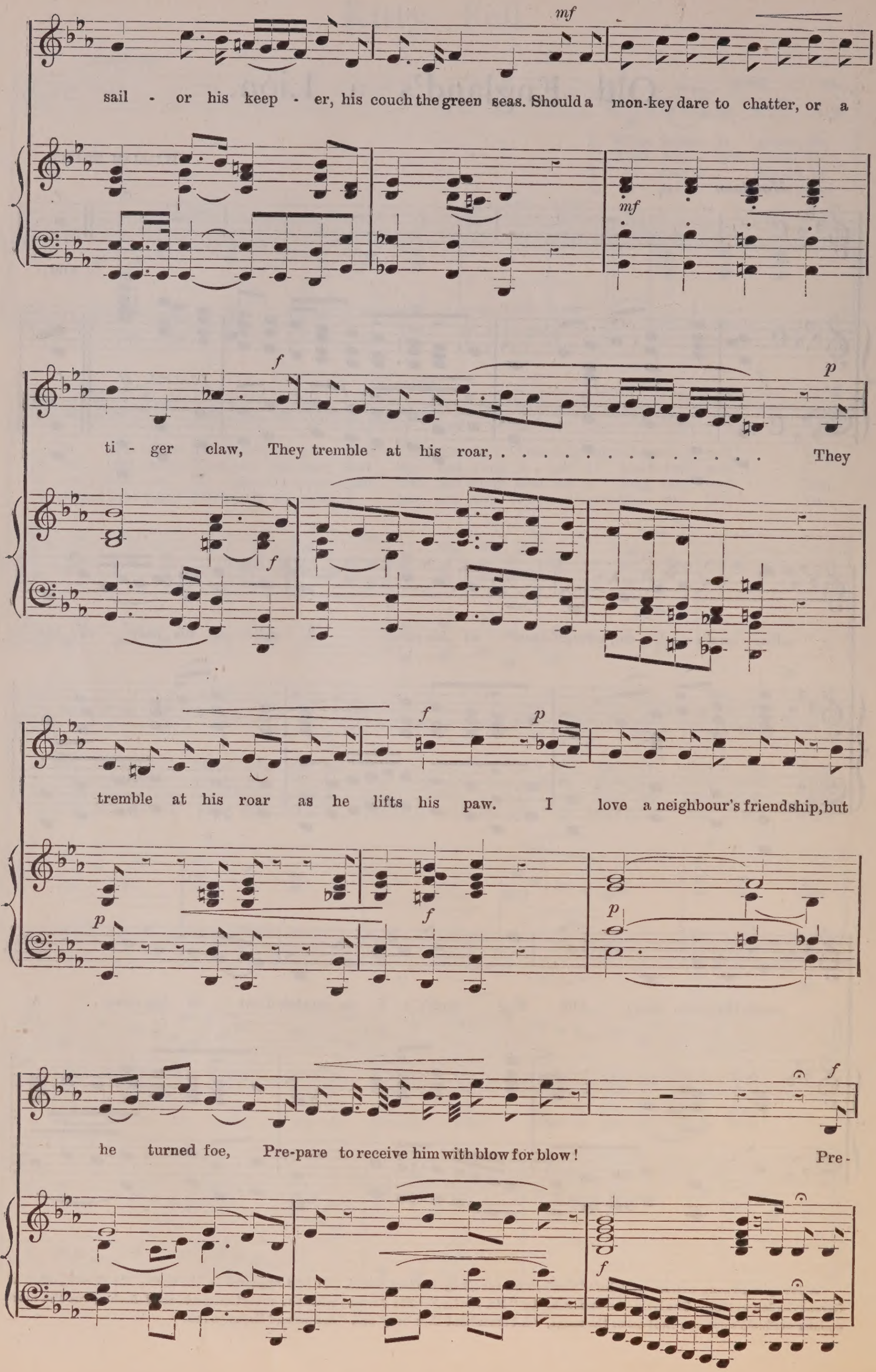
For note to this song see Appendix.

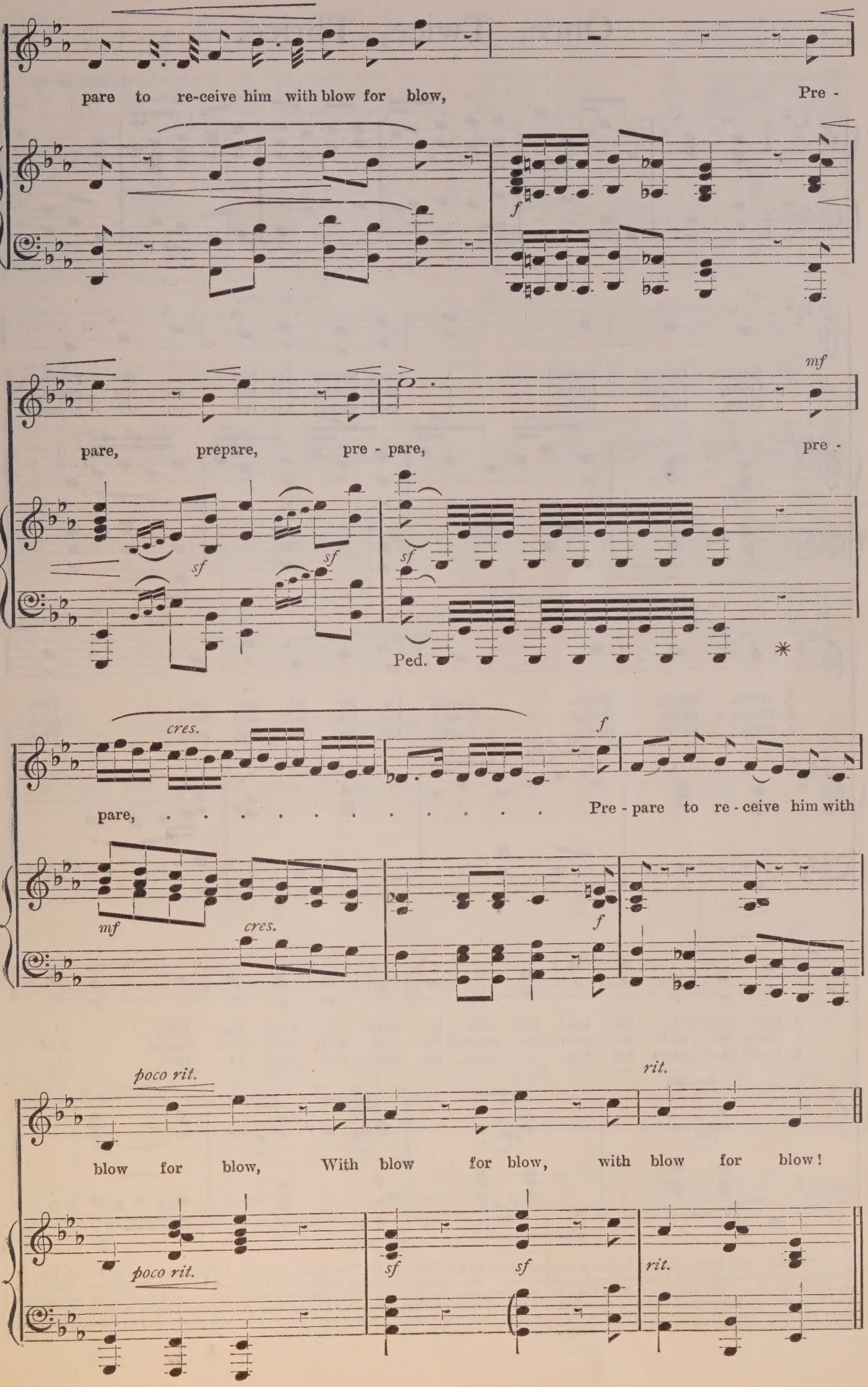
Old England's a Lion.

William Shield.


Maestoso.
f
Old
f
poco rit.
sf
f
Eng - land's a li - on, stretch'd out at his ease, A sail - or his keep - er, his
couch the green seas; Old Eng - land's a li - on, stretch'd out at his ease, A
mf

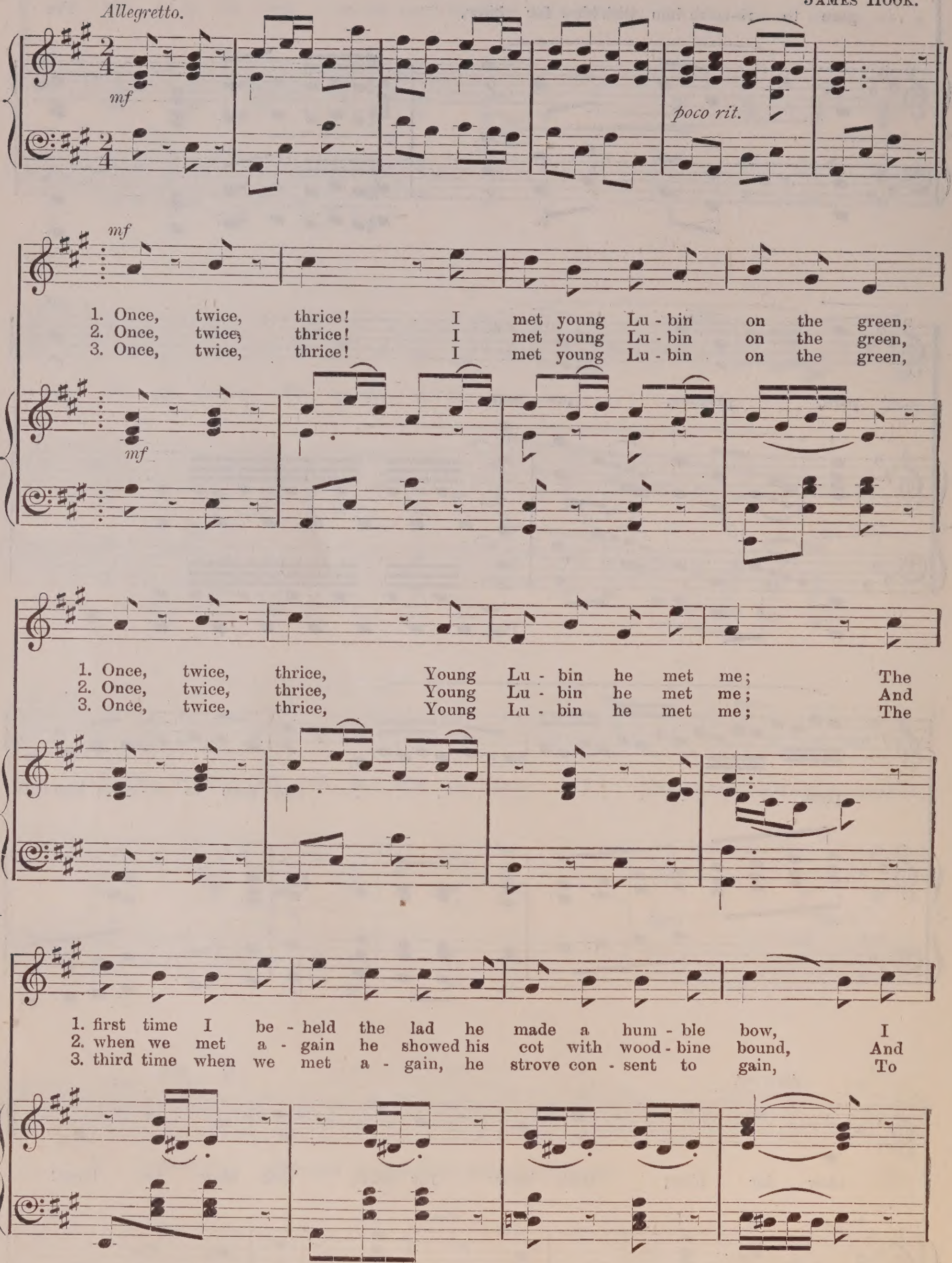
A fine spirited song written by John O'Keeffe, with the air by William Shield. It first appeared in the opera, *The Farmer*, acted at Covent Garden in 1787. The lyric was then sung by "Mr. Darley." *The Farmer*, with the exception perhaps of *Rosina*, was the most popular of Shield's operas; in it occur the songs, "A Flaxenhead Cow-boy," and "Ere around the huge oak."


sail - or his keep - er, his couch the green seas. Should a mon-key dare to chatter, or a
ti - ger claw, They tremble at his roar, ... They
tremble at his roar as he lifts his paw. I love a neighbour's friendship, but
he turned foe, Pre-pare to receive him with blow for blow! Pre -
mf
f
p

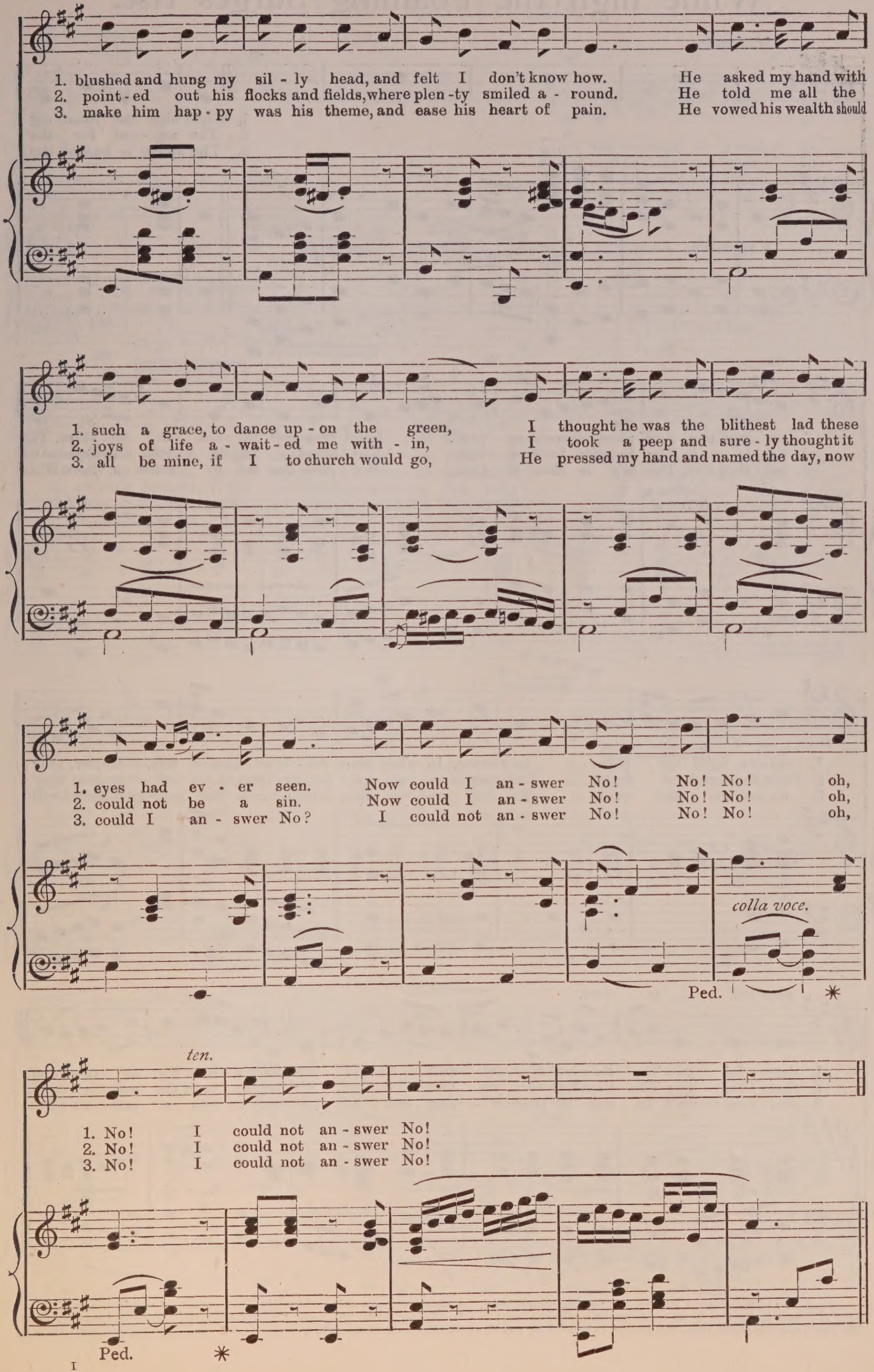

pare to re-ceive him with blow for blow,
Pre -
f
pare, prepare, pre - pare,
mf
pre -
sf
sf
sf
Ped.
*
cres.
pare, ...
f
Pre - pare to re - ceive him with
mf
cres.
f
poco rit.
rit.
blow for blow, With blow for blow, with blow for blow!
poco rit.
sf
sf
rit.

Once, Twice, Thrice.

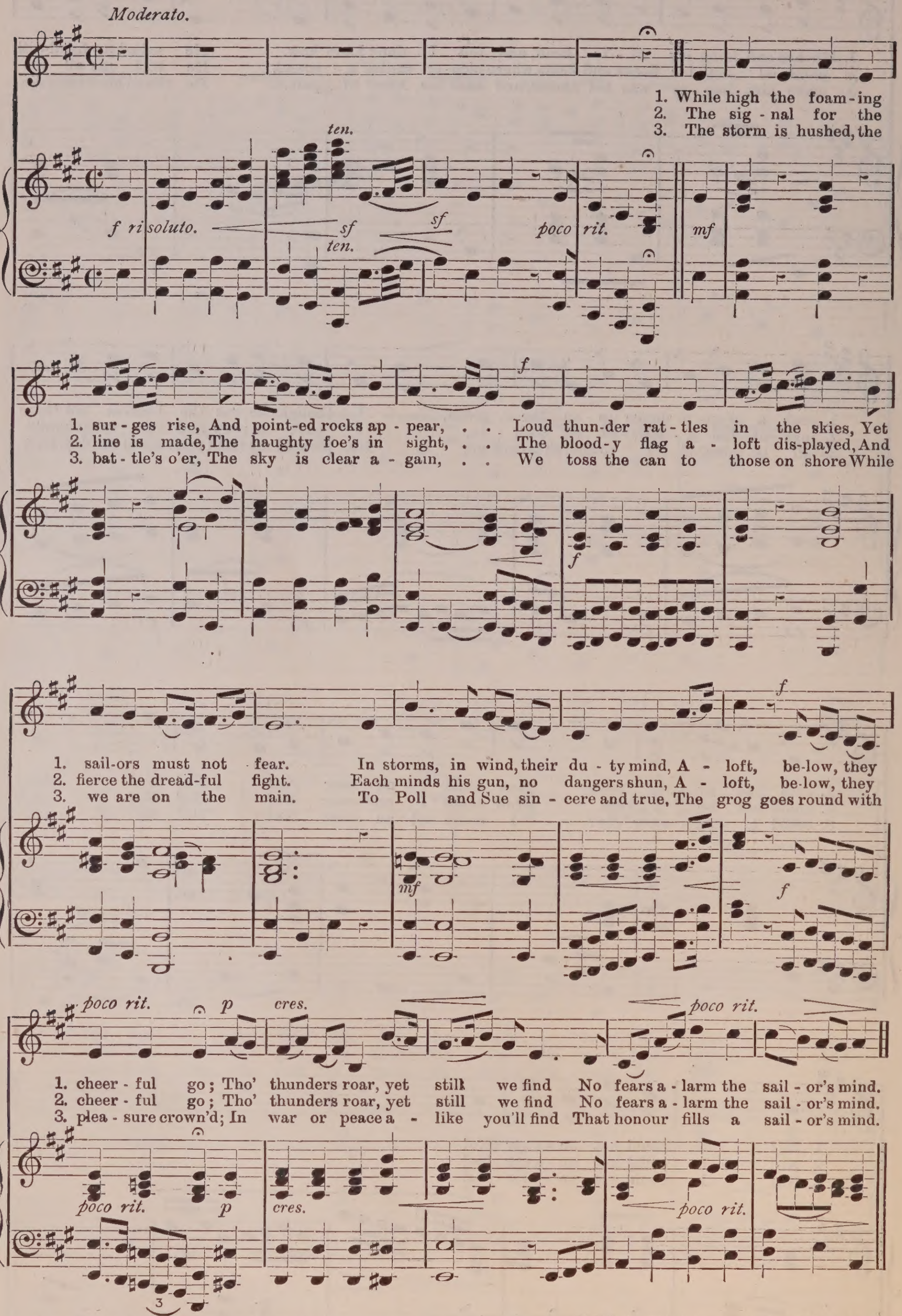
JAMES HOOK.


Allegretto.
mf
poco rit.
mf
1. Once, twice, thrice! I met young Lu - bin on the green,
2. Once, twice, thrice! I met young Lu - bin on the green,
3. Once, twice, thrice! I met young Lu - bin on the green,
mf
1. Once, twice, thrice, Young Lu - bin he met me; The
2. Once, twice, thrice, Young Lu - bin he met me; And
3. Once, twice, thrice, Young Lu - bin he met me; The
1. first time I be - held the lad he made a hum - ble bow, I
2. when we met a - gain he showed his cot with wood - bine bound, And
3. third time when we met a - gain, he strove con - sent to gain, To

A Vauxhall song composed by James Hook, and sung at the Gardens by Mrs. Bland in 1803. It was published by Joseph Dale in Hook's *Vauxhall Collection* for that year, and in sheet form. Mrs. Bland, who sang so many of Hook's simple ballads, was unequalled in her particular line. She succeeded Mrs. Wrighten in this type of song at Vauxhall. Maria Theresa Bland was, before her marriage, a Miss Romanzini, a Jewess and of Italian parentage. She was born in 1766, and after having sung for Charles Dibdin at his Royal Circus, made her *début* on the legitimate stage on October 24th, 1786, when the opera *Richard Cœur de Lion* was produced; in this she took the character of the page. She married Mr. Bland, who was brother to the famous Mrs. Jordan.


1. blushed and hung my sil - ly head, and felt I don't know how. He asked my hand with
2. point - ed out his flocks and fields, where plen - ty smiled a - round. He told me all the
3. make him hap - py was his theme, and ease his heart of pain. He vowed his wealth should
1. such a grace, to dance up - on the green, I thought he was the blithest lad these
2. joys of life a - wait - ed me with - in, I took a peep and sure - ly thought it
3. all be mine, if I to church would go, He pressed my hand and named the day, now
1. eyes had ev - er seen. Now could I an - swer No! No! No! oh,
2. could not be a sin. Now could I an - swer No! No! No! oh,
3. could I an - swer No? I could not an - swer No! No! No! oh,
colla voce.
Ped.
*
ten.
1. No! I could not an - swer No!
2. No! I could not an - swer No!
3. No! I could not an - swer No!
Ped.
*

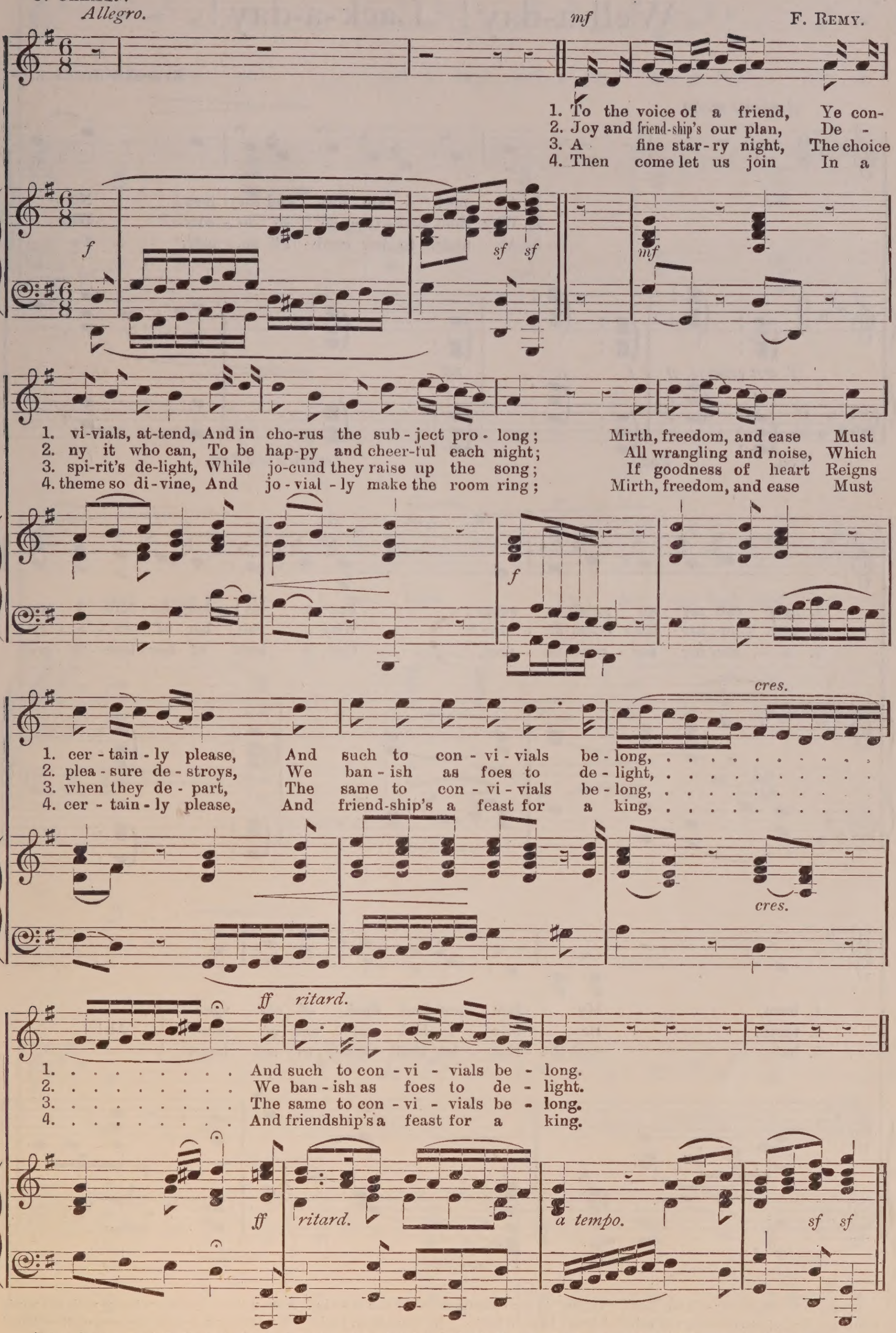
While high the Foaming Surges rise.


Moderato.
1. While high the foam-ing
2. The sig - nal for the
3. The storm is hushed, the
ten.
f risoluto.
sf
ten.
sf
poco rit.
mf
1. sur - ges rise, And point-ed rocks ap - pear, . . Loud thun-der rat - tles in the skies, Yet
2. line is made, The haughty foe's in sight, . . The blood - y flag a - loft dis-played, And
3. bat - tle's o'er, The sky is clear a - gain, . . We toss the can to those on shore While
f
f
1. sail-ors must not fear. In storms, in wind, their du - ty mind, A - loft, be-low, they
2. fierce the dread-ful fight. Each minds his gun, no dangers shun, A - loft, be-low, they
3. we are on the main. To Poll and Sue sin - cere and true, The grog goes round with
f
mf
f
poco rit.
p
cres.
poco rit.
1. cheer - ful go; Tho' thunders roar, yet still we find No fears a - larm the sail - or's mind.
2. cheer - ful go; Tho' thunders roar, yet still we find No fears a - larm the sail - or's mind.
3. plea - sure crown'd; In war or peace a - like you'll find That honour fills a sail - or's mind.
poco rit.
p
cres.
poco rit.
3

A sea song in the style of Dibdin, but not his composition. I have not been able to identify either writer of words or music. The song is found in several books early in the 19th century: in *The Skylark*, 1803, *The Vocal Library*, 1818, etc. With the music it is in *The Naval and Convivial Vocal Harmonist*, *circa* 1805-10, and in a MS. collection of the same period. It was sung by a singer named Darley.

The Convivials.

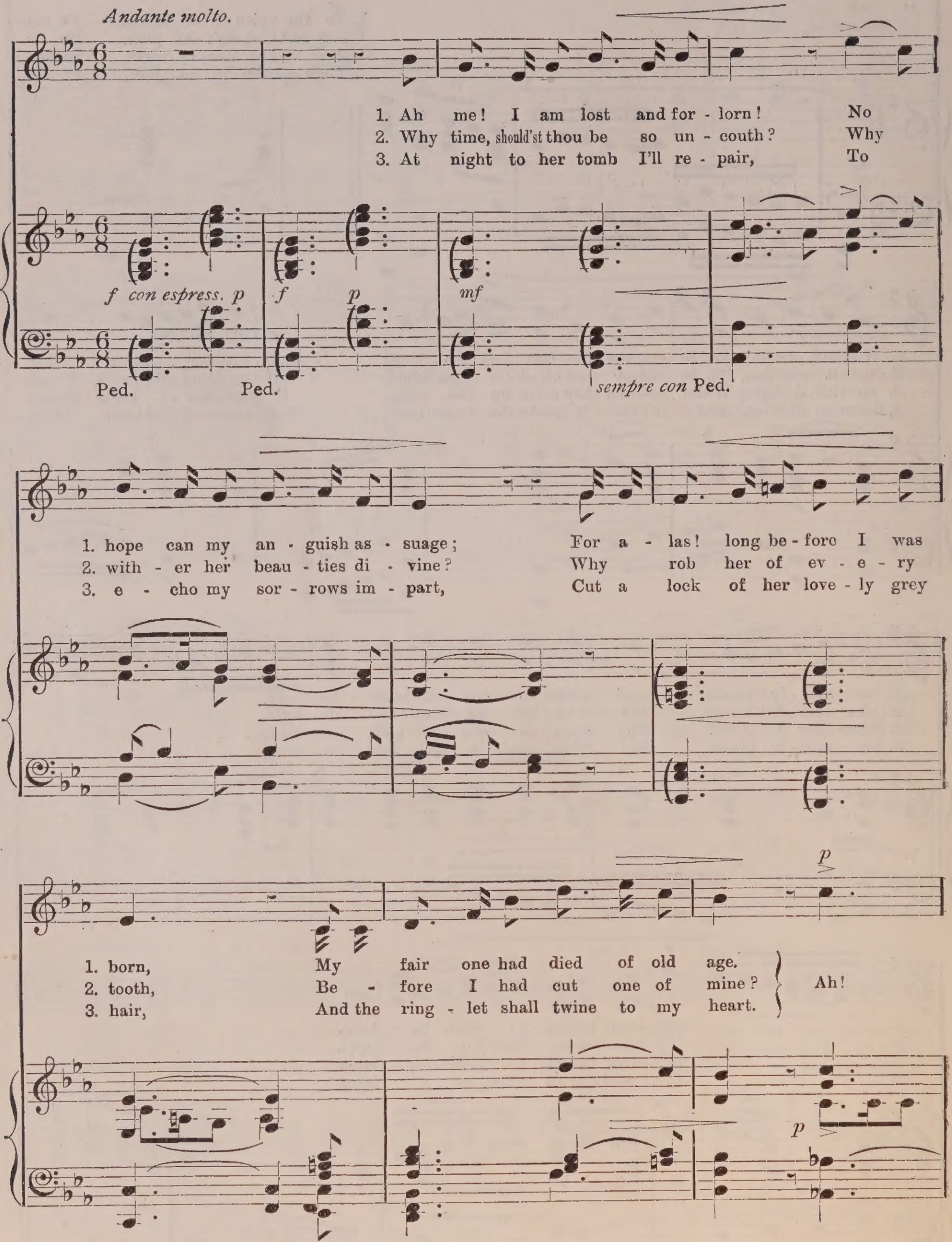
J. OAKMAN. F. REMY.


Allegro.
mf
1. To the voice of a friend, Ye con-
2. Joy and friend-ship's our plan, De -
3. A fine star-ry night, The choice
4. Then come let us join In a
f
sf sf
mf
1. vi-vials, at-tend, And in cho-rus the sub-ject pro-long; Mirth, freedom, and ease Must
2. ny it who can, To be hap-py and cheer-ful each night; All wrangling and noise, Which
3. spi-rit's de-light, While jo-cund they raise up the song; If goodness of heart Reigns
4. theme so di-vine, And jo-vial-ly make the room ring; Mirth, freedom, and ease Must
f
cres.
1. cer-tain-ly please, And such to con-vi-vials be-long, ...
2. plea-sure de-stroys, We ban-ish as foes to de-light, ...
3. when they de-part, The same to con-vi-vials be-long, ...
4. cer-tain-ly please, And friend-ship's a feast for a king, ...
cres.
ff ritard.
1. . . . . And such to con-vi-vials be-long.
2. . . . . We ban-ish as foes to de-light.
3. . . . . The same to con-vi-vials be-long.
4. . . . . And friendship's a feast for a king.
ff ritard.
a tempo.
sf sf

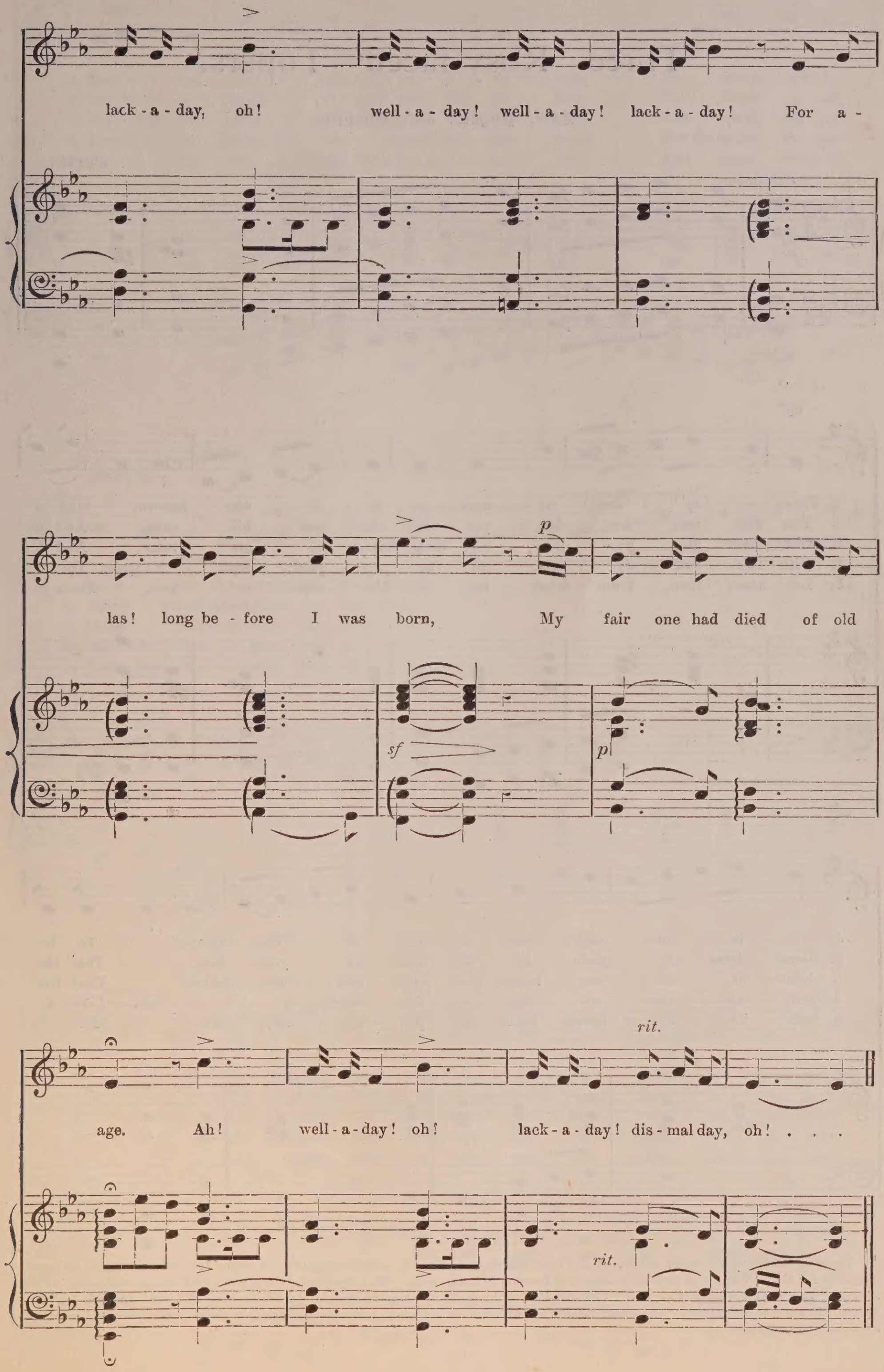
Taken from an early half music sheet where the air is stated to be by F. Remy, and the words by J. Oakman, the latter being a verse writer of some popularity.

Well-a-day! Lack-a-day!

STEPHEN STORACE.


Andante molto.
1. Ah me! I am lost and for - lorn! No
2. Why time, should'st thou be so un - couth? Why
3. At night to her tomb I'll re - pair, To
f con espress. p
f p
mf
Ped.
Ped.
sempre con Ped.
1. hope can my an - guish as - suage; For a - las! long be - fore I was
2. with - er her beau - ties di - vine? Why rob her of ev - e - ry
3. e - cho my sor - rows im - part, Cut a lock of her love - ly grey
1. born, My fair one had died of old age.
2. tooth, Be - fore I had cut one of mine?
3. hair, And the ring - let shall twine to my heart.
Ah!
p
p

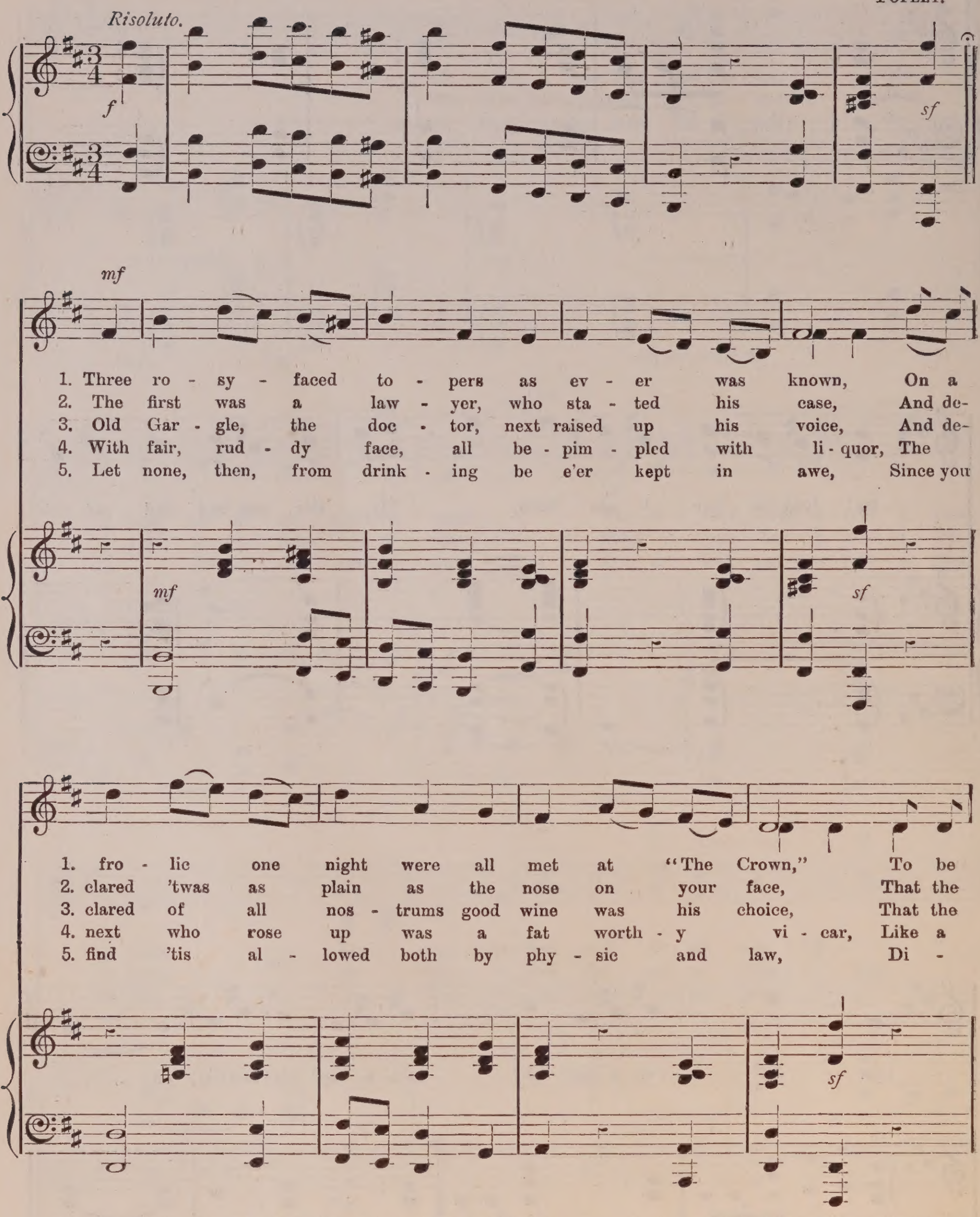
Sung in the character of a fop called "Vapour" in the operatic farce, *My Grandmother.* This, written by Prince Hoare with the music composed by Stephen Storace, was acted at Drury Lane in 1796. "Mr. Bannister, junior," is marked as singing the song on its original representation. It is, of course, a burlesque on the sentimental ballad of the day, with a very charming melody.


lack - a - day, oh! well - a - day! well - a - day! lack - a - day! For a -
las! long be - fore I was born, My fair one had died of old
p
sf
p
age. Ah! well - a - day! oh! lack - a - day! dis - mal day, oh! . . .
rit.
rit.

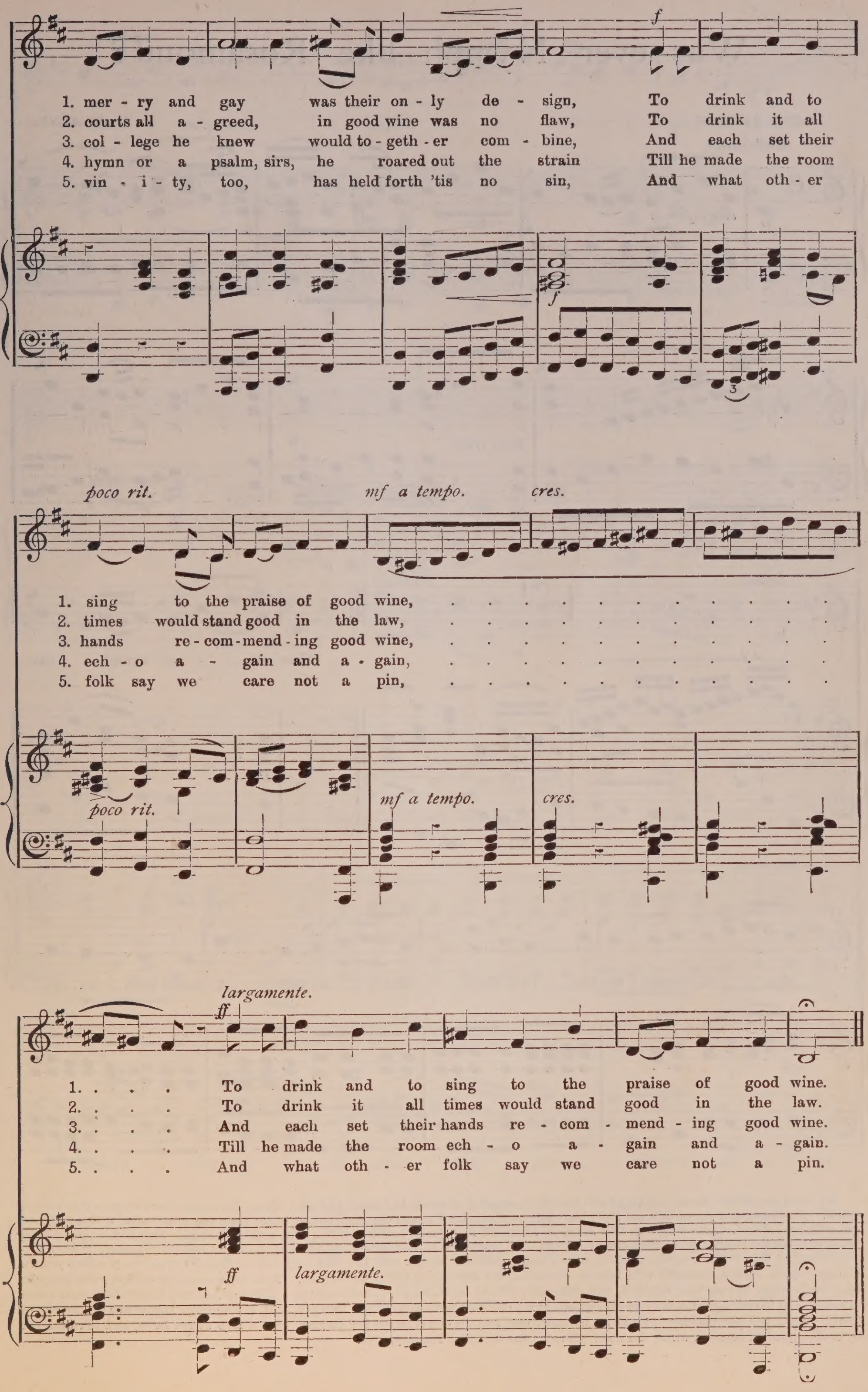
Three Rosy-faced Topers.

Law, Physic, and Divinity.

POPELY.

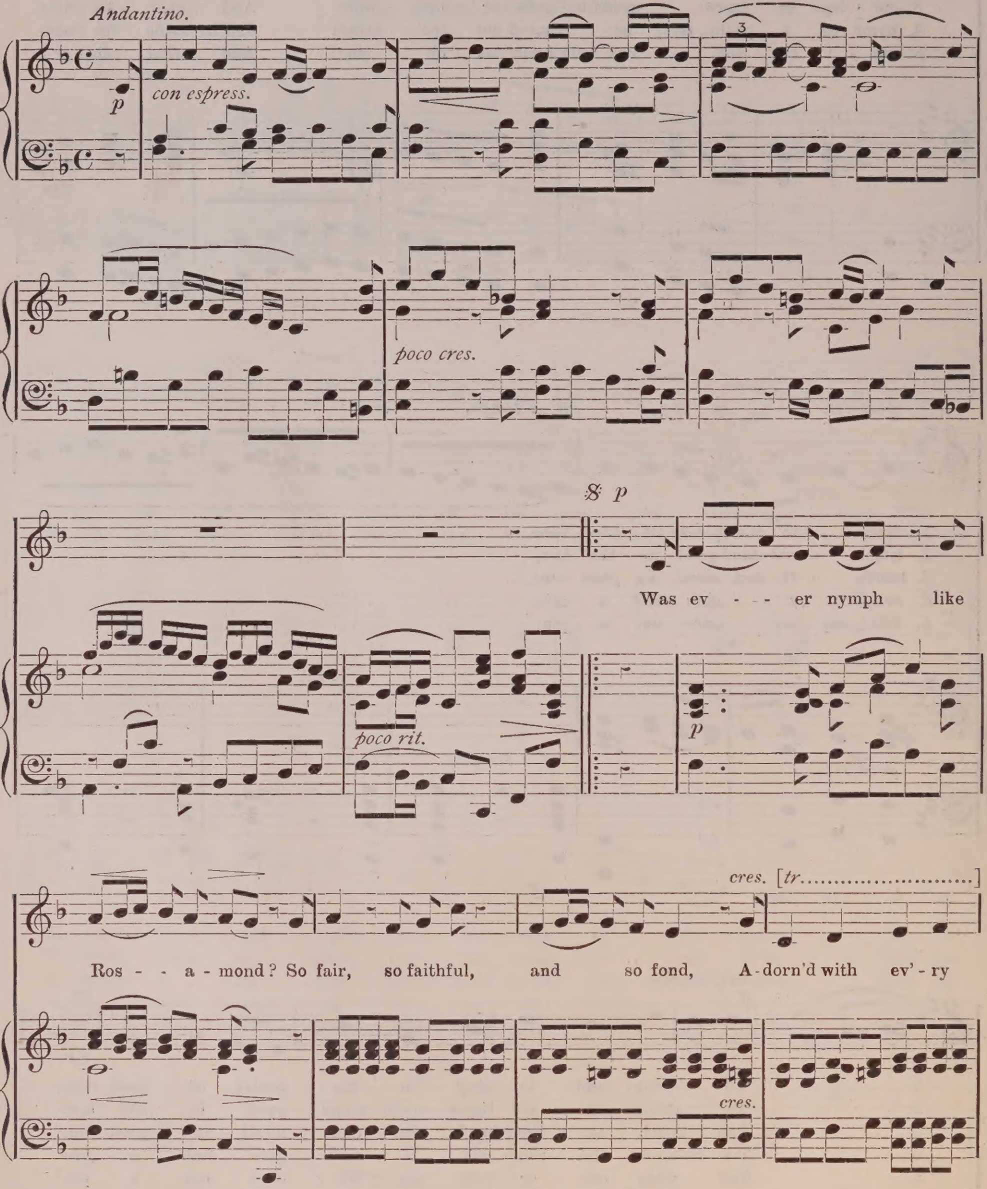

Risoluto.
f
sf
mf
1. Three ro - sy - faced to - pers as ev - er was known, On a
2. The first was a law - yer, who sta - ted his case, And de-
3. Old Gar - gle, the doc - tor, next raised up his voice, And de-
4. With fair, rud - dy face, all be - pim - pled with li - quor, The
5. Let none, then, from drink - ing be e'er kept in awe, Since you
mf
sf
1. fro - lic one night were all met at "The Crown," To be
2. clared 'twas as plain as the nose on your face, That the
3. clared of all nos - trums good wine was his choice, That the
4. next who rose up was a fat worth - y vi - car, Like a
5. find 'tis al - lowed both by phy - sic and law, Di -
sf

The song with the air under the heading, "Law, Physic, and Divinity, a new song," occurs in the July number of the *Universal Magazine* for 1772. The air is that of a once well-known drinking song, "Had Neptune when first he took charge of the sea." This song as "The Bacchanalian's Wish, set by Mr. Popely," is in *Bickham's Musical Entertainer*, vol. ii., *circa* 1738, and again as by "Mr. Powell," in another early work. The latter version of the composer's name is evidently a mistake, for Popely's name is attached to the air on early sheet copies.

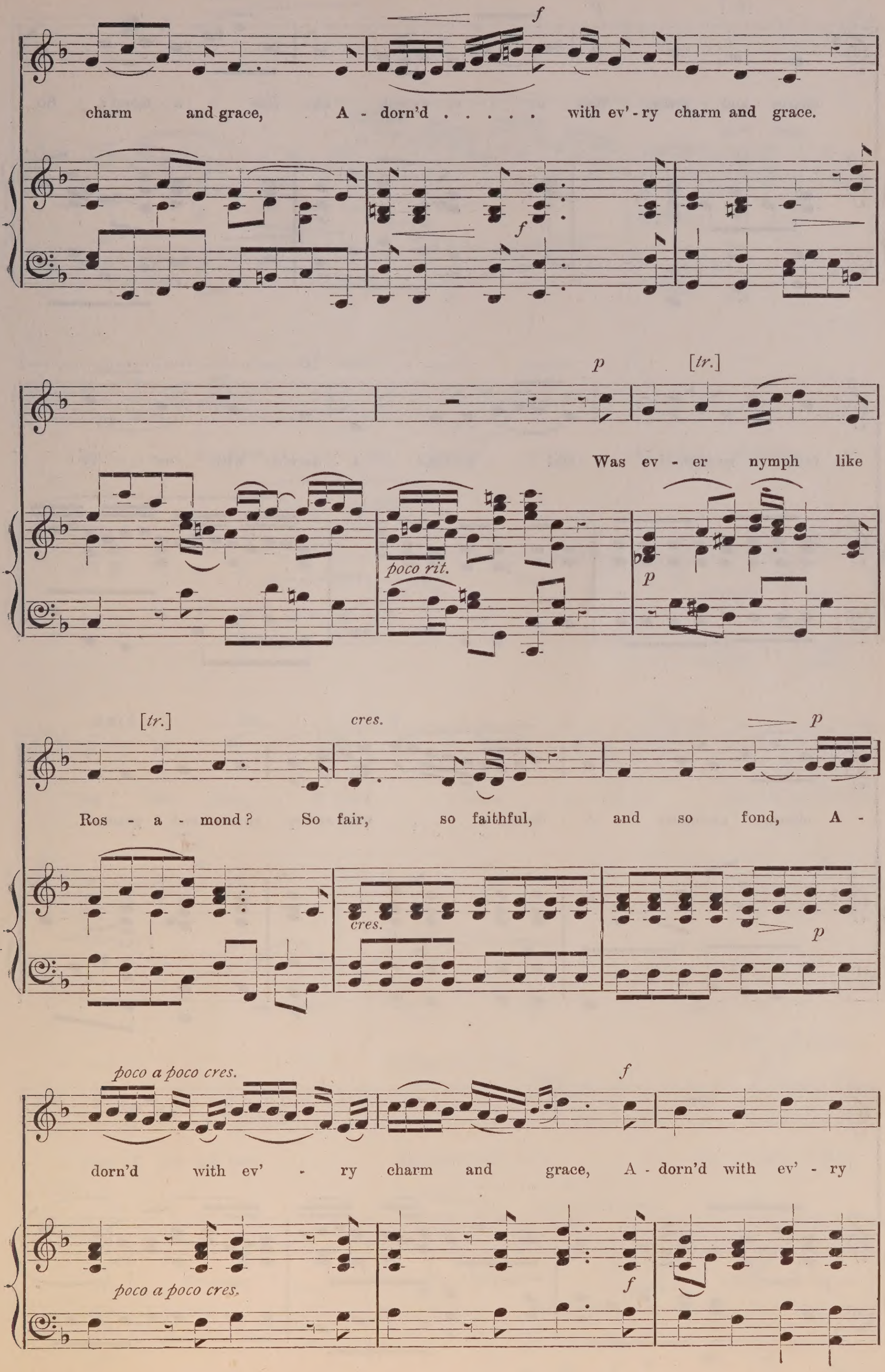

f
1. mer - ry and gay was their on - ly de - sign, To drink and to
2. courts all a - greed, in good wine was no flaw, To drink it all
3. col - lege he knew would to - geth - er com - bine, And each set their
4. hymn or a psalm, sirs, he roared out the strain Till he made the room
5. vin - i - ty, too, has held forth 'tis no sin, And what oth - er
f
3
poco rit.
mf a tempo.
cres.
1. sing to the praise of good wine, ...
2. times would stand good in the law, ...
3. hands re - com - mend - ing good wine, ...
4. ech - o a - gain and a - gain, ...
5. folk say we care not a pin, ...
poco rit.
mf a tempo.
cres.
largamente.
ff
1. . . . To drink and to sing to the praise of good wine.
2. . . . To drink it all times would stand good in the law.
3. . . . And each set their hands re - com - mend - ing good wine.
4. . . . Till he made the room ech - o a - gain and a - gain.
5. . . . And what oth - er folk say we care not a pin.
ff
largamente.

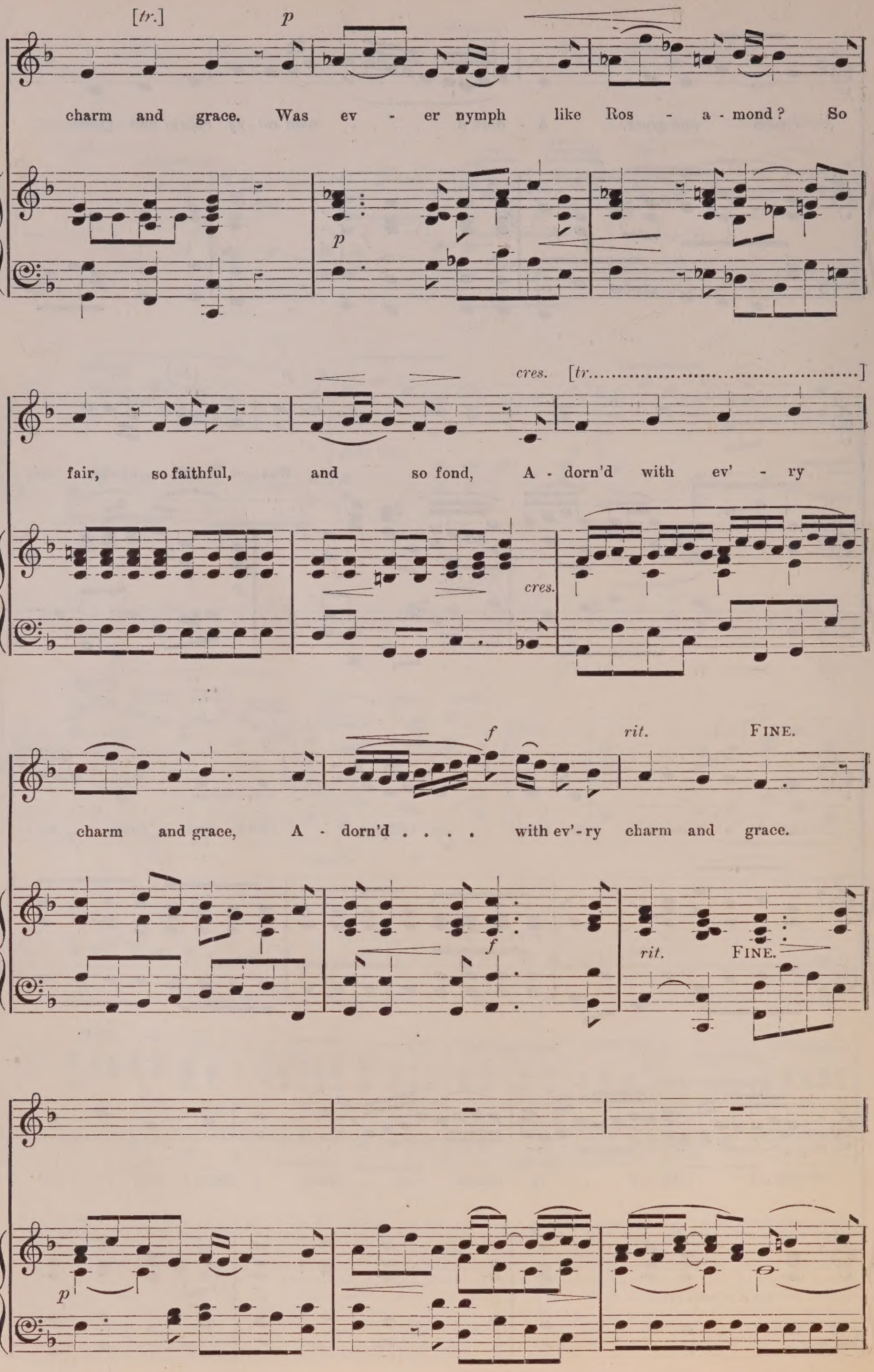
Was ever Nymph like Rosamond?

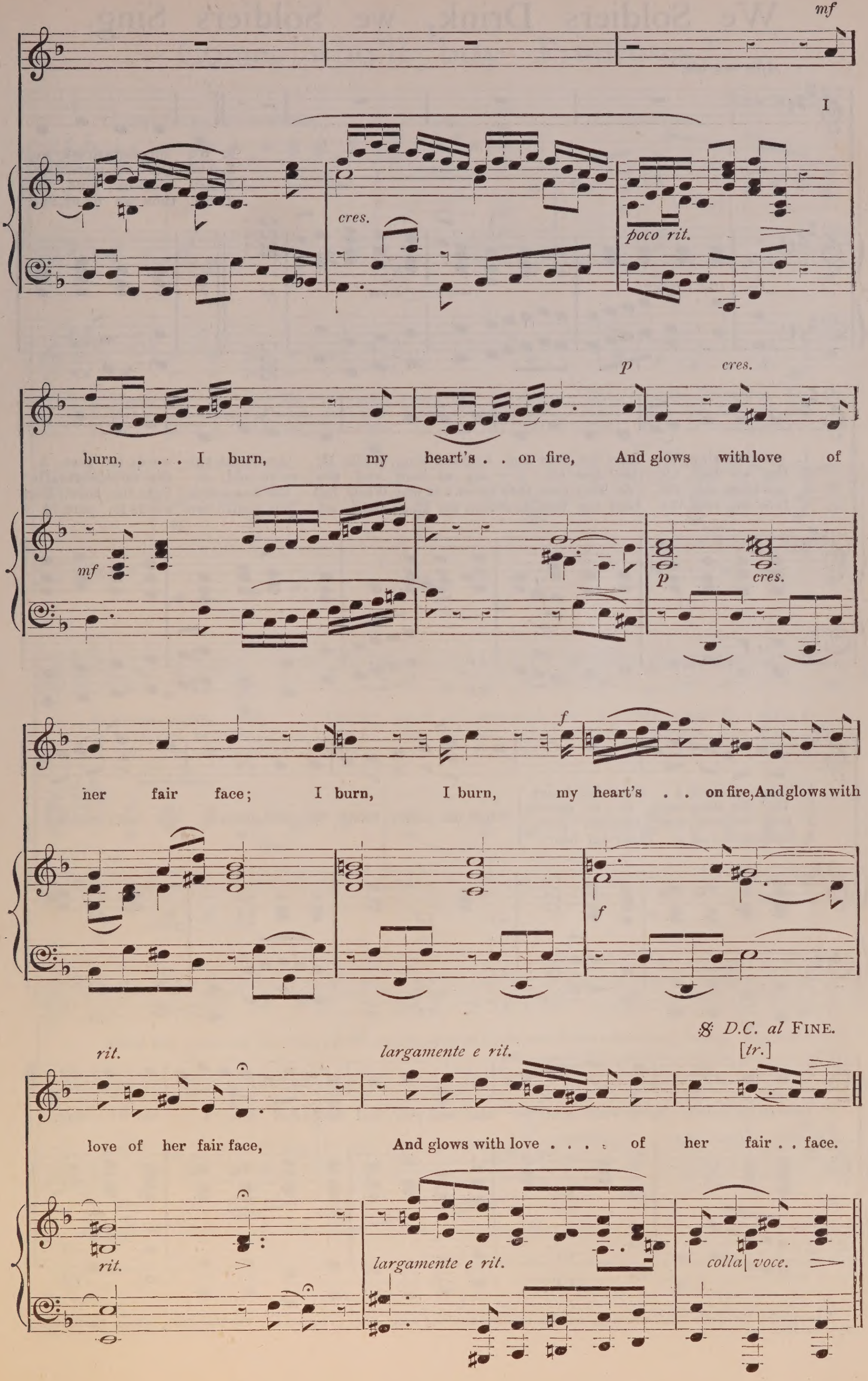
Joseph Addison. **T. A. Arne.**


Andantino.
p
con espress.
poco cres.
poco rit.
𝄋 p
p
Was ev - - - er nymph like
Ros - - a - mond? So fair, so faithful, and so fond, A-dorn'd with ev'-ry
cres. [tr.........................]
cres.
3

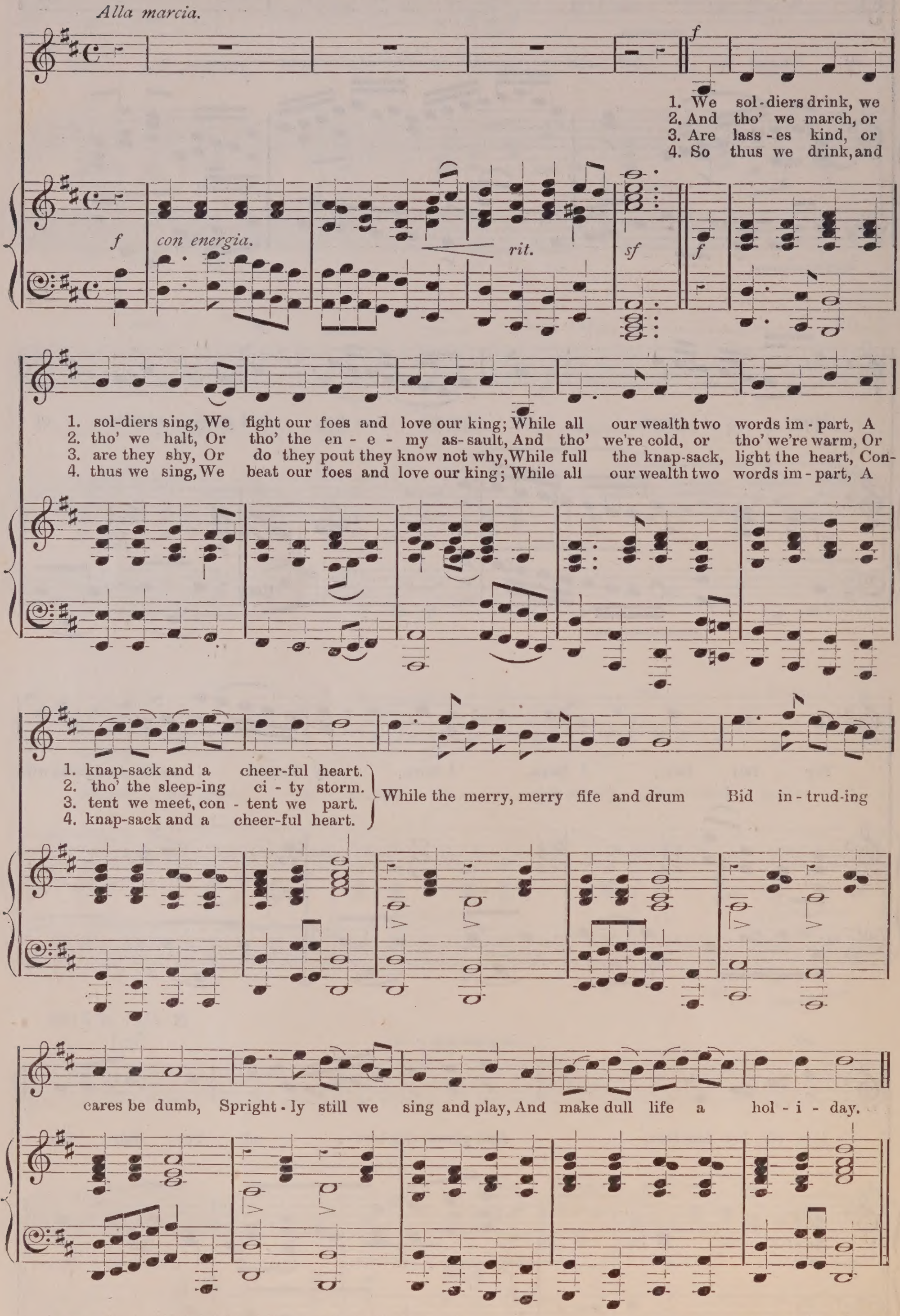
By Dr. Arne, one of whose earliest efforts was the composing of music to Joseph Addison's opera, *Rosamond*, from whence this song is taken. *Rosamond* had previously (in 1707) been put to music by Thomas Clayton, but so badly that the piece, after a three nights' run, was condemned. Arne's version was acted at Lincoln's Inn Theatre on March 7th, 1733, and immediately became a success doing much to make the reputation of the young musician. It is curious to notice how snatches of the as yet unformed melody, "Rule, Britannia" come into "Was ever nymph?" Arne's sister, Susanna Maria, who had just achieved a triumph during the previous year in Lampe's opera, *Amelia*, took the title rôle in *Rosamond*, the above song falling to her part. Miss Arne was three or four years younger than her brother, having been baptised, 28th February, 1713-14, at St. Paul's, Covent Garden. Her brother gave her efficient instruction in music, and having a particularly sweet soprano voice, she soon became famous. In April, 1734, she married Theophilus Cibber, son of Colley Cibber, but the marriage proved an unhappy one, and on one occasion her brother, with a mob at his heels, had to rescue her by breaking into a house in which she was confined. She died 30th January, 1766.


f
charm and grace, A - dorn'd . . . . . with ev' - ry charm and grace.
f
p [tr.]
Was ev - er nymph like
poco rit.
p
[tr.] cres. p
Ros - a - mond? So fair, so faithful, and so fond, A -
cres.
p
poco a poco cres. f
dorn'd with ev' - ry charm and grace, A - dorn'd with ev' - ry
poco a poco cres.
f


[tr.]
p
charm and grace. Was ev - er nymph like Ros - a - mond? So
p
cres. [tr.......................................]
fair, so faithful, and so fond, A - dorn'd with ev' - ry
cres.
f
rit.
FINE.
charm and grace, A - dorn'd . . . . with ev'-ry charm and grace.
f
rit.
FINE.
p


mf
I
cres.
poco rit.
burn, . . . I burn, my heart's . . on fire, And glows with love of
mf
p
cres.
her fair face; I burn, I burn, my heart's . . on fire, And glows with
f
rit.
largamente e rit.
D.C. al Fine.
[tr.]
love of her fair face, And glows with love . . . . of her fair . . face.
colla voce.

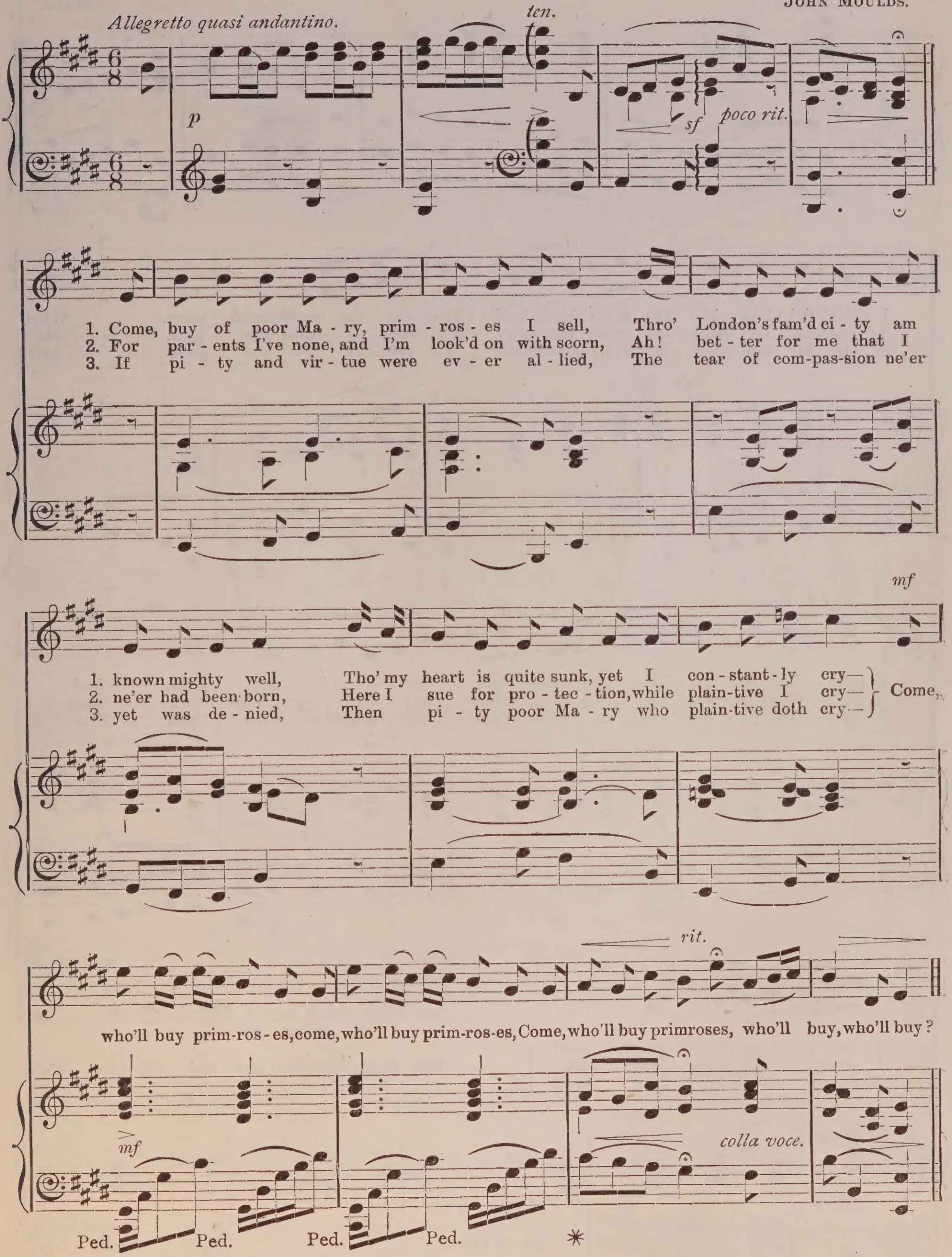
We Soldiers Drink, we Soldiers Sing.


Alla marcia.
f
con energia.
rit.
sf
f
1. We soldiers drink, we soldiers sing, We fight our foes and love our king; While all our wealth two words im-part, A knap-sack and a cheer-ful heart.
2. And tho' we march, or tho' we halt, Or tho' the en-e-my as-sault, And tho' we're cold, or tho' we're warm, Or tho' the sleep-ing ci-ty storm.
3. Are lass-es kind, or are they shy, Or do they pout they know not why, While full the knap-sack, light the heart, Con-tent we meet, con-tent we part.
4. So thus we drink, and thus we sing, We beat our foes and love our king; While all our wealth two words im-part, A knap-sack and a cheer-ful heart.
While the merry, merry fife and drum Bid in-trud-ing cares be dumb, Spright-ly still we sing and play, And make dull life a hol-i-day.

A companion to "Let's Drink and Sing," another soldiers' drinking song, given in our work. The above song is from *The Convivial Songster*, 1782.

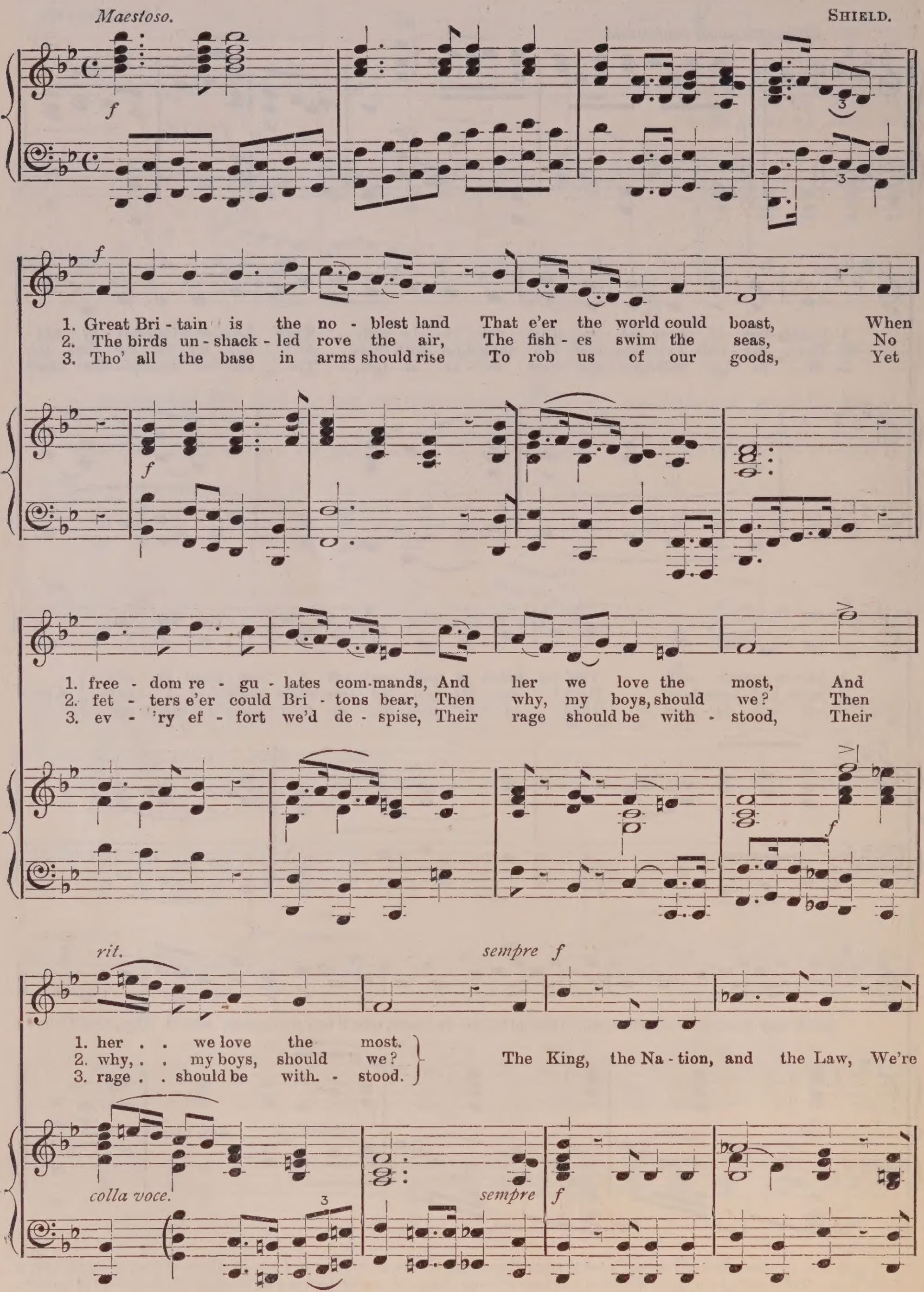
Come, who'll buy Primroses?

John Moulds.

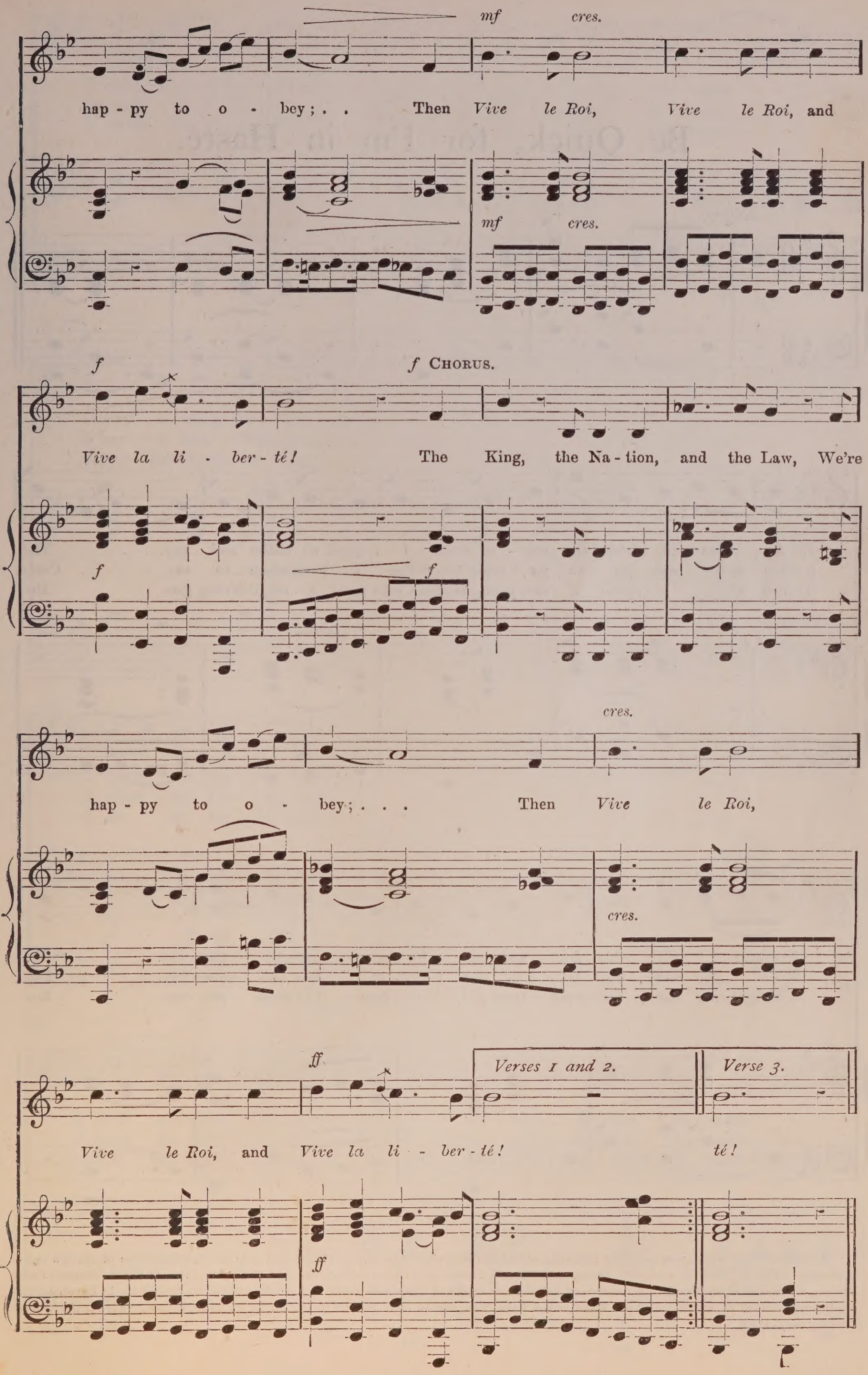

Allegretto quasi andantino.
ten.
p
sf
poco rit.
1. Come, buy of poor Ma - ry, prim - ros - es I sell, Thro' London's fam'd ci - ty am
2. For par - ents I've none, and I'm look'd on with scorn, Ah! bet - ter for me that I
3. If pi - ty and vir - tue were ev - er al - lied, The tear of com-pas-sion ne'er
mf
1. known mighty well, Tho' my heart is quite sunk, yet I con - stant - ly cry—
2. ne'er had been born, Here I sue for pro - tec - tion, while plain-tive I cry—
3. yet was de - nied, Then pi - ty poor Ma - ry who plain-tive doth cry—
Come,
rit.
who'll buy prim-ros - es, come, who'll buy prim-ros-es, Come, who'll buy primroses, who'll buy, who'll buy?
mf
colla voce.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
*

A song from an opera called *The Sultan*, acted in 1796; it was sung by Mrs. Bland, famous for the exquisite singing of simple ballads of this type. The melody is by John Moulds, a composer of some degree of merit; he wrote for Ranelagh Gardens and the theatres. The version given above is from a music sheet, but another, with some differences in the tune and words, appears in *Sibbald's Vocal Magazine*, vol. i., Edinburgh, 1797, and also on music sheets as "sung by Mrs. Bland." It is probable that the second copy was replaced by the one we print.

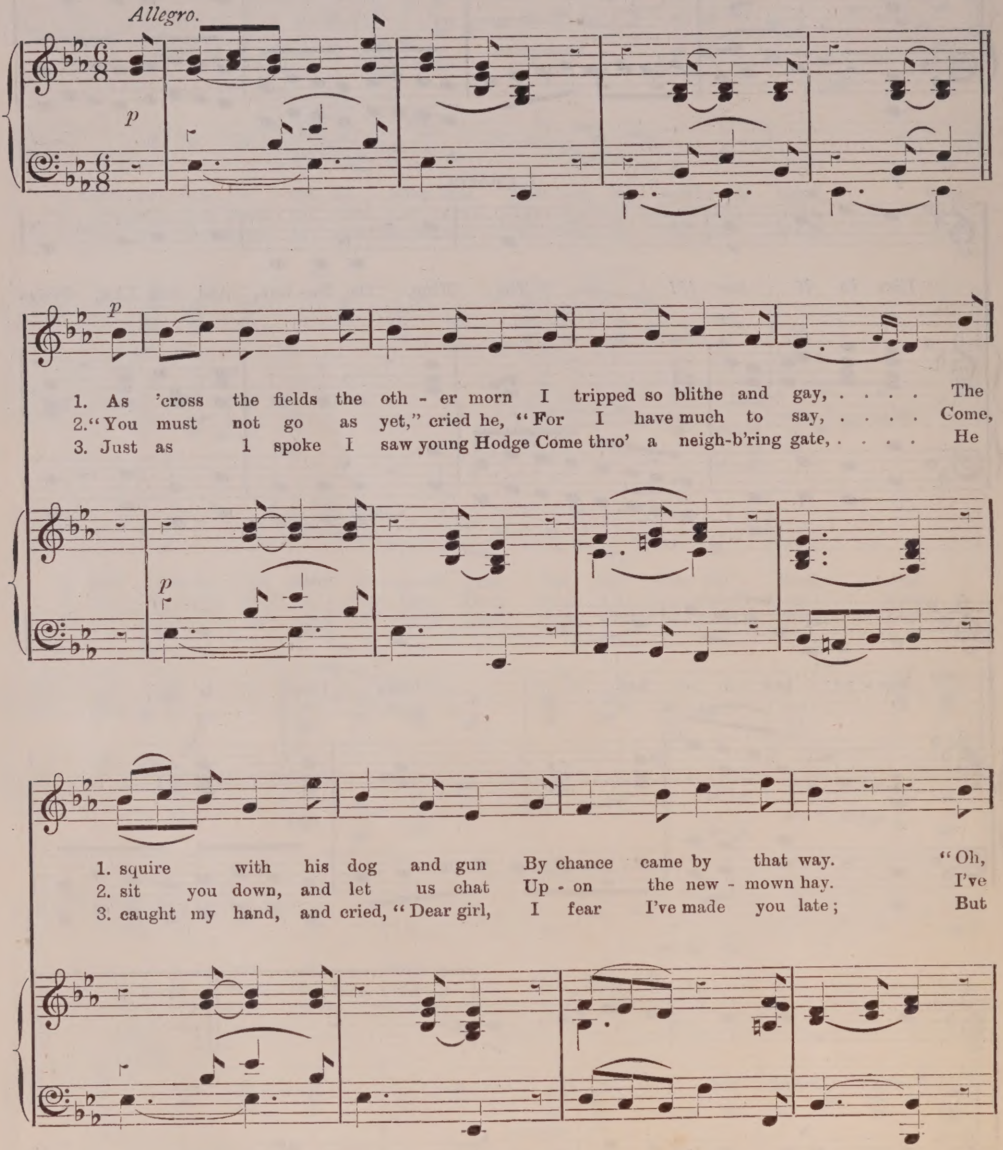
Great Britain is the Noblest Land.


Maestoso.
SHIELD.
f
f
1. Great Bri - tain is the no - blest land That e'er the world could boast, When
2. The birds un - shack - led rove the air, The fish - es swim the seas, No
3. Tho' all the base in arms should rise To rob us of our goods, Yet
f
1. free - dom re - gu - lates com-mands, And her we love the most, And
2. fet - ters e'er could Bri - tons bear, Then why, my boys, should we? Then
3. ev - 'ry ef - fort we'd de - spise, Their rage should be with - stood, Their
f
rit.
sempre f
1. her . . we love the most.
2. why, . . my boys, should we?
3. rage . . should be with - stood.
The King, the Na - tion, and the Law, We're
colla voce.
3
sempre
f

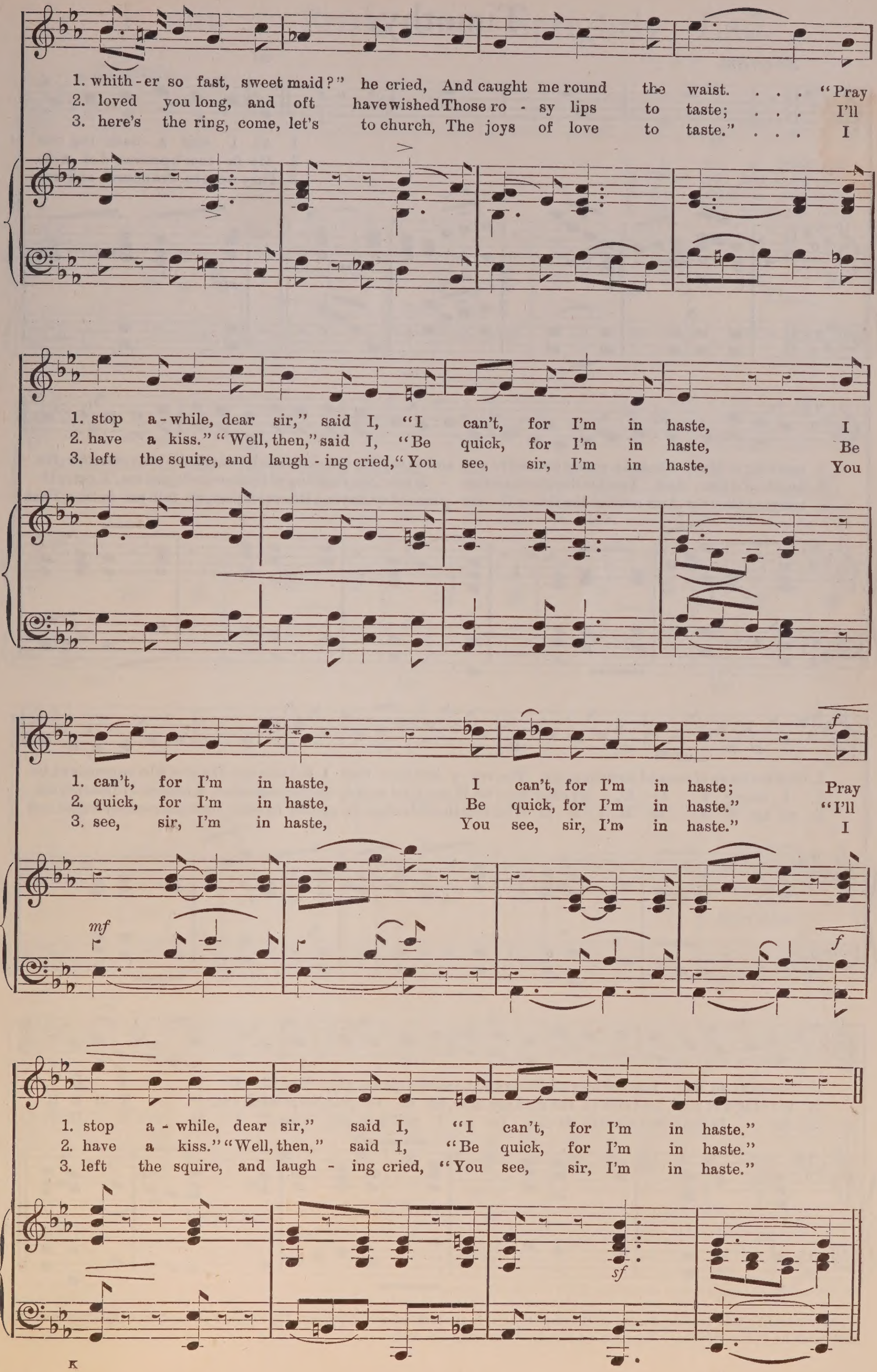
From an opera called *The Picture of Paris*, which was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, December 20th, 1790. It was adapted from a musical work called *Amphion*, by the German composer, Johann Gottleib Naumann, with some fresh music by William Shield. Charles Incledon sang the song, and it is believed that Shield wrote the music.


mf cres.
hap - py to o - bey; . . Then Vive le Roi, Vive le Roi, and
mf cres.
f
f CHORUS.
Vive la li - ber - té! The King, the Na - tion, and the Law, We're
f
f
cres.
hap - py to o - bey; . . . Then Vive le Roi,
cres.
ff
Verses 1 and 2.
Verse 3.
Vive le Roi, and Vive la li - ber - té! té!
ff

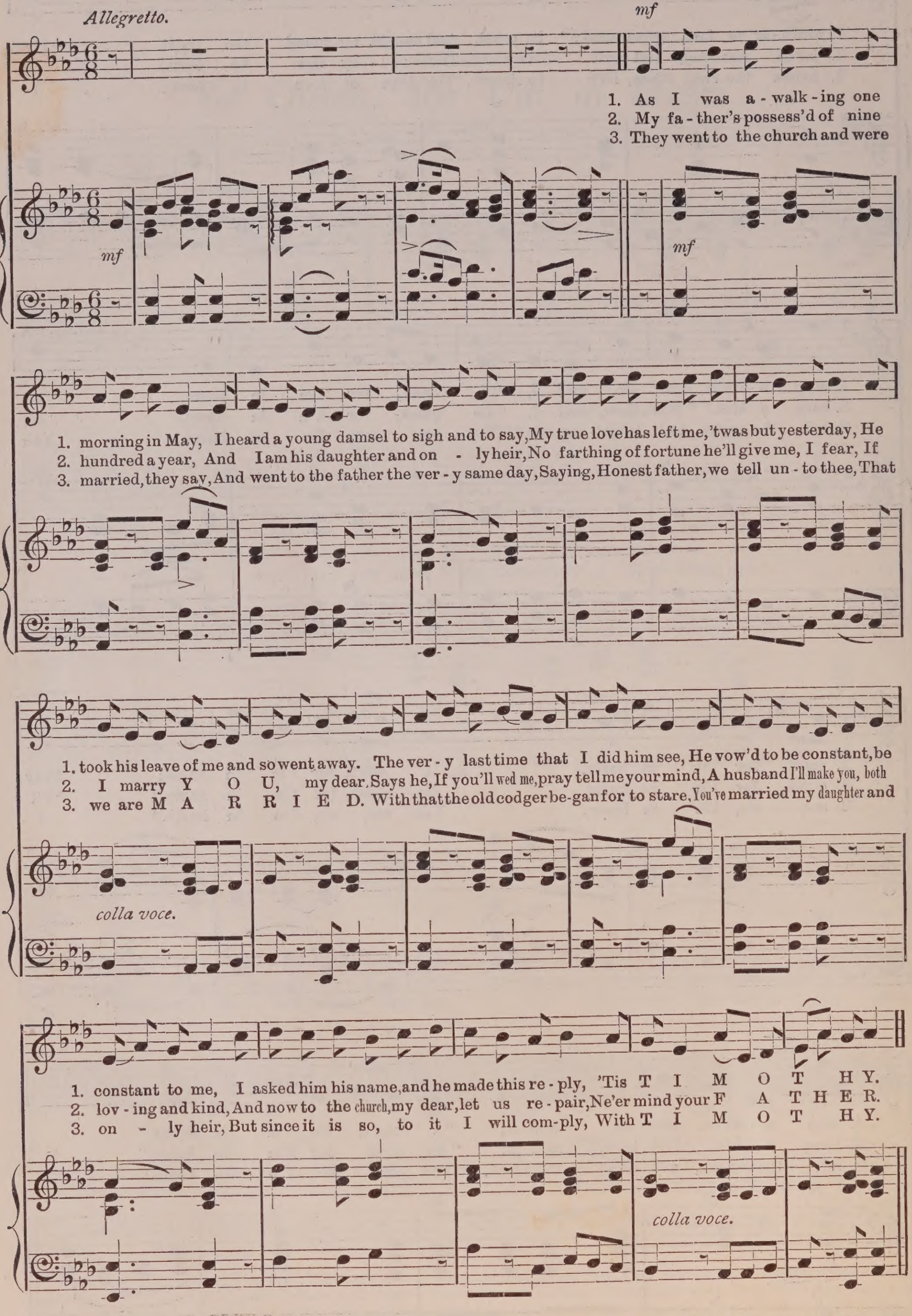
Be Quick, for I'm in Haste.


Allegro.
p
p
p
1. As 'cross the fields the oth - er morn I tripped so blithe and gay, ... The
2. "You must not go as yet," cried he, "For I have much to say, ... Come,
3. Just as I spoke I saw young Hodge Come thro' a neigh-b'ring gate, ... He
1. squire with his dog and gun By chance came by that way. "Oh,
2. sit you down, and let us chat Up - on the new - mown hay. I've
3. caught my hand, and cried, "Dear girl, I fear I've made you late; But

A Vauxhall song which was probably first sung at the Gardens about the season 1791-2, and is in all likelihood one of Hook's compositions. The air, used for a country dance, is in Bland's *Twenty-four Country Dances for 1792*, and again, later, in the *Gentleman's Vade Mecum*, with some of the words. A number of ballad sheet copies of the verses exist, and Mr. Baring-Gould picked up in Devonshire a traditional version of words and tune which must have been passed from mouth to mouth for a hundred years. See his *Garland of Country Song*, 1895.

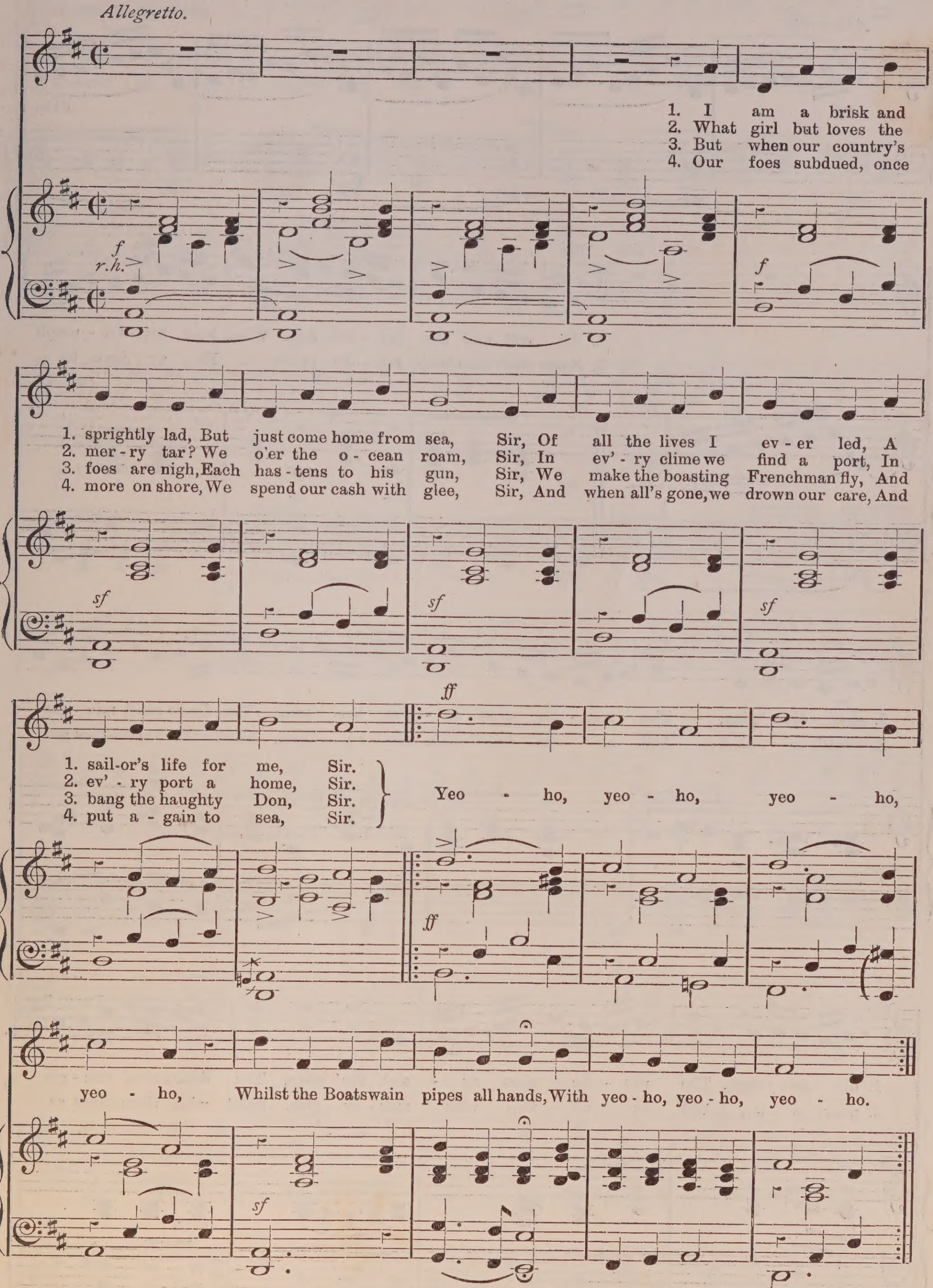

1. whith-er so fast, sweet maid?" he cried, And caught me round the waist. . . . "Pray
2. loved you long, and oft have wished Those ro - sy lips to taste; . . . I'll
3. here's the ring, come, let's to church, The joys of love to taste." . . . I
1. stop a-while, dear sir," said I, "I can't, for I'm in haste, I
2. have a kiss." "Well, then," said I, "Be quick, for I'm in haste, Be
3. left the squire, and laugh - ing cried, "You see, sir, I'm in haste, You
1. can't, for I'm in haste, I can't, for I'm in haste; Pray
2. quick, for I'm in haste, Be quick, for I'm in haste." "I'll
3. see, sir, I'm in haste, You see, sir, I'm in haste." I
mf
f
1. stop a - while, dear sir," said I, "I can't, for I'm in haste."
2. have a kiss." "Well, then," said I, "Be quick, for I'm in haste."
3. left the squire, and laugh - ing cried, "You see, sir, I'm in haste."
sf

Timothy.


Allegretto.
mf
1. As I was a-walk-ing one morning in May, I heard a young damsel to sigh and to say, My true love has left me, 'twas but yesterday, He took his leave of me and so went away. The ver-y last time that I did him see, He vow'd to be constant, be constant to me, I asked him his name, and he made this re-ply, 'Tis T I M O T H Y.
2. My fa-ther's possess'd of nine hundred a year, And I am his daughter and on-ly heir, No farthing of fortune he'll give me, I fear, If I marry Y O U, my dear. Says he, If you'll wed me, pray tell me your mind, A husband I'll make you, both lov-ing and kind, And now to the church, my dear, let us re-pair, Ne'er mind your F A T H E R.
3. They went to the church and were married, they say, And went to the father the ver-y same day, Saying, Honest father, we tell un-to thee, That we are M A R R I E D. With that the old codger be-gan for to stare, You've married my daughter and on-ly heir, But since it is so, to it I will com-ply, With T I M O T H Y.
colla voce.
colla voce.

Introduced by Mrs. Dorothy Jordan on the stage in 1786, in the musical entertainment, *The Virgin Unmasked*, an adaptation from an early work by Henry Fielding. The song is a parody of a country folk ditty.

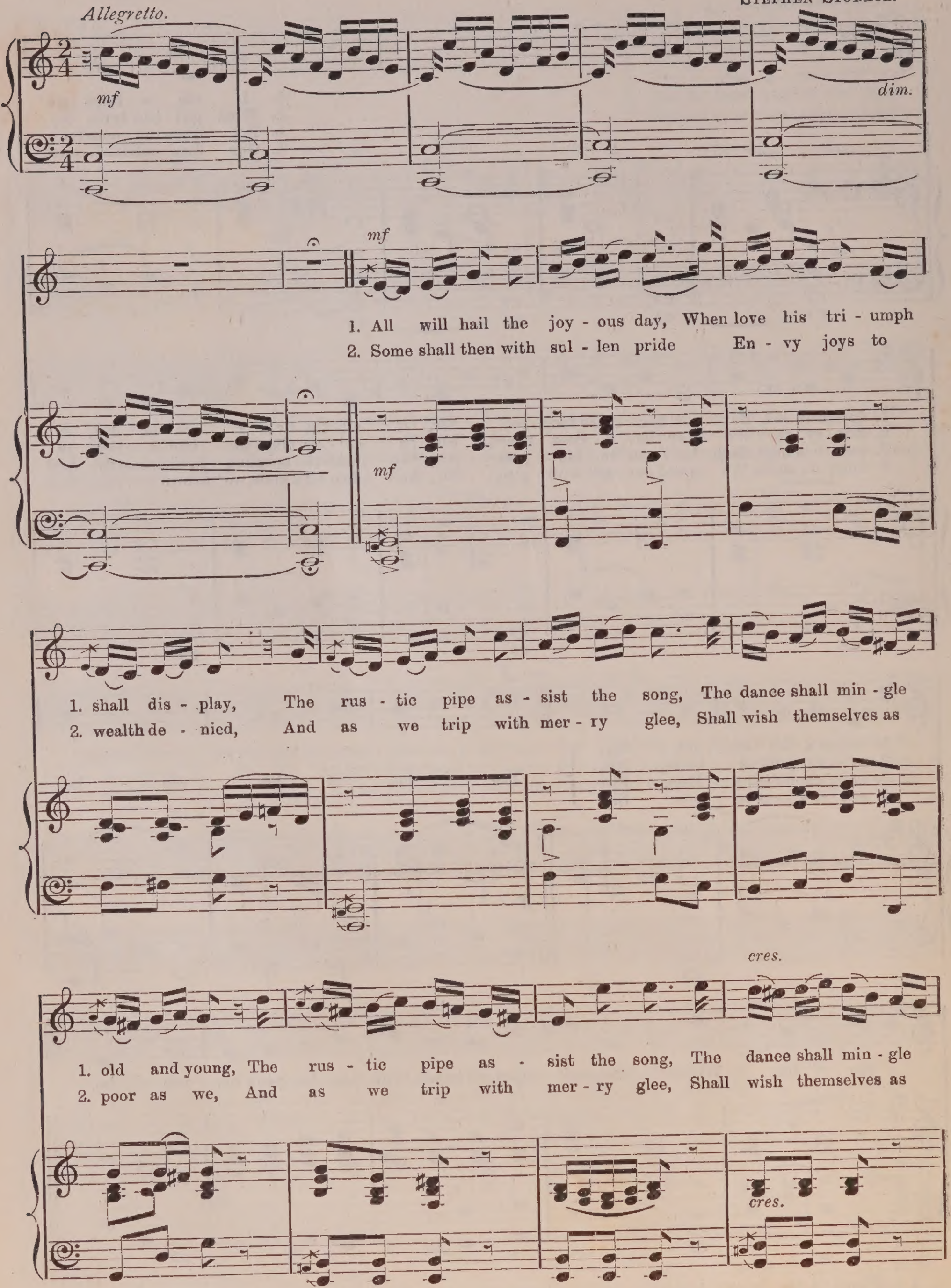
I am a Brisk and Sprightly Lad.


Allegretto.
f
r.h.
sf
ff
1. I am a brisk and sprightly lad, But just come home from sea, Sir, Of all the lives I ev - er led, A sailor's life for me, Sir.
2. What girl but loves the mer - ry tar? We o'er the o - cean roam, Sir, In ev' - ry clime we find a port, In ev' - ry port a home, Sir.
3. But when our country's foes are nigh, Each has - tens to his gun, Sir, We make the boasting Frenchman fly, And bang the haughty Don, Sir.
4. Our foes subdued, once more on shore, We spend our cash with glee, Sir, And when all's gone, we drown our care, And put a - gain to sea, Sir.
Yeo - ho, yeo - ho, yeo - ho, yeo - ho, Whilst the Boatswain pipes all hands, With yeo - ho, yeo - ho, yeo - ho.

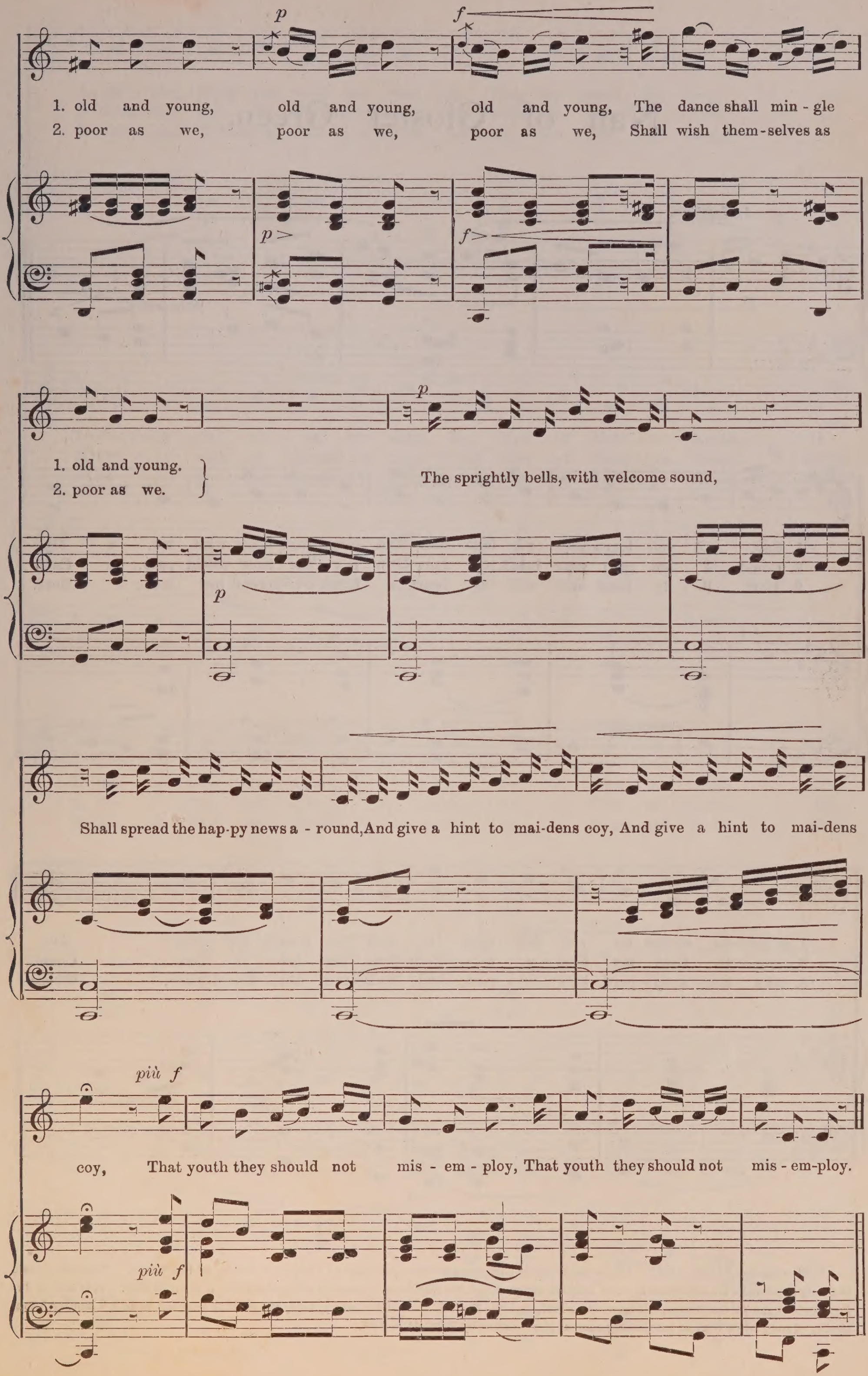
A song sung by Mrs. Dorothy Jordan in a once popular farce named *The Spoil'd Child*, which was first produced at her benefit at Drury Lane Theatre on March 22, 1790. She sang the song dressed as a sailor in the character of "Little Pickle," a mischievous scapegrace. Her other song in the same piece was, "Since then I'm doomed." These songs, printed on a single music sheet, were frequently issued during the latter part of the 18th century. There seems to be no record as to the composer. The song given above was also sung about 1793 by a singer named Mrs. Davis. It is printed in *The British Songster; or, Dibdin's Delight*, 1793.

All will Hail the Joyous Day.

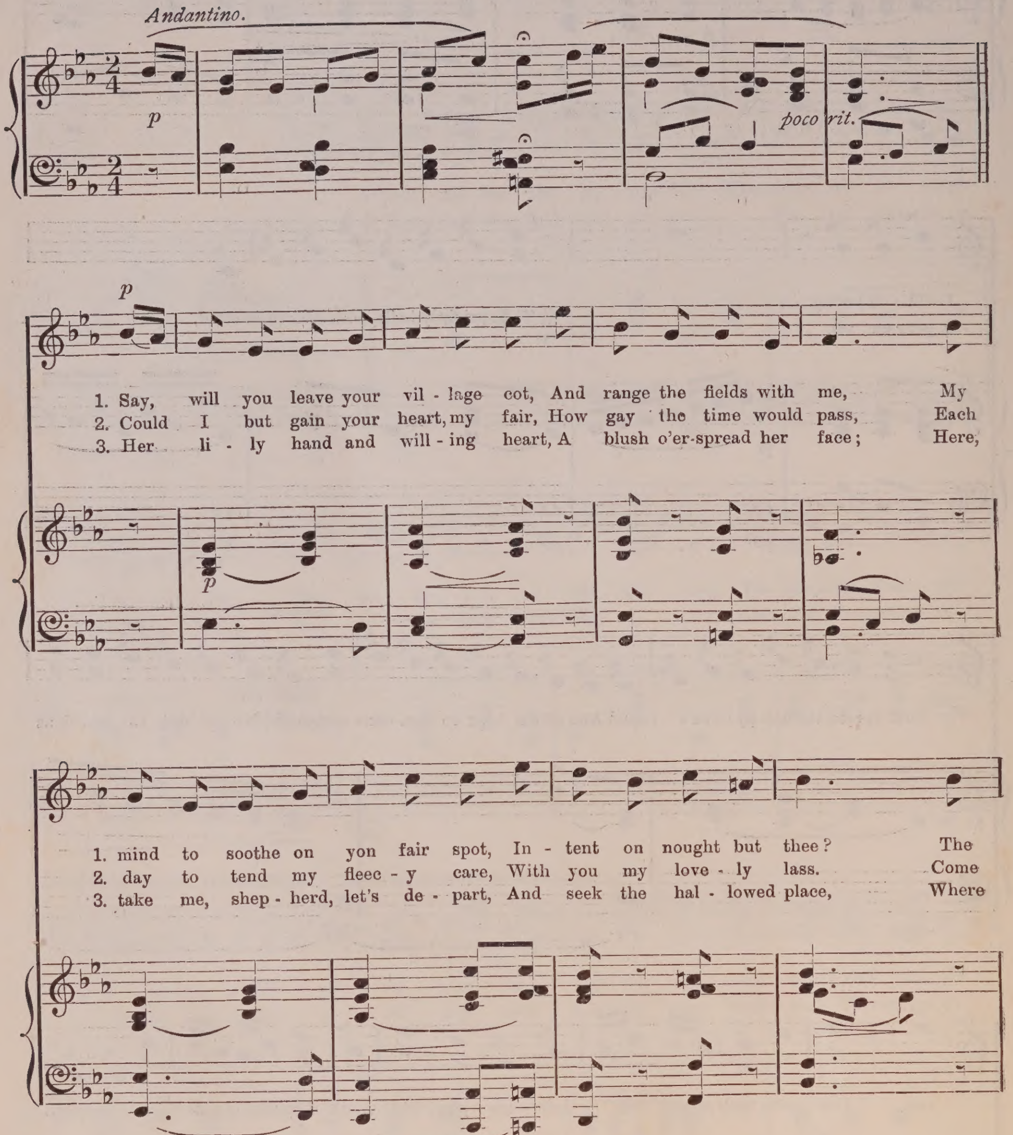
STEPHEN STORACE.


Allegretto.
mf
dim.
mf
mf
1. All will hail the joy - ous day, When love his tri - umph
2. Some shall then with sul - len pride En - vy joys to
1. shall dis - play, The rus - tic pipe as - sist the song, The dance shall min - gle
2. wealth de - nied, And as we trip with mer - ry glee, Shall wish themselves as
cres.
1. old and young, The rus - tic pipe as - sist the song, The dance shall min - gle
2. poor as we, And as we trip with mer - ry glee, Shall wish themselves as
cres.

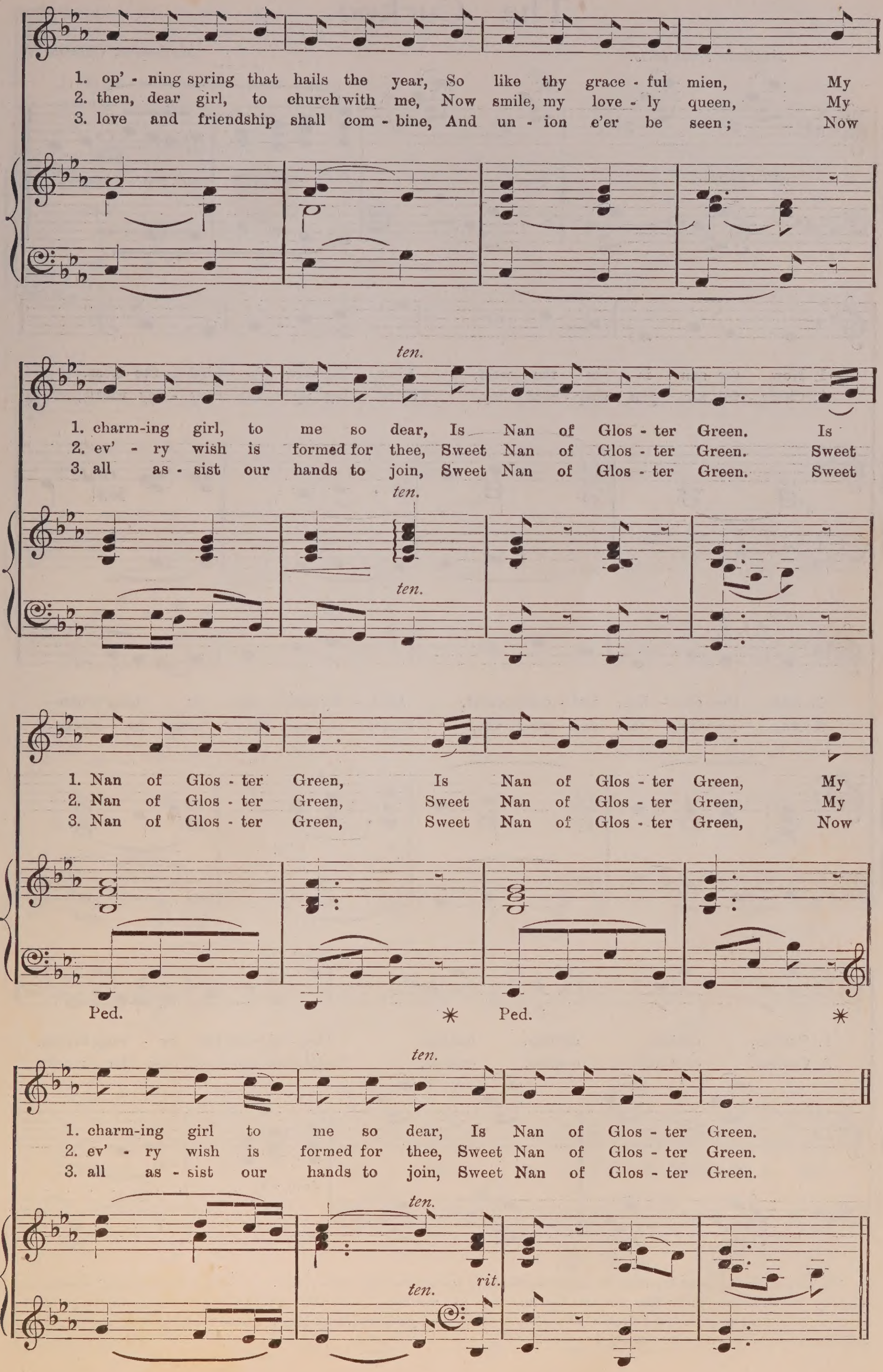
This was sung by Mrs. Bland in the opera, *The Siege of Belgrade*, the music of which was composed and compiled by Stephen Storace. The words were by James Cobb, and it was acted at Drury Lane in 1791. The opera was well received, and for many years afterwards songs taken from it were sung by public singers at the theatres and gardens.


p
f
1. old and young, old and young, old and young, The dance shall min - gle
2. poor as we, poor as we, poor as we, Shall wish them-selves as
p>
f>
1. old and young.
2. poor as we.
p
The sprightly bells, with welcome sound,
p
Shall spread the hap-py news a - round, And give a hint to mai-dens coy, And give a hint to mai-dens
più f
coy, That youth they should not mis - em - ploy, That youth they should not mis - em-ploy.
più f

Nan of Gloster Green.

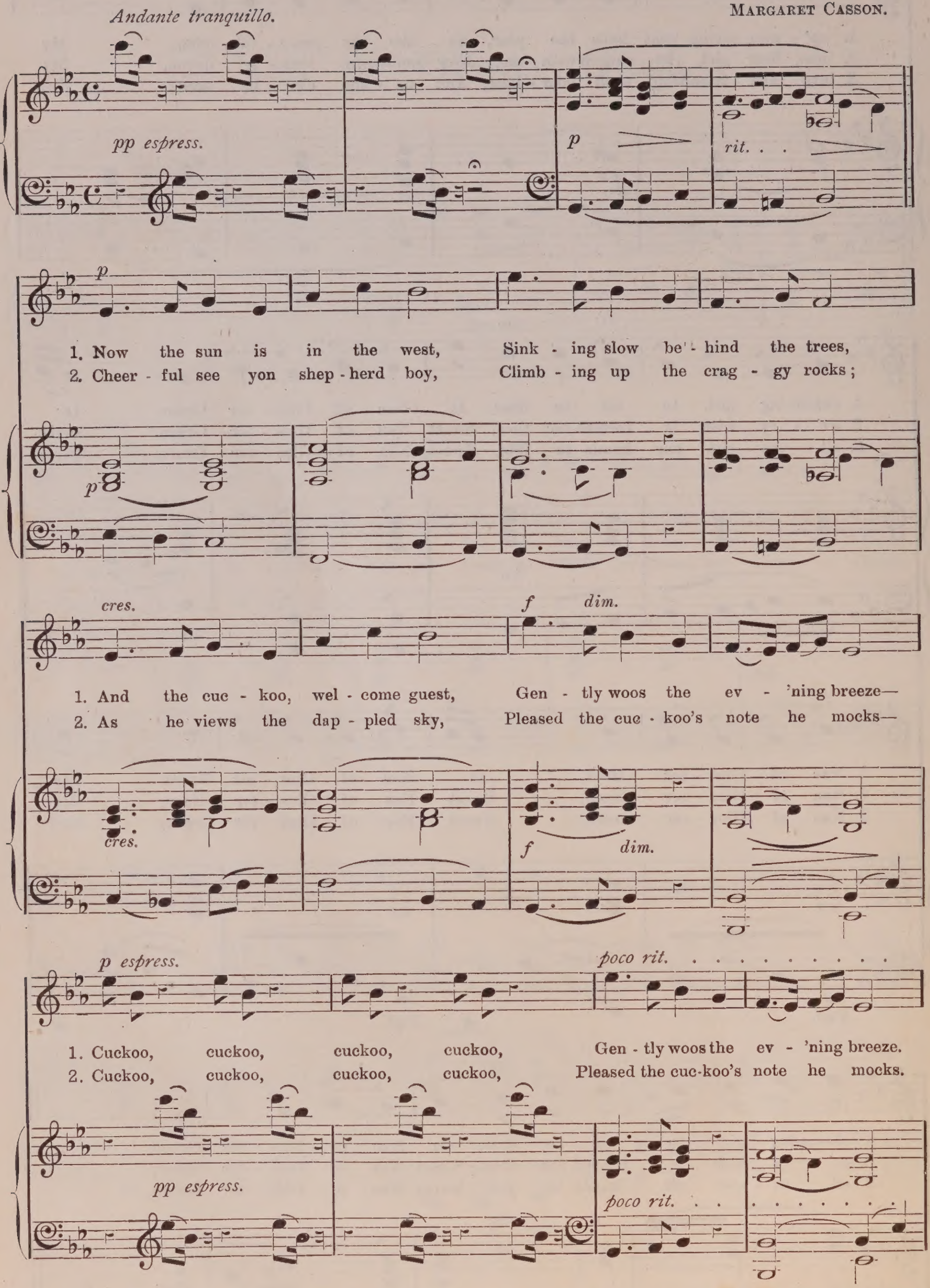

Andantino.
p
poco rit.
p
1. Say, will you leave your vil - lage cot, And range the fields with me, My
2. Could I but gain your heart, my fair, How gay the time would pass, Each
3. Her li - ly hand and will - ing heart, A blush o'er-spread her face; Here,
p
1. mind to soothe on yon fair spot, In - tent on nought but thee? The
2. day to tend my fleec - y care, With you my love - ly lass. Come
3. take me, shep - herd, let's de - part, And seek the hal - lowed place, Where

First sung about 1795 or 1800. I have been unable so far to trace the composer of melody or writer of the words. With the music the song appears in an American book of English songs called *The Nightingale*, printed at Portsmouth, U.S.A., in 1804. It is also in *The Songster's Favourite Companion*, Glasgow, *circa* 1807, *Crosby's English Musical Repository*, 1808, etc., and is referred to in a "Medley," consisting of song titles worked into a song sung at the theatres by Fawcett in 1802.

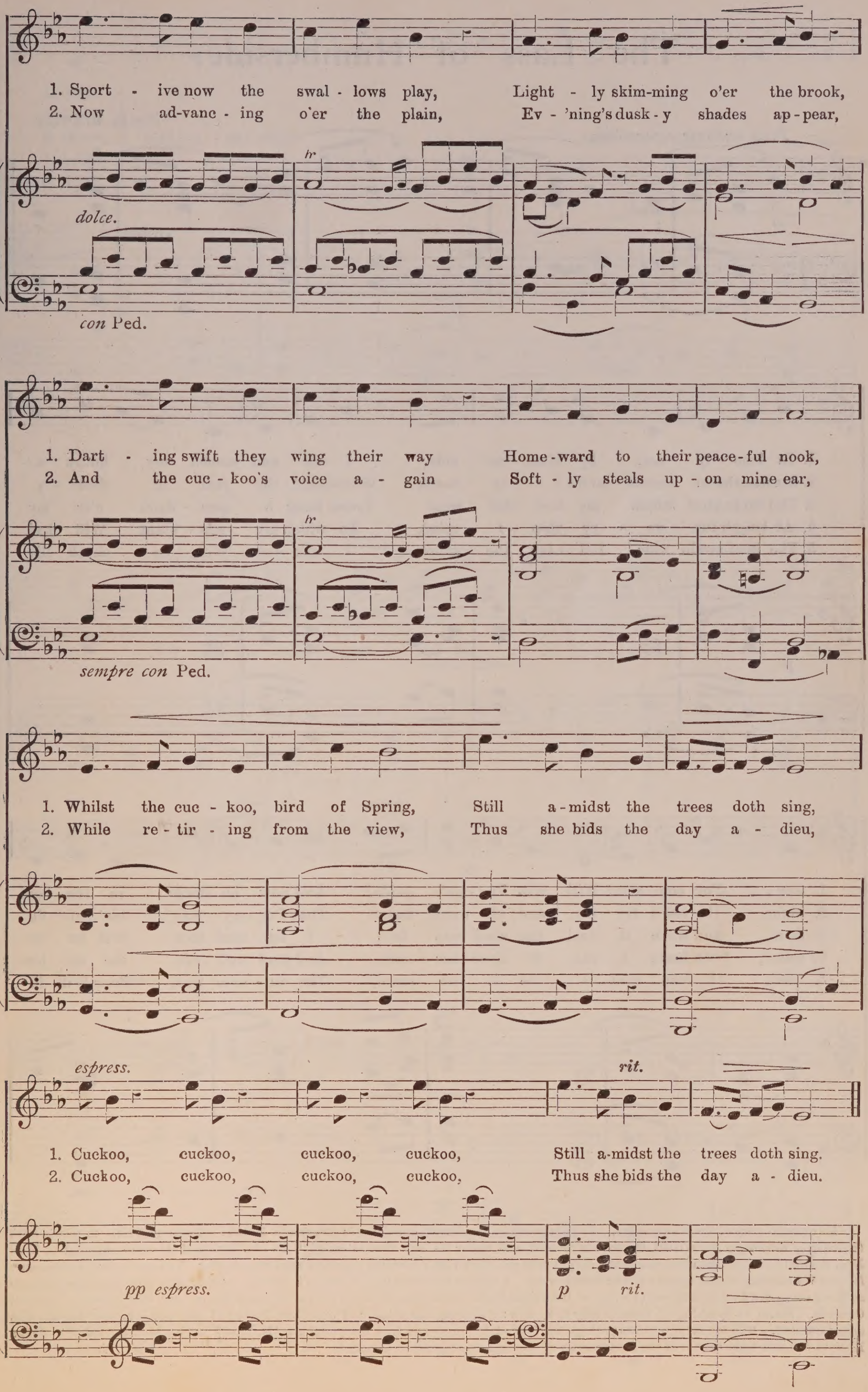

1. op' - ning spring that hails the year, So like thy grace - ful mien, My
2. then, dear girl, to church with me, Now smile, my love - ly queen, My
3. love and friendship shall com - bine, And un - ion e'er be seen; Now
ten.
1. charm-ing girl, to me so dear, Is Nan of Glos - ter Green. Is
2. ev' - ry wish is formed for thee, Sweet Nan of Glos - ter Green. Sweet
3. all as - sist our hands to join, Sweet Nan of Glos - ter Green. Sweet
ten.
ten.
1. Nan of Glos - ter Green, Is Nan of Glos - ter Green, My
2. Nan of Glos - ter Green, Sweet Nan of Glos - ter Green, My
3. Nan of Glos - ter Green, Sweet Nan of Glos - ter Green, Now
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
ten.
1. charm-ing girl to me so dear, Is Nan of Glos - ter Green.
2. ev' - ry wish is formed for thee, Sweet Nan of Glos - ter Green.
3. all as - sist our hands to join, Sweet Nan of Glos - ter Green.
ten.
ten.
rit.

The Cuckoo.

MARGARET CASSON.

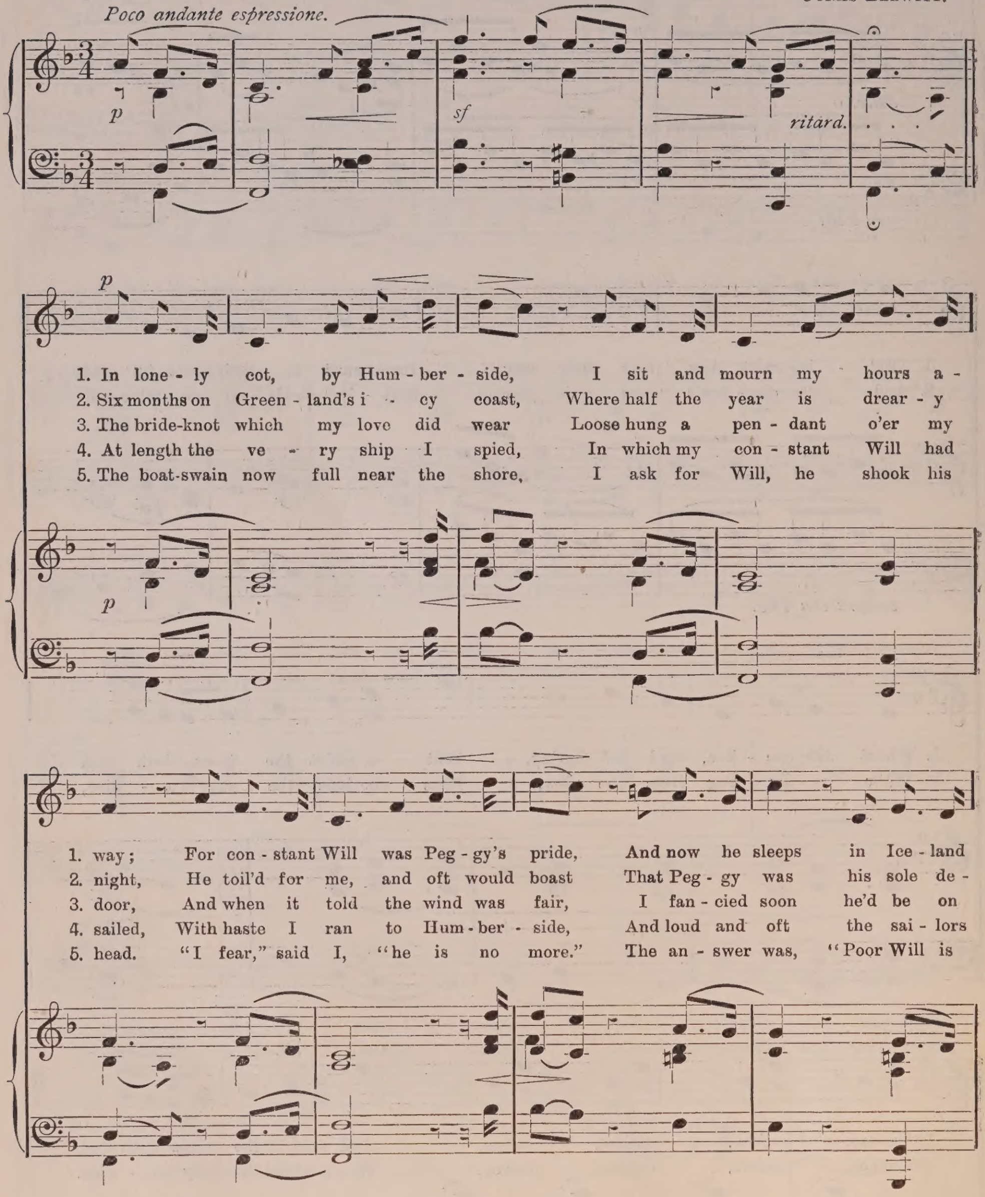

Andante tranquillo.
pp espress.
p
rit. . .
p
1. Now the sun is in the west, Sink - ing slow be - hind the trees,
2. Cheer - ful see yon shep - herd boy, Climb - ing up the crag - gy rocks;
p
cres.
f
dim.
1. And the cuc - koo, wel - come guest, Gen - tly woos the ev - 'ning breeze—
2. As he views the dap - pled sky, Pleased the cuc - koo's note he mocks—
cres.
f
dim.
p espress.
poco rit. . . . .
1. Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, Gen - tly woos the ev - 'ning breeze.
2. Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, Pleased the cuc-koo's note he mocks.
pp espress.
poco rit. . . . .

The lyric obtained a great degree of favour during the early years of the 19th century, and deservedly, for the melody is musical and singable. It was composed by Miss Margaret Casson, a lady who was herself a vocalist, and who also produced other songs, which, however, never held the place "The Cuckoo" did. The piece was first published about 1795 by George Goulding in sheet form; it soon found its way into the song collections of the period.

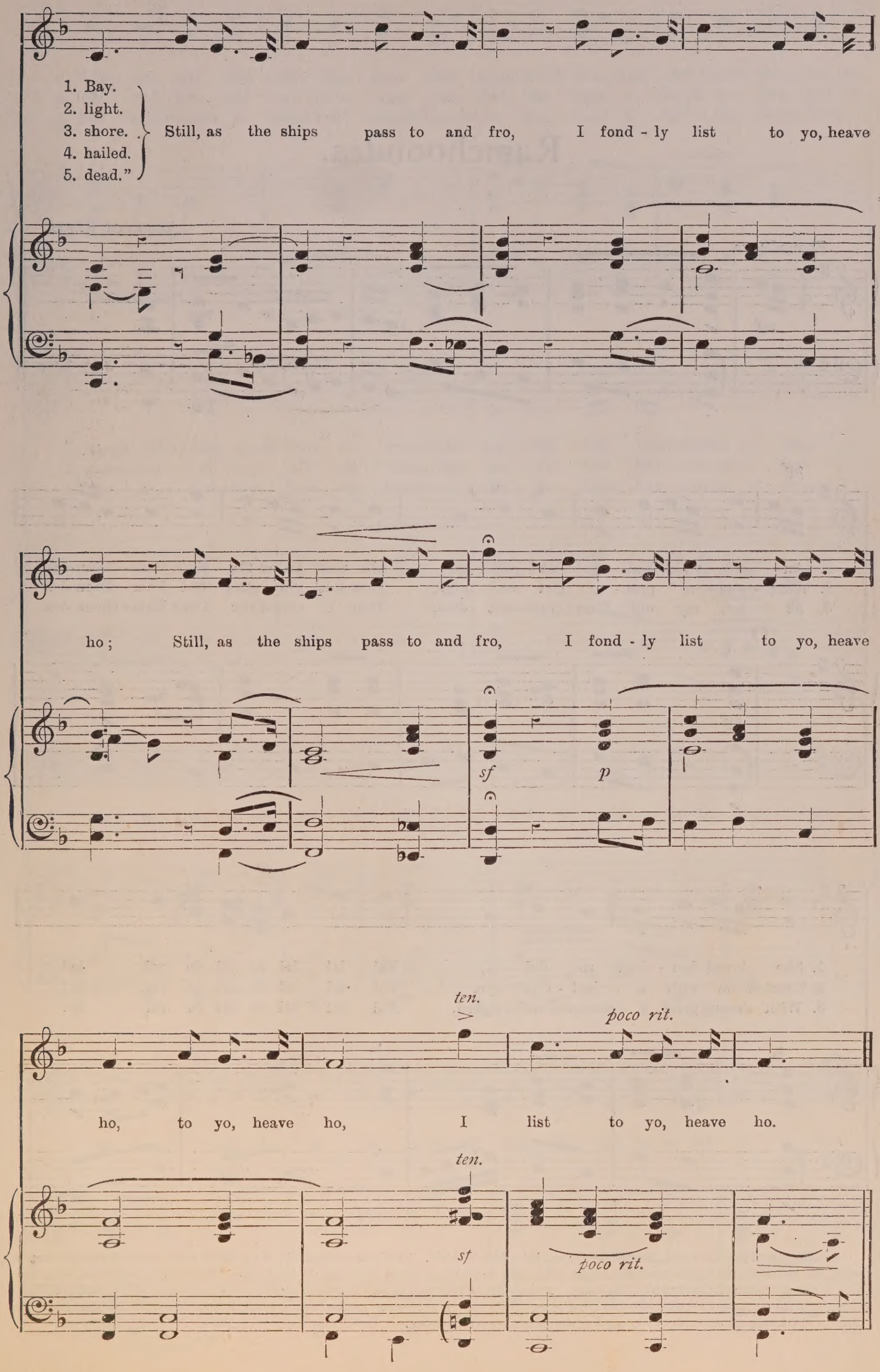

1. Sport - ive now the swal - lows play, Light - ly skim-ming o'er the brook,
2. Now ad-vanc - ing o'er the plain, Ev - 'ning's dusk - y shades ap - pear,
dolce.
con Ped.
1. Dart - ing swift they wing their way Home - ward to their peace - ful nook,
2. And the cuc - koo's voice a - gain Soft - ly steals up - on mine ear,
sempre con Ped.
1. Whilst the cuc - koo, bird of Spring, Still a - midst the trees doth sing,
2. While re - tir - ing from the view, Thus she bids the day a - dieu,
espress.
rit.
1. Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, Still a-midst the trees doth sing.
2. Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, Thus she bids the day a - dieu.
pp espress.
p
rit.

The Lass of Humberside.

Jonas Blewitt.

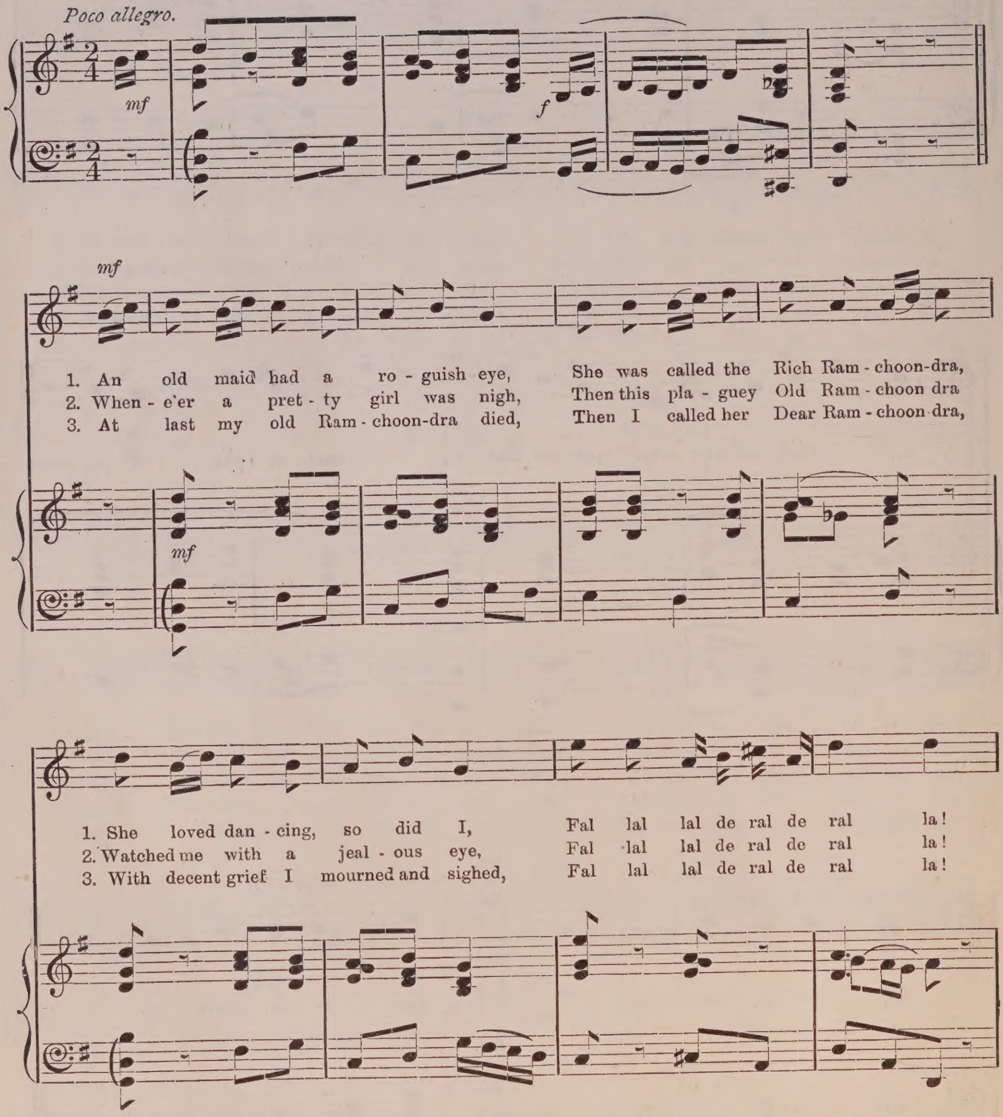

Poco andante espressione.
p
sf
ritard.
1. In lone - ly cot, by Hum - ber - side, I sit and mourn my hours a -
2. Six months on Green - land's i - cy coast, Where half the year is drear - y
3. The bride-knot which my love did wear Loose hung a pen - dant o'er my
4. At length the ve - ry ship I spied, In which my con - stant Will had
5. The boat-swain now full near the shore, I ask for Will, he shook his
1. way; For con - stant Will was Peg - gy's pride, And now he sleeps in Ice - land
2. night, He toil'd for me, and oft would boast That Peg - gy was his sole de -
3. door, And when it told the wind was fair, I fan - cied soon he'd be on
4. sailed, With haste I ran to Hum - ber - side, And loud and oft the sai - lors
5. head. "I fear," said I, "he is no more." The an - swer was, "Poor Will is

An unusual song of great sweetness. It is printed in the first volume of *The Edinburgh Musical Miscellany*, 1792. In Gow's *Fifth Collection of Strathspey Reels* (1809), the tune is revived, and under its own title is called, "An old Highland air communicated by Miss Jane Boswell." From these two works the air got into one or two later Scottish collections as a Scotch song. The conclusion is erroneous, for there is nothing of that type in either words or air. A chance reference in J. T. Smith's *Book for a Rainy Day*, 1815, identifies the tune as being composed by Jonas Blewitt (father of the better known Jonathan Blewitt), for Bermondsey Spa, a very mild rival to Vauxhall Gardens. Smith in speaking of Bermondsey Spa, says: "Blewitt, the scholar of Jonathan Battishill, was the composer for the Spa entertainment. The following verse is perhaps the first of his most admired compositions, 'In lonely cot by Humber side.'" Jonas Blewitt was said to be author of the first treatise on the organ published in England.

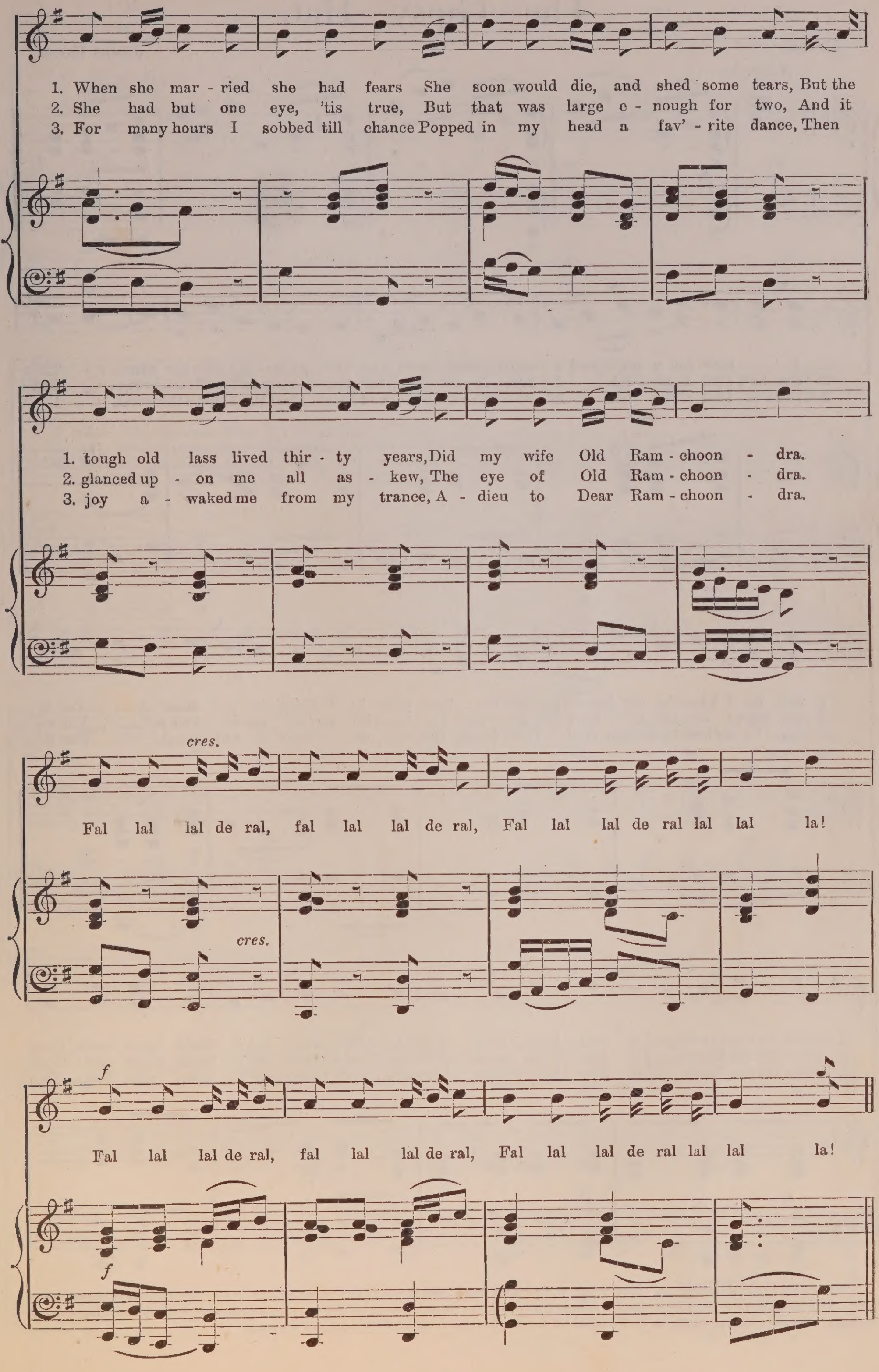

1. Bay.
2. light.
3. shore.
4. hailed.
5. dead."
Still, as the ships pass to and fro, I fond - ly list to yo, heave
ho; Still, as the ships pass to and fro, I fond - ly list to yo, heave
sf
p
ten.
poco rit.
ho, to yo, heave ho, I list to yo, heave ho.
ten.
sf
poco rit.

Ramchoondra.

WILLIAM REEVE.

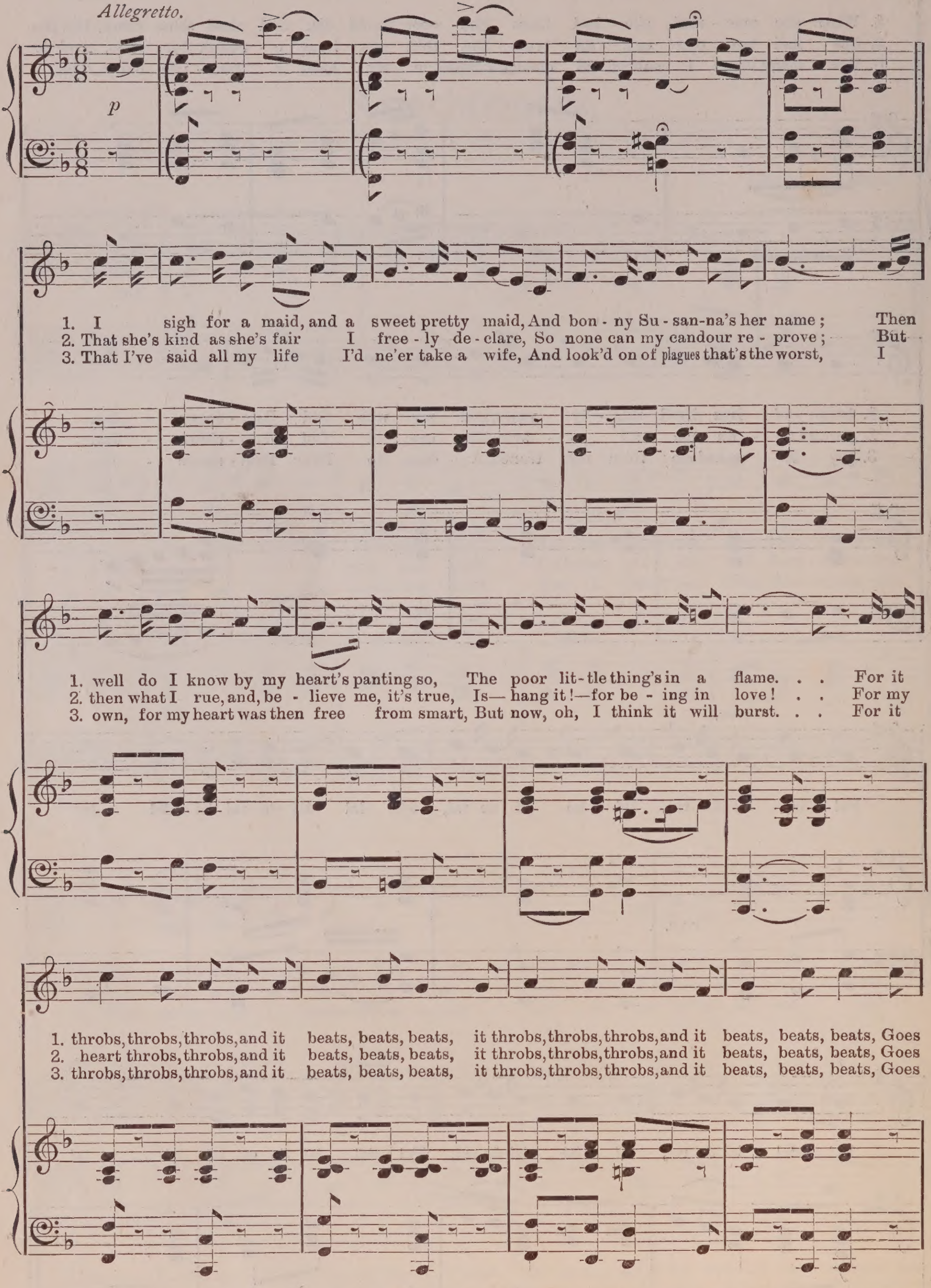

Poco allegro.
mf
f
mf
1. An old maid had a ro - guish eye, She was called the Rich Ram - choon-dra,
2. When - e'er a pret - ty girl was nigh, Then this pla - guey Old Ram - choon dra
3. At last my old Ram - choon-dra died, Then I called her Dear Ram - choon-dra,
mf
1. She loved dan - cing, so did I, Fal lal lal de ral de ral la!
2. Watched me with a jeal - ous eye, Fal lal lal de ral de ral la!
3. With decent grief I mourned and sighed, Fal lal lal de ral de ral la!

A comic song from the opera, *Ramah Droog; or, Wine does Wonders.* This was composed by Wm. Reeve and Joseph Mazzinghi, Reeve being the writer of the air we give, and James Cobb, who wrote the libretto, the author of the words. Munden, the comedian, sang the song in the character of Chellingo on the stage. *Ramah Droog* was first acted at Covent Garden in 1798, and was very successful. The theme was the capture of British soldiers in India, and their victorious release. Indian matters just then occupied the British army. In 1805 the opera was cut down to two acts for performance as an after piece.

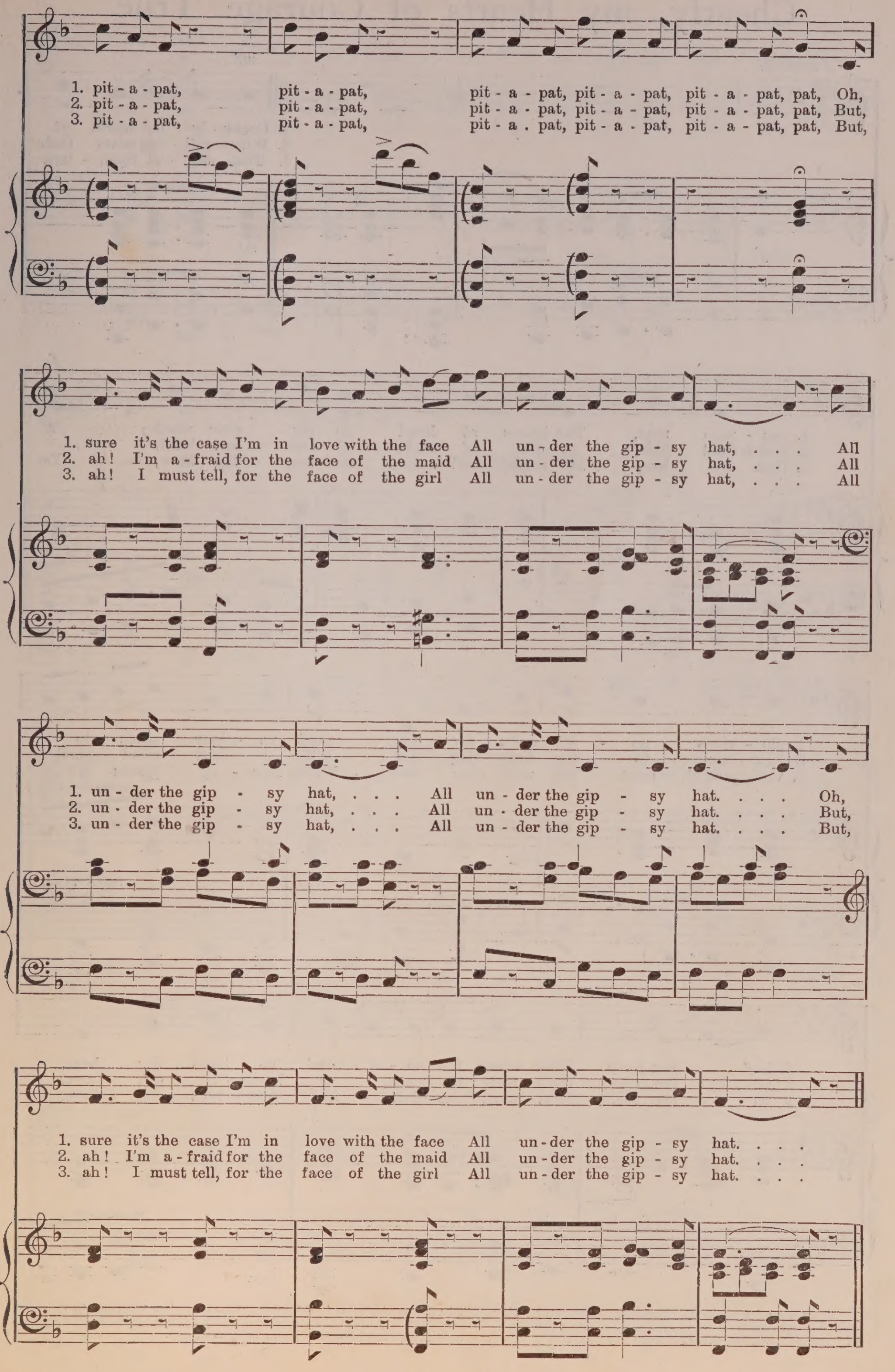

1. When she mar - ried she had fears She soon would die, and shed some tears, But the
2. She had but one eye, 'tis true, But that was large e - nough for two, And it
3. For many hours I sobbed till chance Popped in my head a fav' - rite dance, Then
1. tough old lass lived thir - ty years, Did my wife Old Ram - choon - dra.
2. glanced up - on me all as - kew, The eye of Old Ram - choon - dra.
3. joy a - waked me from my trance, A - dieu to Dear Ram - choon - dra.
cres.
Fal lal lal de ral, fal lal lal de ral, Fal lal lal de ral lal lal la!
cres.
f
Fal lal lal de ral, fal lal lal de ral, Fal lal lal de ral lal lal la!
f

The Gipsy Hat.

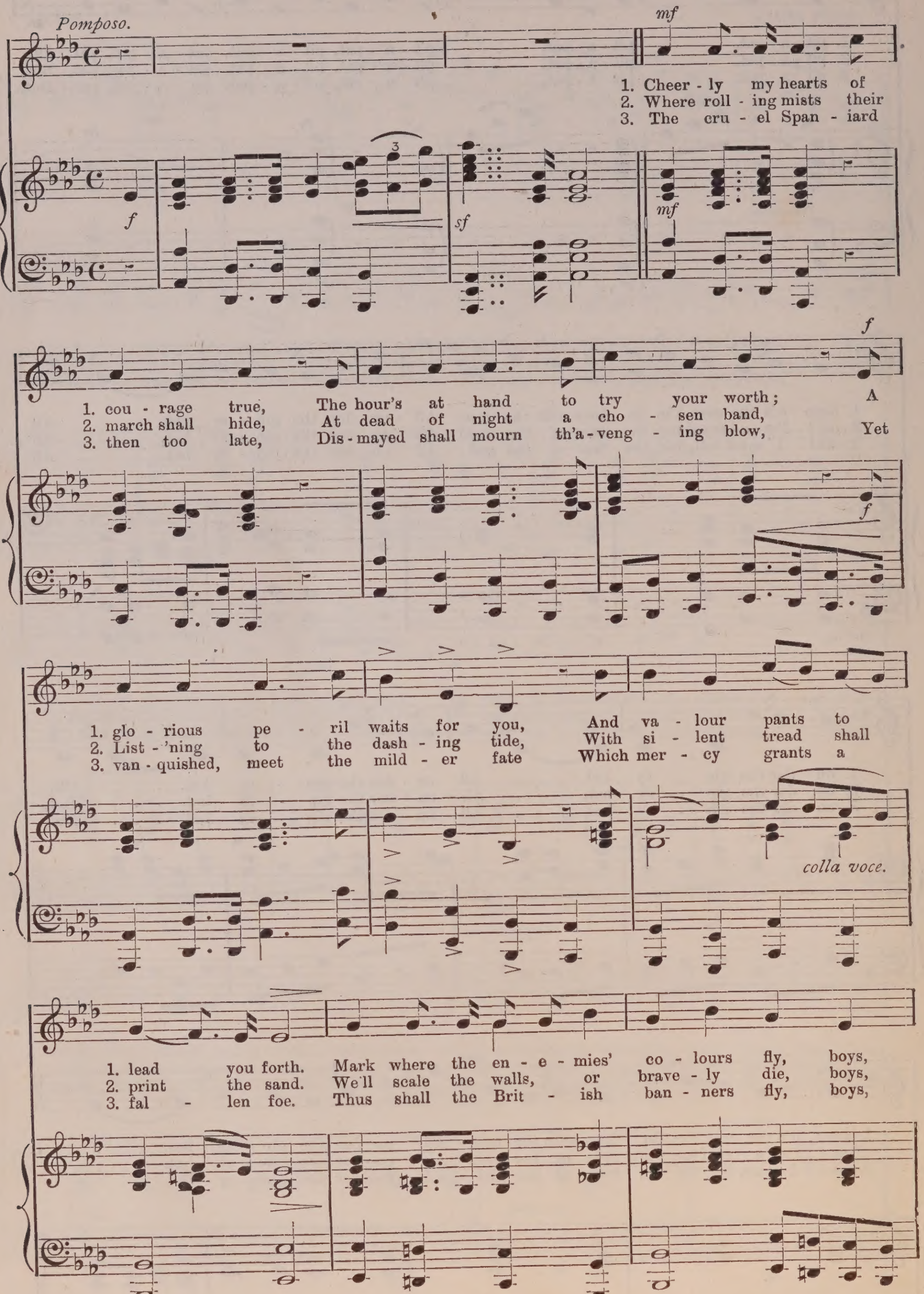
UPTON. JAMES HOOK.


Allegretto.
p
1. I sigh for a maid, and a sweet pretty maid, And bon - ny Su - san-na's her name; Then
2. That she's kind as she's fair I free - ly de - clare, So none can my candour re - prove; But
3. That I've said all my life I'd ne'er take a wife, And look'd on of plagues that's the worst, I
1. well do I know by my heart's panting so, The poor lit - tle thing's in a flame. . . For it
2. then what I rue, and, be - lieve me, it's true, Is— hang it!—for be - ing in love! . . For my
3. own, for my heart was then free from smart, But now, oh, I think it will burst. . . For it
1. throbs, throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats, beats, it throbs, throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats, beats, Goes
2. heart throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats, beats, it throbs, throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats, beats, Goes
3. throbs, throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats, beats, it throbs, throbs, throbs, and it beats, beats, beats, Goes

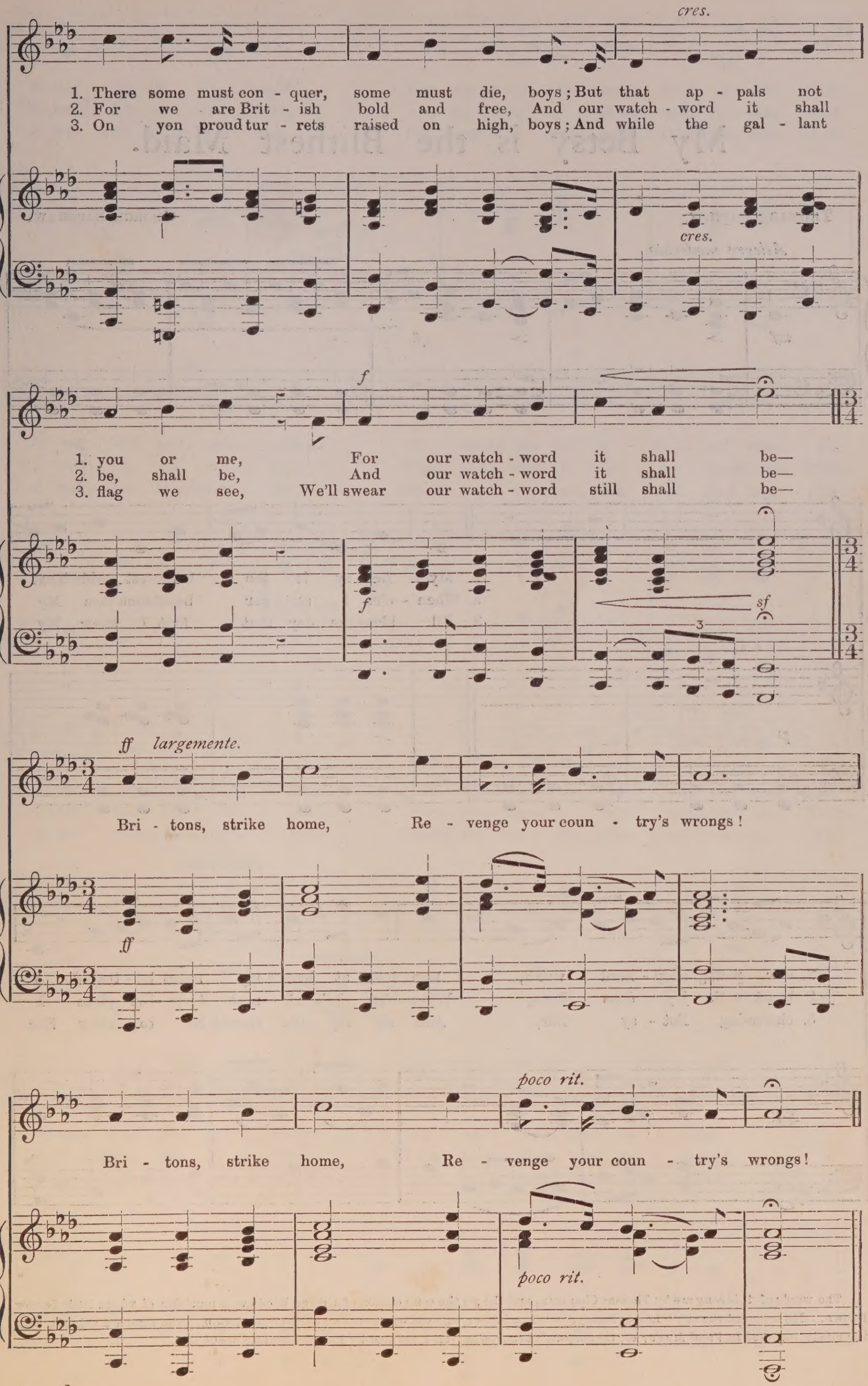
Written for Vauxhall audiences. The music is by James Hook, and it was sung at the Gardens by Charles Dignum in the season of 1798. The words were written by a versifier named Upton, who supplied a great number of songs which were used by Hook for musical settings. We are indebted to Mr. E. T. Wedmore, of Bristol, for kindly forwarding a copy of the song.


1. pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, pat, Oh,
2. pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, pat, But,
3. pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, pit - a . pat, pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, pat, But,
1. sure it's the case I'm in love with the face All un - der the gip - sy hat, . . . All
2. ah! I'm a - fraid for the face of the maid All un - der the gip - sy hat, . . . All
3. ah! I must tell, for the face of the girl All un - der the gip - sy hat, . . . All
1. un - der the gip - sy hat, . . . All un - der the gip - sy hat. . . . Oh,
2. un - der the gip - sy hat, . . . All un - der the gip - sy hat. . . . But,
3. un - der the gip - sy hat, . . . All un - der the gip - sy hat. . . . But,
1. sure it's the case I'm in love with the face All un - der the gip - sy hat. . . .
2. ah! I'm a - fraid for the face of the maid All un - der the gip - sy hat. . . .
3. ah! I must tell, for the face of the girl All un - der the gip - sy hat. . . .

Cheerly, my Hearts of Courage True.

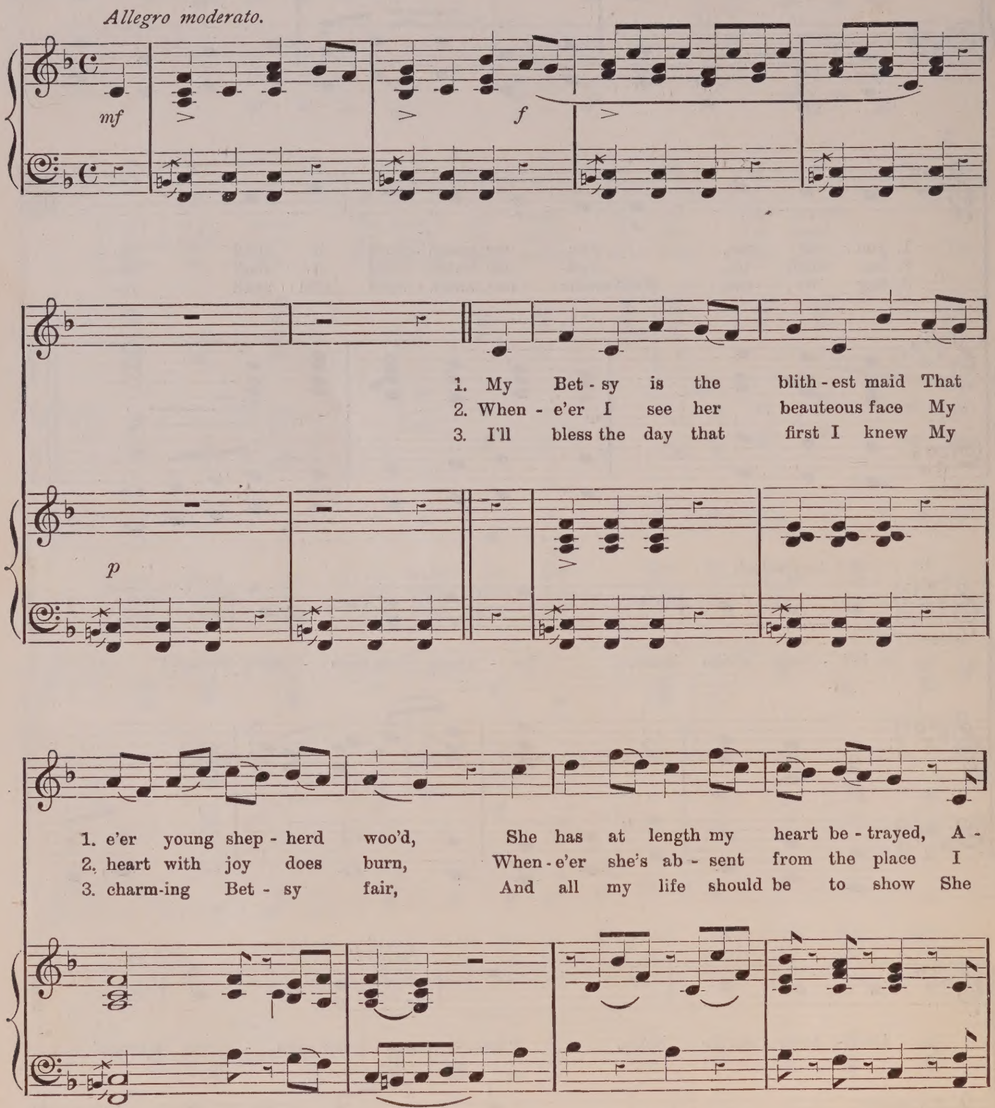

Pomposo.
mf
f
sf
1. Cheer - ly my hearts of cou - rage true, The hour's at hand to try your worth; A glo - rious pe - ril waits for you, And va - lour pants to lead you forth. Mark where the en - e - mies' co - lours fly, boys,
2. Where roll - ing mists their march shall hide, At dead of night a cho - sen band, List - 'ning to the dash - ing tide, With si - lent tread shall print the sand. We'll scale the walls, or brave - ly die, boys,
3. The cru - el Span - iard then too late, Dis - mayed shall mourn th'a - veng - ing blow, Yet van - quished, meet the mild - er fate Which mer - cy grants a fal - len foe. Thus shall the Brit - ish ban - ners fly, boys,
3
colla voce.

A sea song, "sung by Mr. Incledon," about 1800. It appears in *Songster's Favourite Companion*, Glasgow, *circa* 1809, and in *Cahusac's Pocket Companion for the German Flute*, vol. 12, *circa* 1804-5. It will be noticed that the composer cleverly introduces the opening phrase of Purcell's "Britons, Strike Home!" The melody, "Cheerly, my hearts," has been ascribed to Thomas Linley.

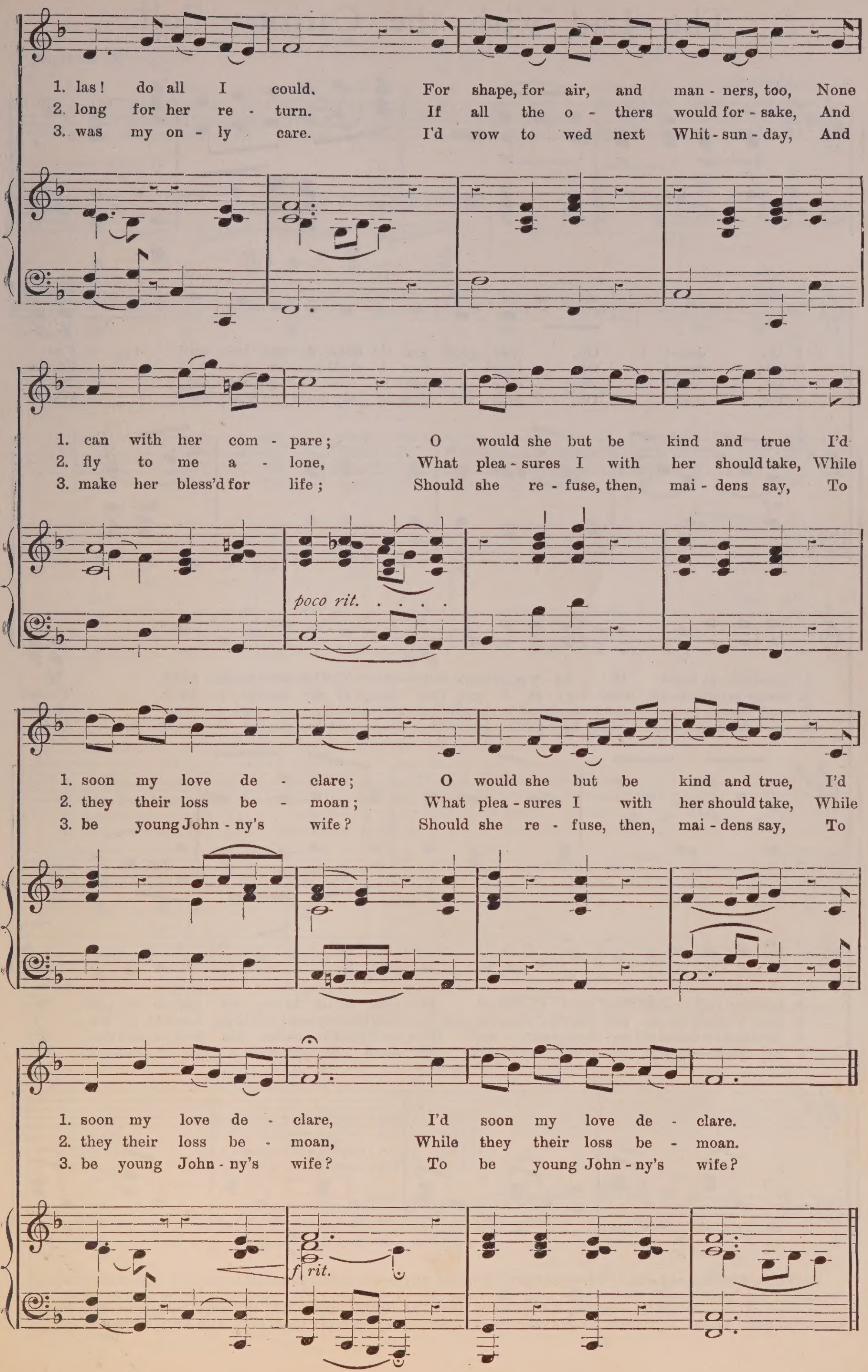

cres.
1. There some must con - quer, some must die, boys ; But that ap - pals not
2. For we are Brit - ish bold and free, And our watch - word it shall
3. On yon proud tur - rets raised on high, boys ; And while the gal - lant
cres.
f
1. you or me, For our watch - word it shall be—
2. be, shall be, And our watch - word it shall be—
3. flag we see, We'll swear our watch - word still shall be—
f
sf
3
ff largemente.
Bri - tons, strike home, Re - venge your coun - try's wrongs !
ff
poco rit.
Bri - tons, strike home, Re - venge your coun - try's wrongs!
poco rit.

My Betsy is the Blithest Maid.

THOMAS CHAPMAN. GEORGE KIRSHAW.

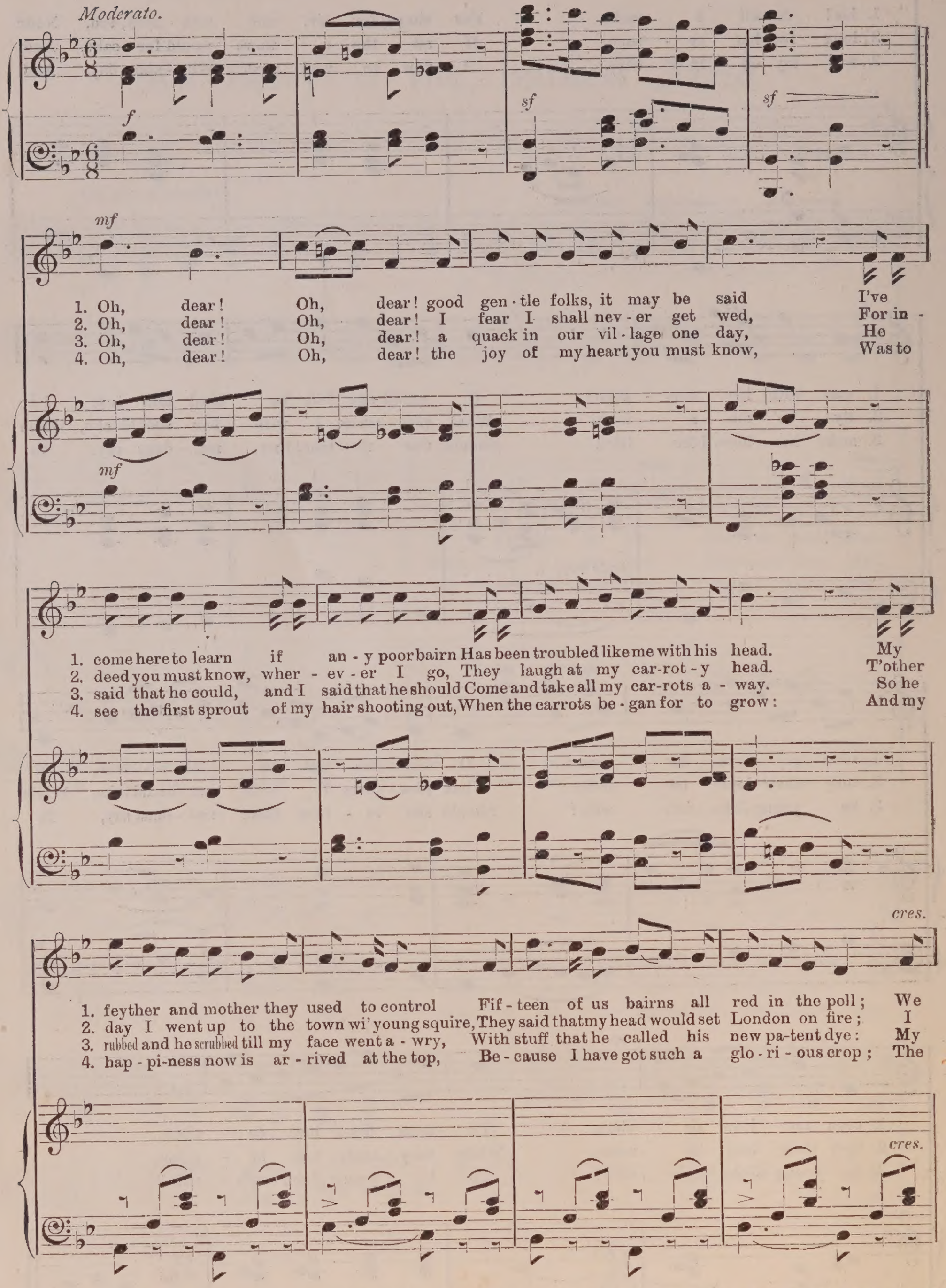

Allegro moderato.
mf
f
p
1. My Bet - sy is the blith - est maid That e'er young shep - herd woo'd, She has at length my heart be - trayed, A -
2. When - e'er I see her beauteous face My heart with joy does burn, When - e'er she's ab - sent from the place I
3. I'll bless the day that first I knew My charm-ing Bet - sy fair, And all my life should be to show She

The words of this song are by Thomas Chapman, and the air the composition of George Kirshaw, a musician of whom little is now known. He arranged the air, "Lovely Nancy," with variations, and did other similar work about 1760-70. The song we print is, with the music, included in *Vocal Music; or, the Songster's Companion*, vol. 1, printed by Robert Horsfield about 1770.

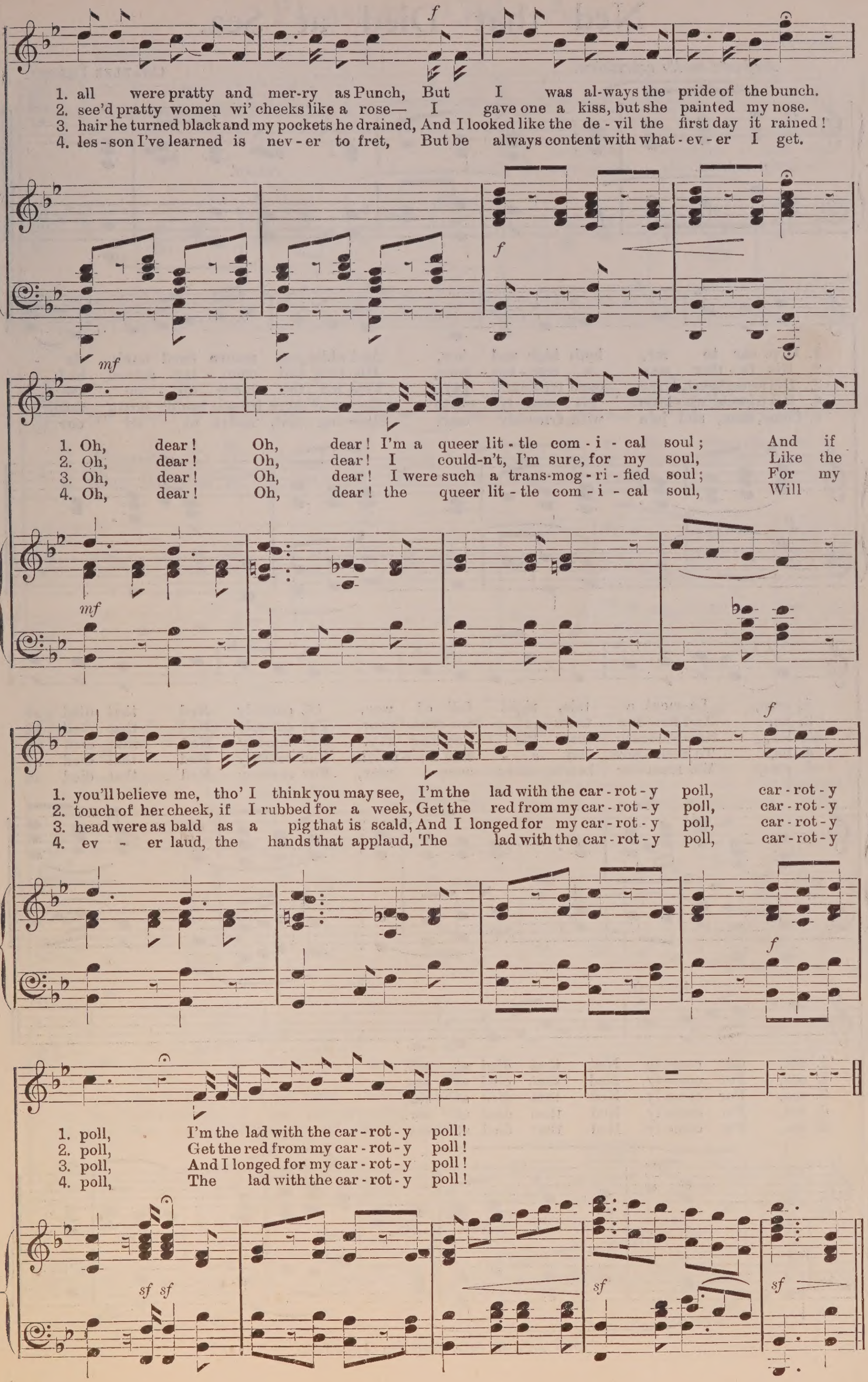

1. las! do all I could. For shape, for air, and man - ners, too, None
2. long for her re - turn. If all the o - thers would for - sake, And
3. was my on - ly care. I'd vow to wed next Whit - sun - day, And
1. can with her com - pare; O would she but be kind and true I'd
2. fly to me a - lone, What plea - sures I with her should take, While
3. make her bless'd for life; Should she re - fuse, then, mai - dens say, To
poco rit. . . . .
1. soon my love de - clare; O would she but be kind and true, I'd
2. they their loss be - moan; What plea - sures I with her should take, While
3. be young John - ny's wife? Should she re - fuse, then, mai - dens say, To
1. soon my love de - clare, I'd soon my love de - clare.
2. they their loss be - moan, While they their loss be - moan.
3. be young John - ny's wife? To be young John - ny's wife?
f rit.

The Lad with the Carroty Poll.

E. Knight.

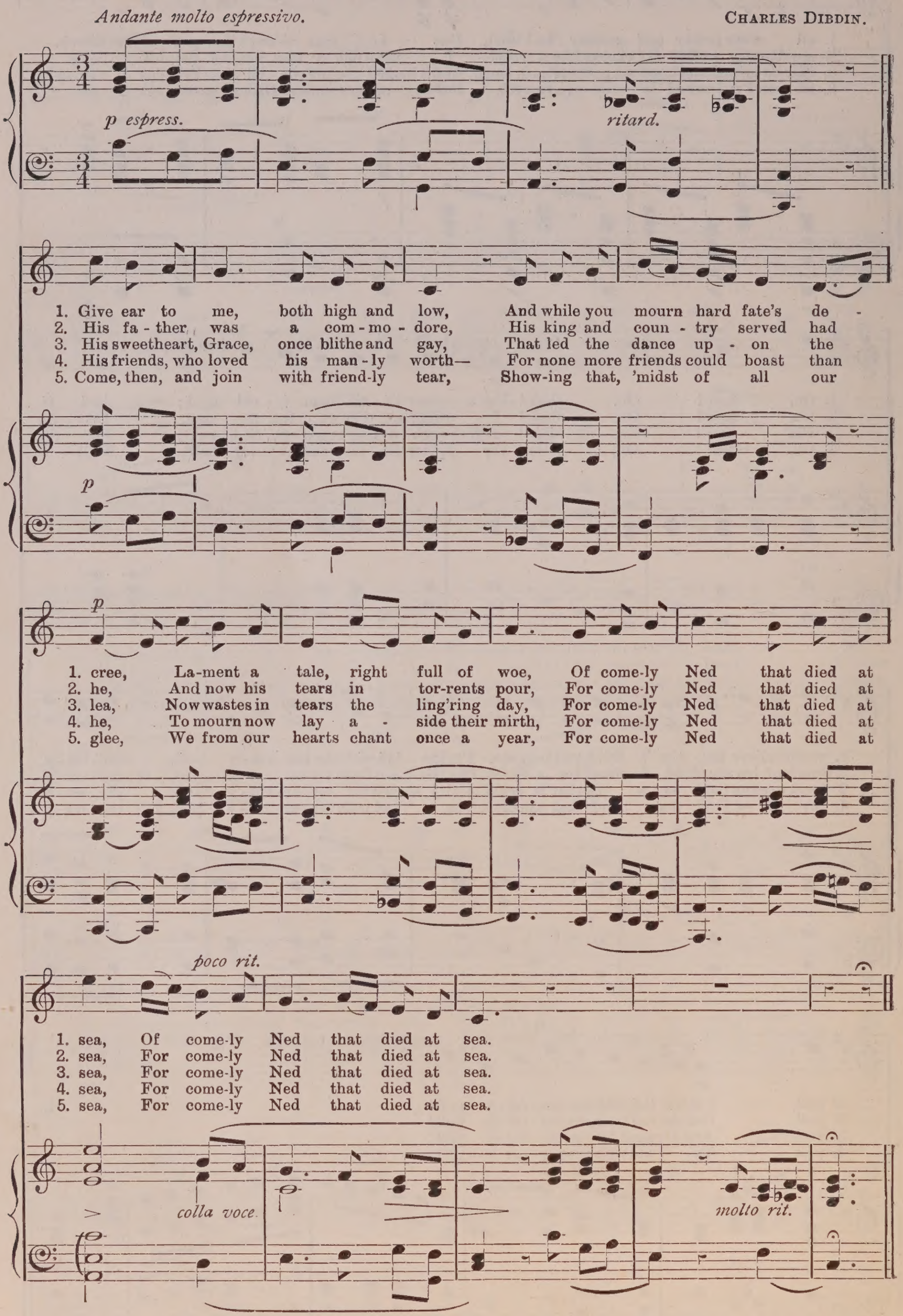

Moderato.
f
sf
sf
mf
mf
1. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! good gen-tle folks, it may be said I've
2. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I fear I shall nev-er get wed, For in-
3. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! a quack in our vil-lage one day, He
4. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! the joy of my heart you must know, Was to
1. come here to learn if an-y poor bairn Has been troubled like me with his head. My
2. deed you must know, wher-ev-er I go, They laugh at my car-rot-y head. T'other
3. said that he could, and I said that he should Come and take all my car-rots a-way. So he
4. see the first sprout of my hair shooting out, When the carrots be-gan for to grow: And my
cres.
1. feyther and mother they used to control Fif-teen of us bairns all red in the poll; We
2. day I went up to the town wi' young squire, They said that my head would set London on fire; I
3. rubbed and he scrubbed till my face went a-wry, With stuff that he called his new pa-tent dye: My
4. hap-pi-ness now is ar-rived at the top, Be-cause I have got such a glo-ri-ous crop; The
cres.

The song was written and sung by Edward Knight, a comedian who took Yorkshire characters in the early years of the 19th century. The melody was by his son, E. Knight. The song was sung at the theatres about 1820. Oxberry in his *Dramatic Biography*, 1825, is rather severe on young Knight the composer, and tells us that the "Lad with the Carroty Poll" is a palpable plagiarism from Whitaker's *Nightingale Club*. Knight the composer edited a collection of Canadian airs gathered by Lieut. Back in his Arctic expedition, 1823.


f
1. all were pratty and mer-ry as Punch, But I was al-ways the pride of the bunch.
2. see'd pratty women wi' cheeks like a rose— I gave one a kiss, but she painted my nose.
3. hair he turned black and my pockets he drained, And I looked like the de-vil the first day it rained!
4. les-son I've learned is nev-er to fret, But be always content with what-ev-er I get.
f
mf
1. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I'm a queer lit-tle com-i-cal soul; And if
2. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I could-n't, I'm sure, for my soul, Like the
3. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I were such a trans-mog-ri-fied soul; For my
4. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! the queer lit-tle com-i-cal soul, Will
mf
f
1. you'll believe me, tho' I think you may see, I'm the lad with the car-rot-y poll, car-rot-y
2. touch of her cheek, if I rubbed for a week, Get the red from my car-rot-y poll, car-rot-y
3. head were as bald as a pig that is scald, And I longed for my car-rot-y poll, car-rot-y
4. ev-er laud, the hands that applaud, The lad with the car-rot-y poll, car-rot-y
f
1. poll, I'm the lad with the car-rot-y poll!
2. poll, Get the red from my car-rot-y poll!
3. poll, And I longed for my car-rot-y poll!
4. poll, The lad with the car-rot-y poll!
sf sf
sf
sf

Ned that Died at Sea.

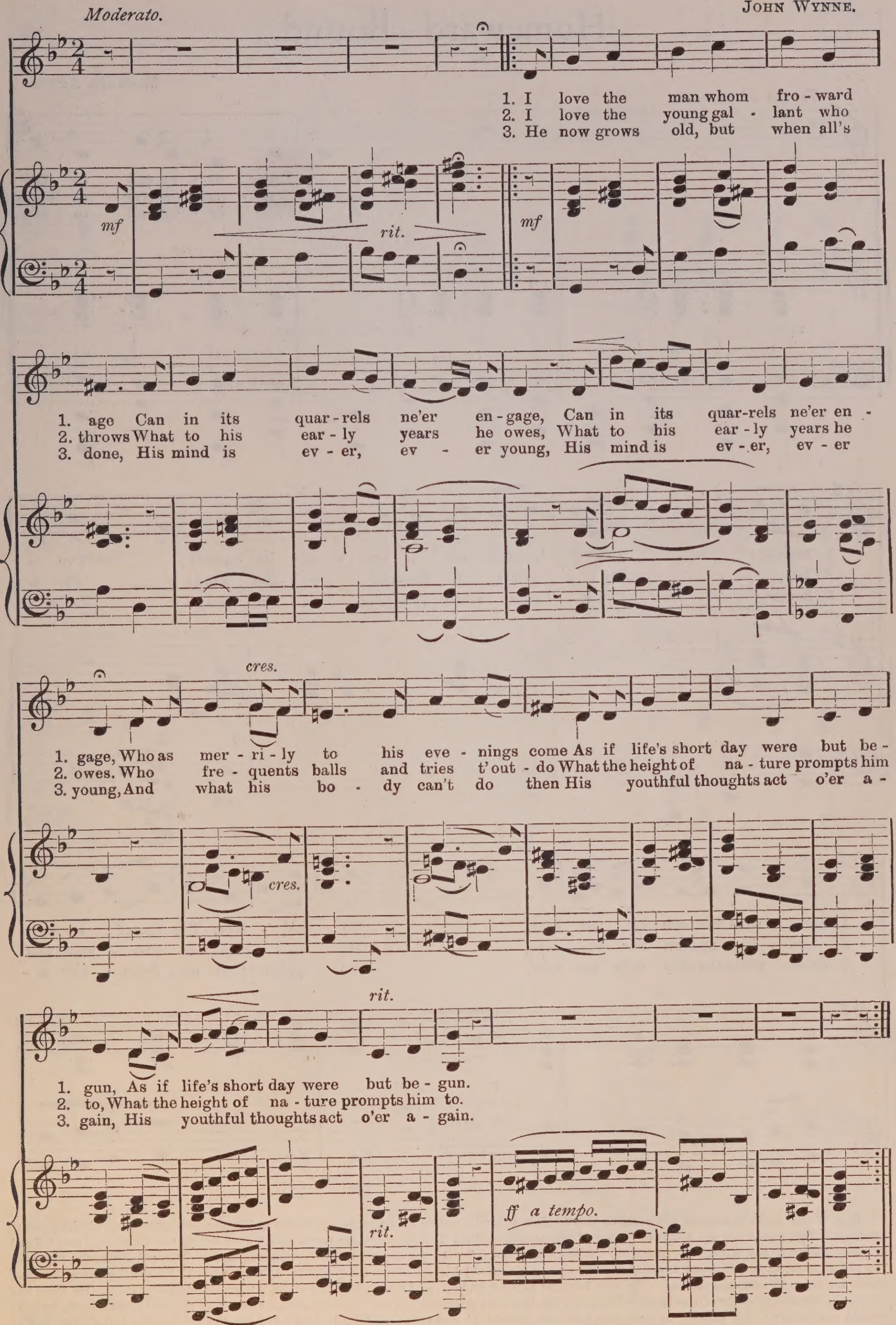
CHARLES DIBDIN.


Andante molto espressivo.
p espress.
ritard.
1. Give ear to me, both high and low, And while you mourn hard fate's de - cree, La-ment a tale, right full of woe, Of come-ly Ned that died at sea, Of come-ly Ned that died at sea.
2. His fa - ther was a com - mo - dore, His king and coun - try served had he, And now his tears in tor-rents pour, For come-ly Ned that died at sea, For come-ly Ned that died at sea.
3. His sweetheart, Grace, once blithe and gay, That led the dance up - on the lea, Now wastes in tears the ling'ring day, For come-ly Ned that died at sea, For come-ly Ned that died at sea.
4. His friends, who loved his man - ly worth— For none more friends could boast than he, To mourn now lay a - side their mirth, For come-ly Ned that died at sea, For come-ly Ned that died at sea.
5. Come, then, and join with friend-ly tear, Show-ing that, 'midst of all our glee, We from our hearts chant once a year, For come-ly Ned that died at sea, For come-ly Ned that died at sea.
p
p
poco rit.
colla voce
molto rit.

For note to this song see Appendix.

Pleasant Old Age.

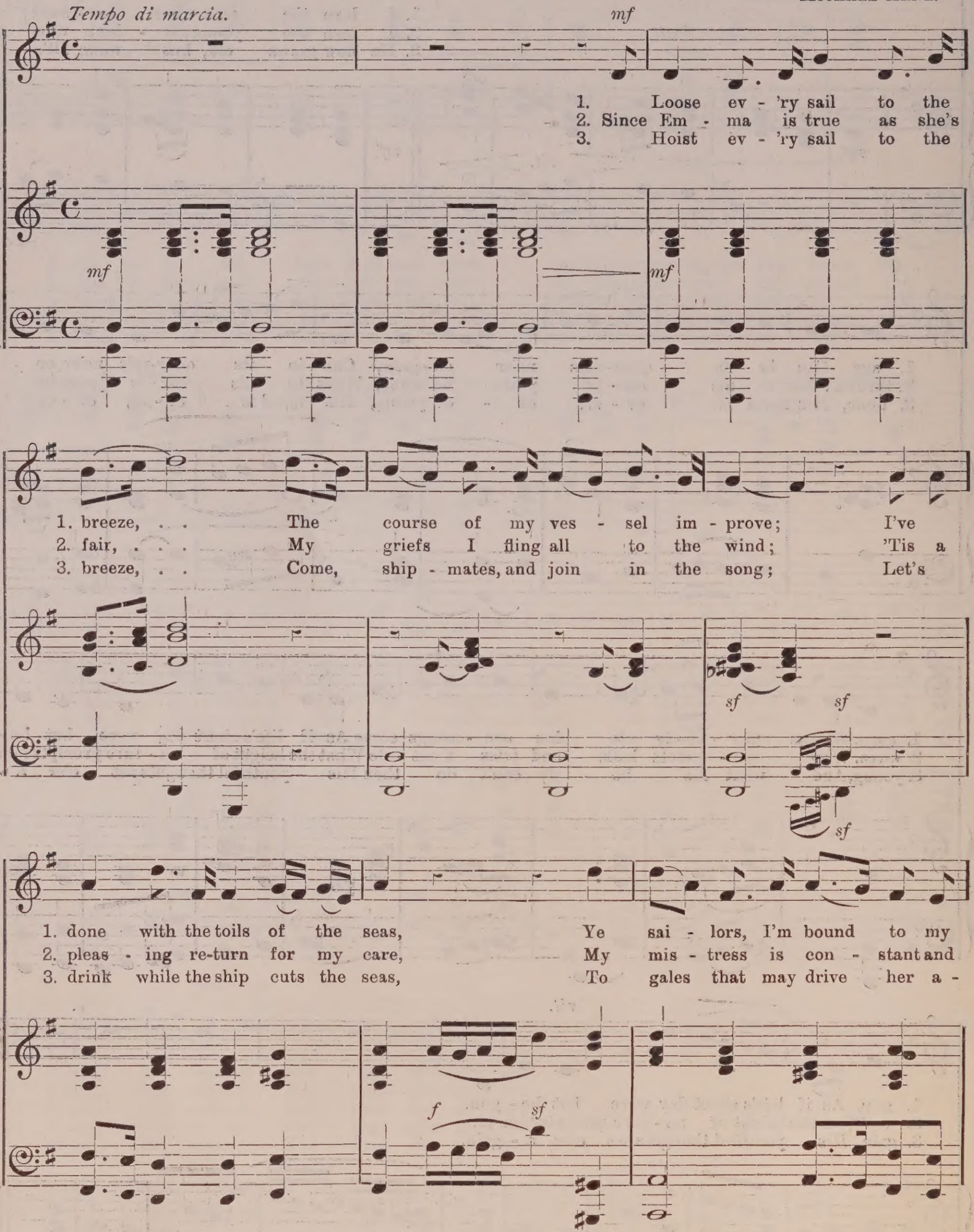
JOHN WYNNE.


Moderato.
1. I love the man whom fro - ward
2. I love the young gal - lant who
3. He now grows old, but when all's
mf
rit.
mf
1. age Can in its quar - rels ne'er en - gage, Can in its quar-rels ne'er en -
2. throws What to his ear - ly years he owes, What to his ear - ly years he
3. done, His mind is ev - er, ev - er young, His mind is ev - er, ev - er
cres.
1. gage, Who as mer - ri - ly to his eve - nings come As if life's short day were but be -
2. owes. Who fre - quents balls and tries t'out - do What the height of na - ture prompts him
3. young, And what his bo - dy can't do then His youthful thoughts act o'er a -
cres.
rit.
1. gun, As if life's short day were but be - gun.
2. to, What the height of na - ture prompts him to.
3. gain, His youthful thoughts act o'er a - gain.
rit.
ff a tempo.

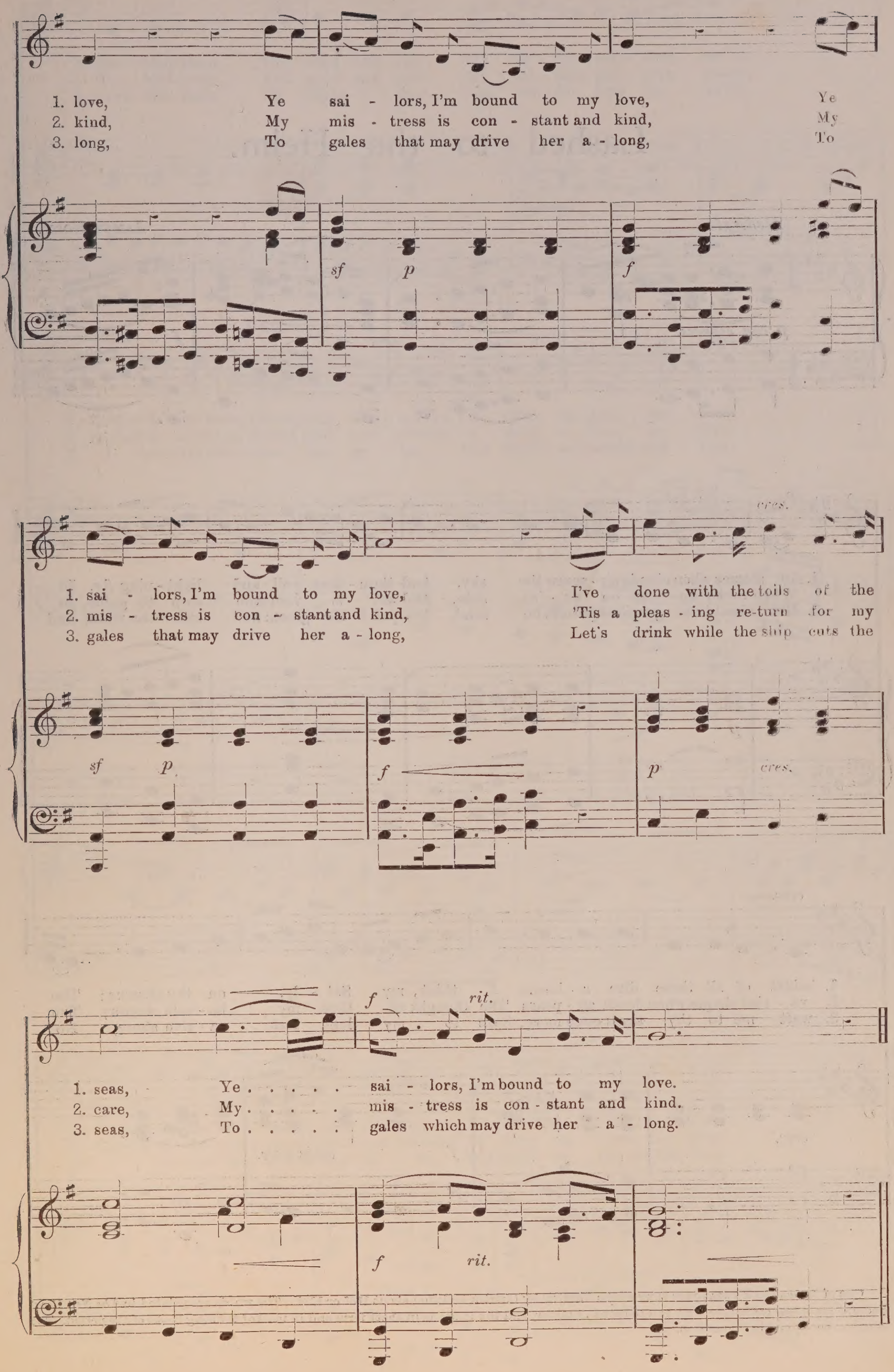
For note to this song see Appendix.

Homeward Bound.

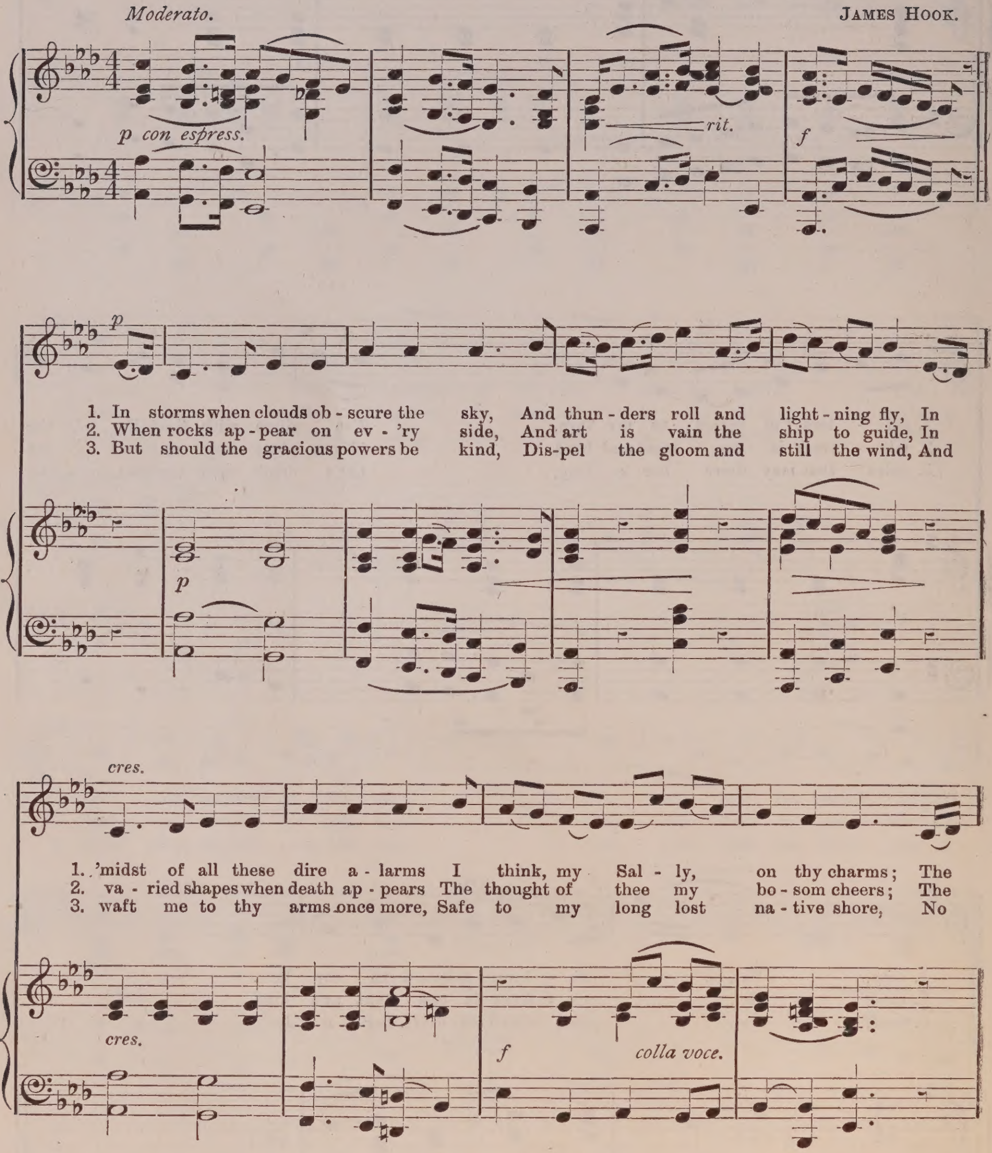
Michael Arne.


Tempo di marcia.
mf
1. Loose ev - 'ry sail to the
2. Since Em - ma is true as she's
3. Hoist ev - 'ry sail to the
mf
mf
1. breeze, . . The course of my ves - sel im - prove; I've
2. fair, . . . My griefs I fling all to the wind; 'Tis a
3. breeze, . . Come, ship - mates, and join in the song; Let's
sf
sf
sf
1. done with the toils of the seas, Ye sai - lors, I'm bound to my
2. pleas - ing re-turn for my care, My mis - tress is con - stant and
3. drink while the ship cuts the seas, To gales that may drive her a -
f
sf

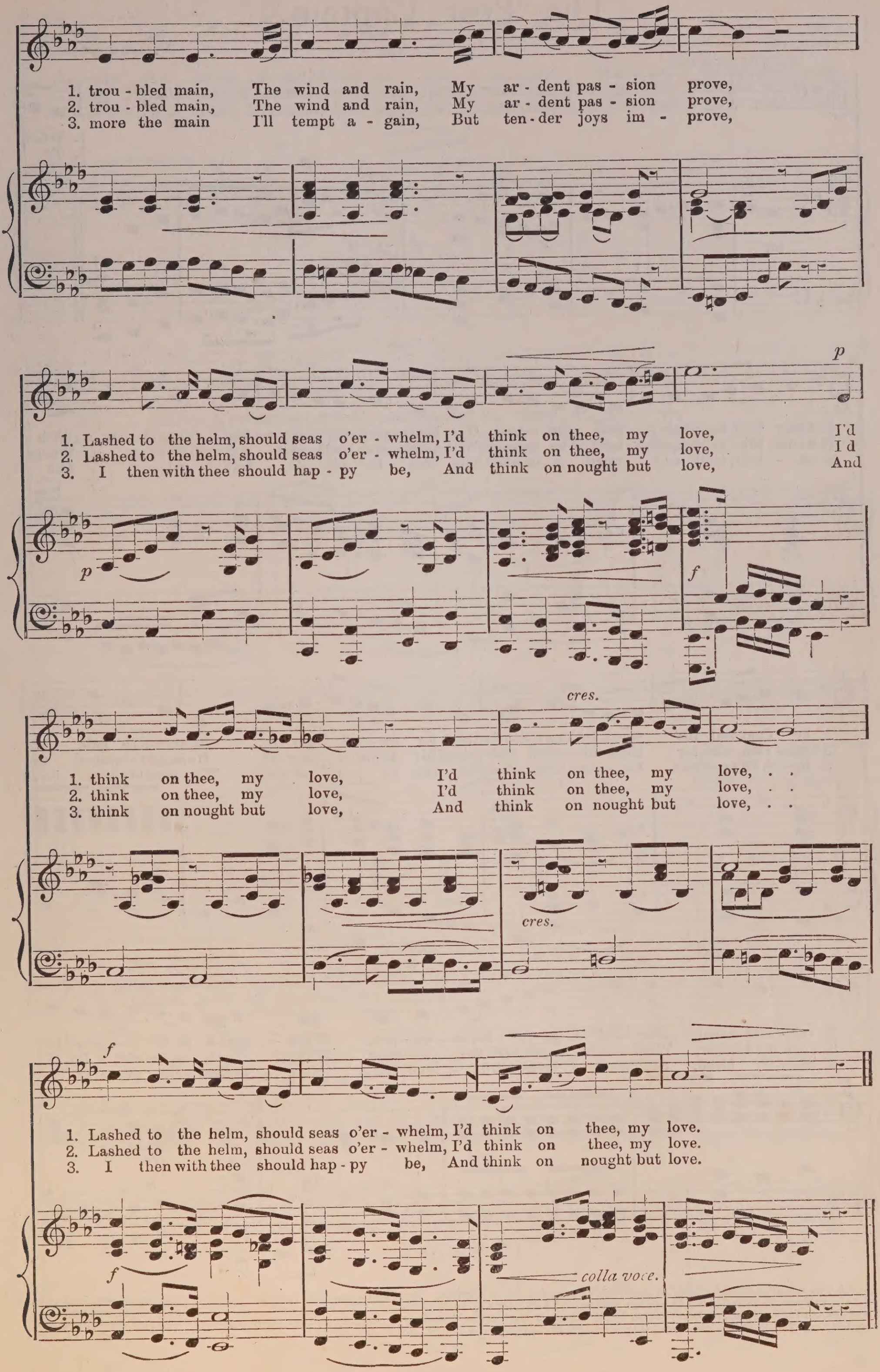
One of our most charming sea songs. It was first sung in public about 1788-9, probably at Vauxhall or some other of the public gardens. The words are by a clever writer of sea songs, Captain Thompson, who penned also "Farewell to Old England," and "The Topsails Shiver in the Wind," all, including "Homeward Bound," with the airs composed by Michael Arne. Michael Arne, the natural son of Dr. Arne, early developed musical talents of a high order; his excellent composition, "The Highland Laddie," became famous while he was still "Master Arne." He was born in London in 1741, and married Miss Wright, a soprano singer, in 1766. He went to Dublin as musical director of the theatre there in 1779, but soon returned to London and devoted himself to musical composition, and it is said to alchemy! His lengthy musical compositions include *Almena* (with Battishill), 1764; *The Positive Man*, 1764; and *Cymon*, 1767. He died 14th January, 1786, having in some of his songs reached almost as high a standard as his father.


1. love, Ye sai - lors, I'm bound to my love, Ye
2. kind, My mis - tress is con - stant and kind, My
3. long, To gales that may drive her a - long, To
sf
p
f
1. sai - lors, I'm bound to my love, I've done with the toils of the
2. mis - tress is con - stant and kind, 'Tis a pleas - ing re-turn for my
3. gales that may drive her a - long, Let's drink while the ship cuts the
cres.
sf
p
f
p
cres.
f
rit.
1. seas, Ye . . . . . sai - lors, I'm bound to my love.
2. care, My . . . . . mis - tress is con - stant and kind.
3. seas, To . . . . . gales which may drive her a - long.
f
rit.

Lashed to the Helm.

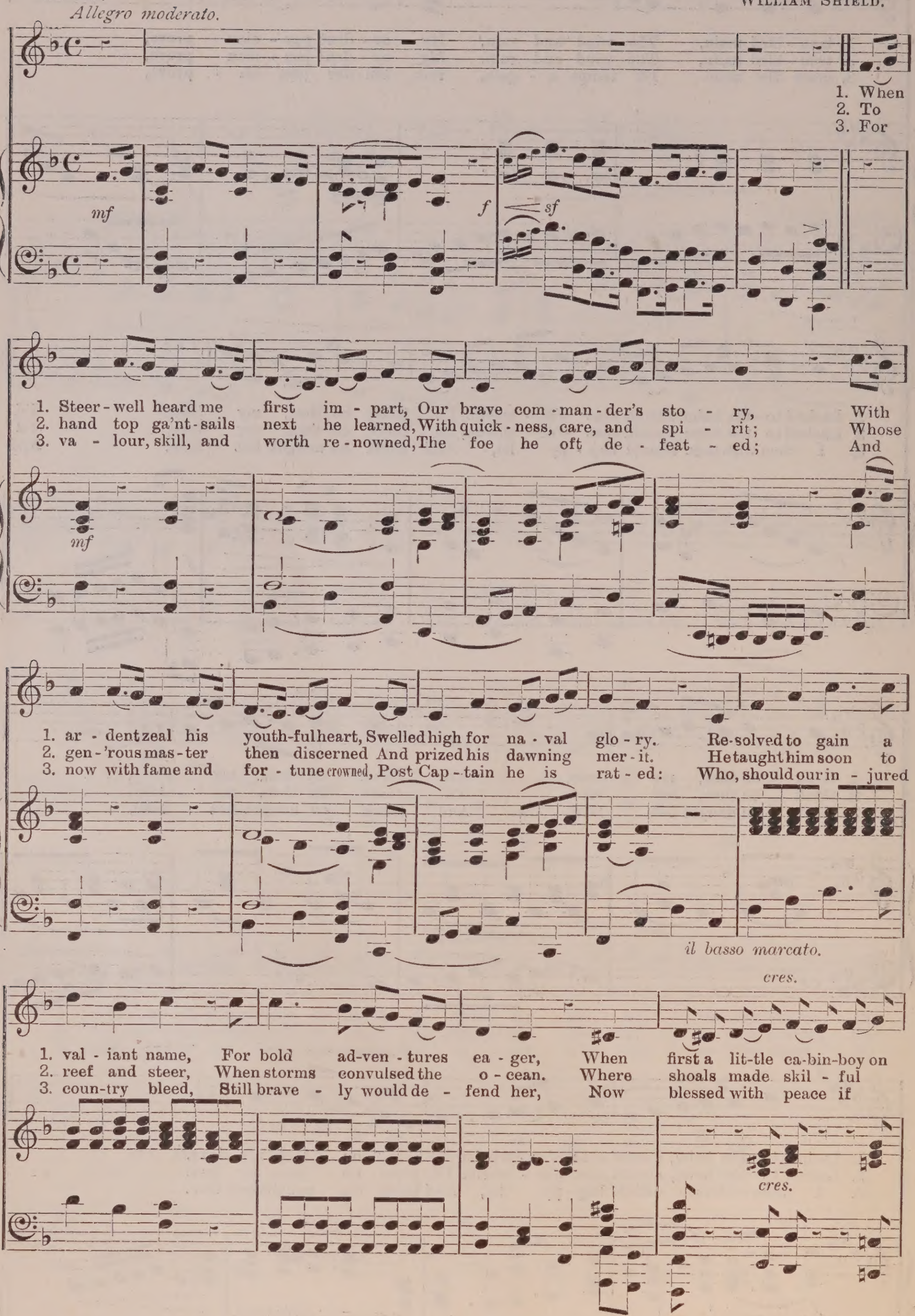

Moderato.
JAMES HOOK.
p con espress.
rit.
f
p
1. In storms when clouds ob - scure the sky, And thun - ders roll and light - ning fly, In
2. When rocks ap - pear on ev - 'ry side, And art is vain the ship to guide, In
3. But should the gracious powers be kind, Dis-pel the gloom and still the wind, And
p
cres.
1. 'midst of all these dire a - larms I think, my Sal - ly, on thy charms; The
2. va - ried shapes when death ap - pears The thought of thee my bo - som cheers; The
3. waft me to thy arms once more, Safe to my long lost na - tive shore, No
cres.
f
colla voce.

One of James Hook's sea songs sung at the Gardens by Charles Incledon about 1787 or 1788. The words are printed in *The New Vocal Enchantress, a new edition for 1789*, printed for C. Stalker, and the music is in sheet form and in most of the song books of the period. The song had considerable vogue in its day.

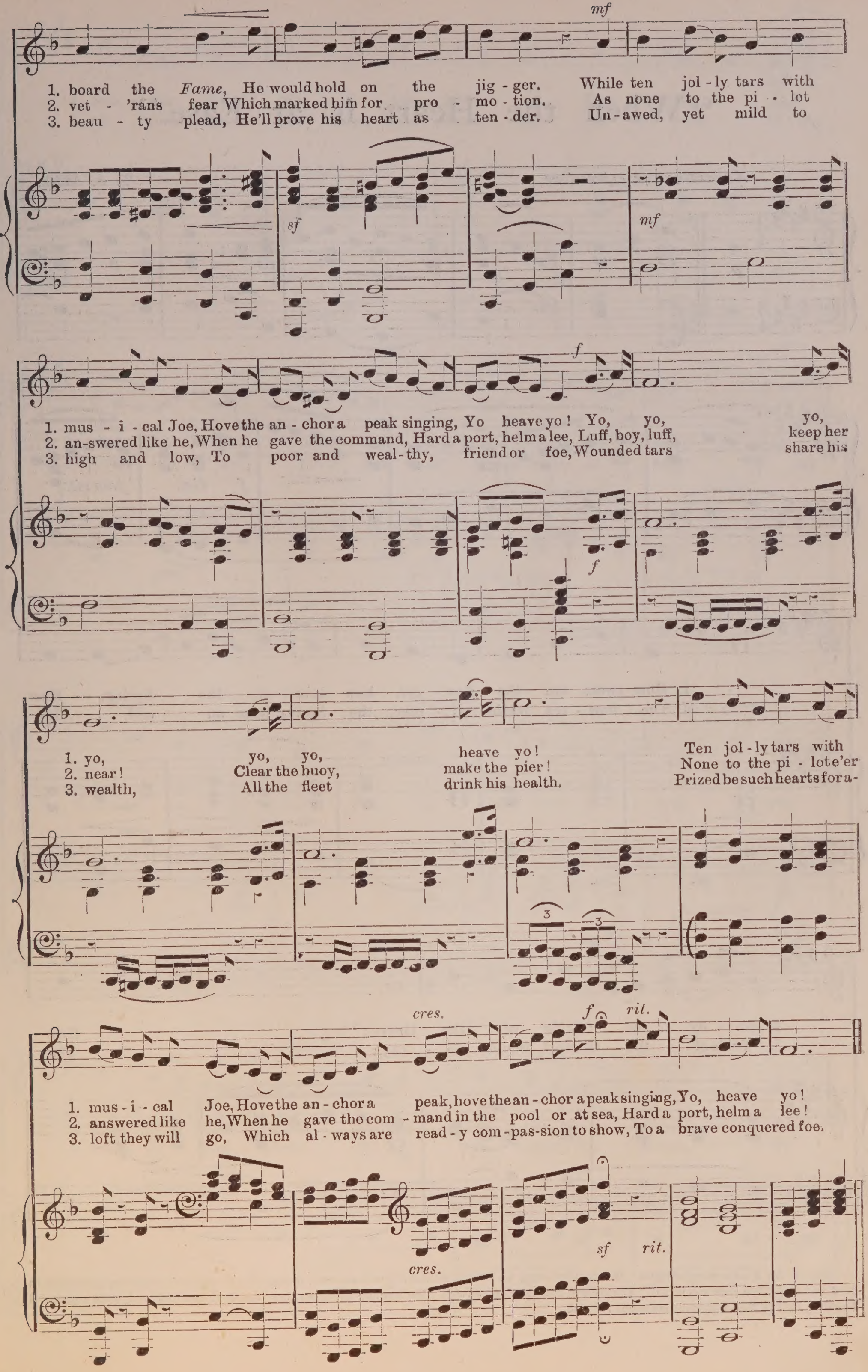

1. trou - bled main, The wind and rain, My ar - dent pas - sion prove,
2. trou - bled main, The wind and rain, My ar - dent pas - sion prove,
3. more the main I'll tempt a - gain, But ten - der joys im - prove,
p
1. Lashed to the helm, should seas o'er - whelm, I'd think on thee, my love, I'd
2. Lashed to the helm, should seas o'er - whelm, I'd think on thee, my love, I'd
3. I then with thee should hap - py be, And think on nought but love, And
p
f
cres.
1. think on thee, my love, I'd think on thee, my love, . .
2. think on thee, my love, I'd think on thee, my love, . .
3. think on nought but love, And think on nought but love, . .
cres.
f
1. Lashed to the helm, should seas o'er - whelm, I'd think on thee, my love.
2. Lashed to the helm, should seas o'er - whelm, I'd think on thee, my love.
3. I then with thee should hap - py be, And think on nought but love.
f
colla voce.

The Post Captain.

RANNIE. WILLIAM SHIELD.

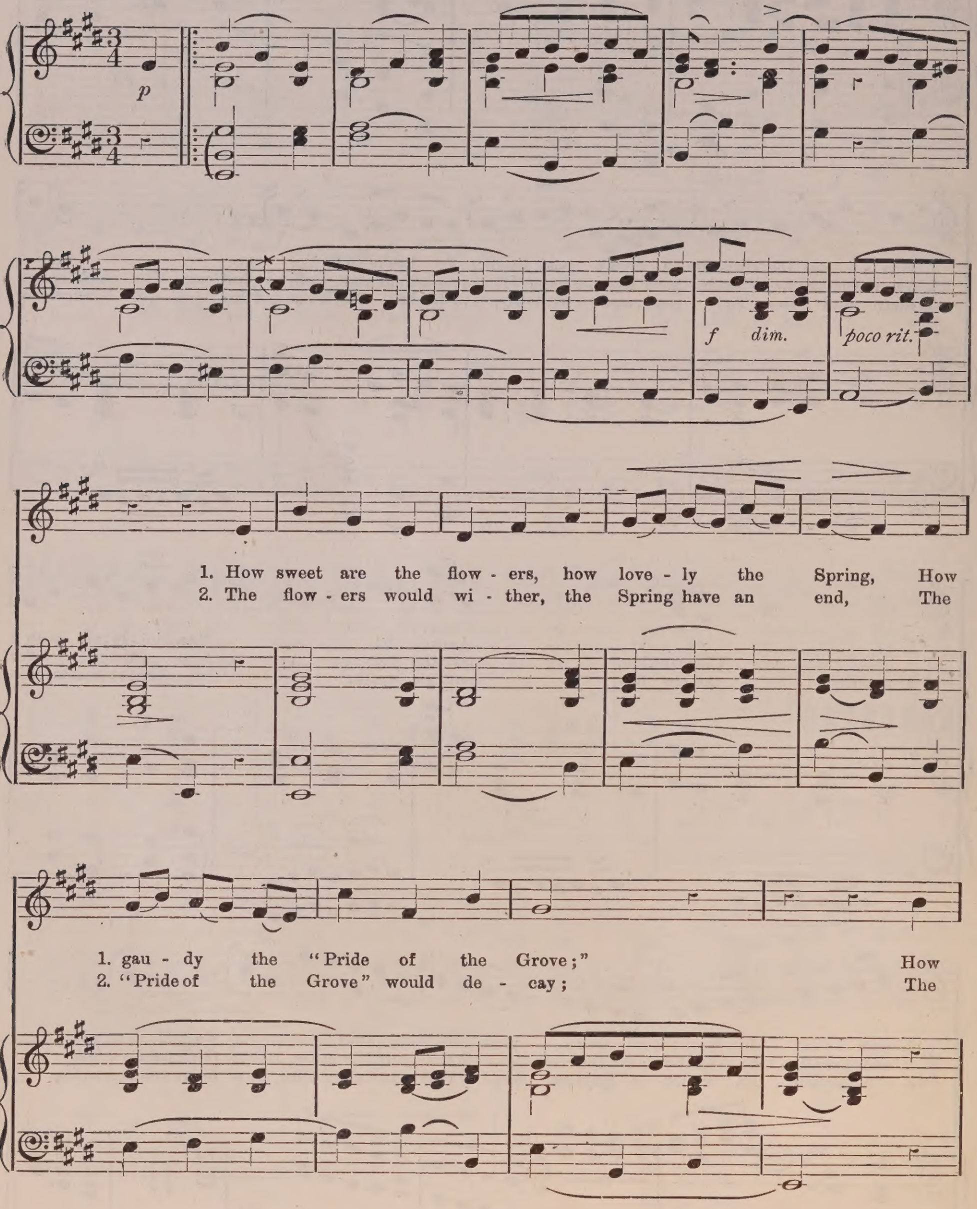

Allegro moderato.
mf
f
sf
1. When
2. To
3. For
1. Steer-well heard me first im - part, Our brave com - man - der's sto - ry, With
2. hand top ga'nt-sails next he learned, With quick - ness, care, and spi - rit; Whose
3. va - lour, skill, and worth re - nowned, The foe he oft de - feat - ed; And
mf
1. ar - dent zeal his youth-ful heart, Swelled high for na - val glo - ry. Re-solved to gain a
2. gen - 'rous mas - ter then discerned And prized his dawning mer - it. He taught him soon to
3. now with fame and for - tune crowned, Post Cap - tain he is rat - ed: Who, should our in - jured
il basso marcato.
cres.
1. val - iant name, For bold ad-ven - tures ea - ger, When first a lit-tle ca-bin-boy on
2. reef and steer, When storms convulsed the o - cean. Where shoals made skil - ful
3. coun-try bleed, Still brave - ly would de - fend her, Now blessed with peace if
cres.

A fine sea song sung by Charles Incledon, the famous tenor vocalist. He sang it in a little entertainment, or monologue, which he gave for the purpose of introducing the songs written for him; this he called, *Variety*. The melody is by William Shield. Incledon had been a sailor, and his singing of the "Storm" and other similar ditties was long a memory to the old playgoers of the first half of the last century. "The Post Captain" probably made its first appearance about 1803.

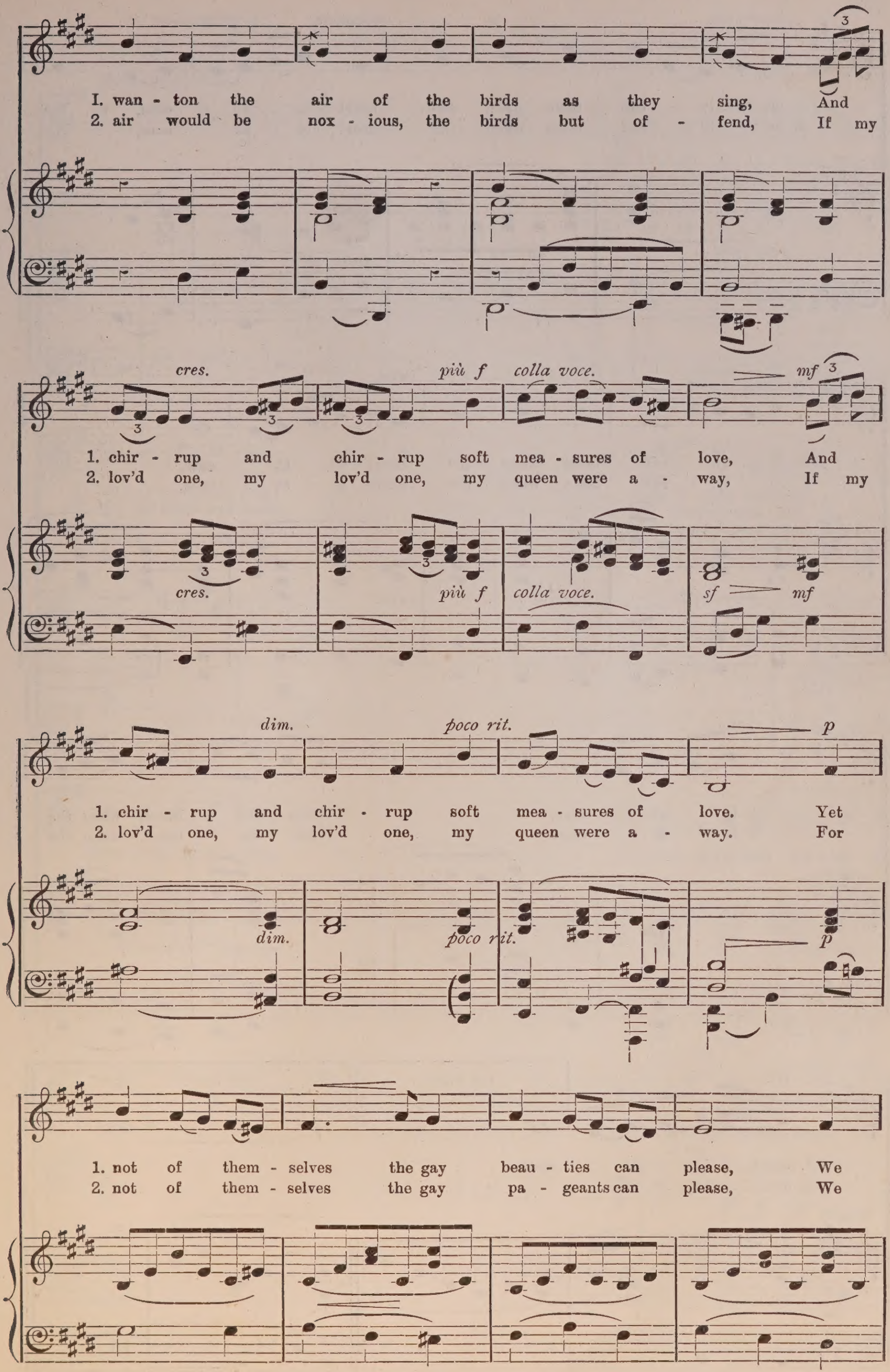

mf
1. board the *Fame*, He would hold on the jig - ger. While ten jol - ly tars with
2. vet - 'rans fear Which marked him for pro - mo - tion. As none to the pi - lot
3. beau - ty plead, He'll prove his heart as ten - der. Un - awed, yet mild to
sf
mf
f
1. mus - i - cal Joe, Hove the an - chor a peak singing, Yo heave yo! Yo, yo, yo,
2. an-swered like he, When he gave the command, Hard a port, helm a lee, Luff, boy, luff, keep her
3. high and low, To poor and weal-thy, friend or foe, Wounded tars share his
f
1. yo, yo, yo, heave yo! Ten jol - ly tars with
2. near! Clear the buoy, make the pier! None to the pi - lot e'er
3. wealth, All the fleet drink his health. Prized be such hearts for a-
3
3
cres.
f
rit.
1. mus - i - cal Joe, Hove the an - chor a peak, hove the an - chor a peak singing, Yo, heave yo!
2. answered like he, When he gave the com - mand in the pool or at sea, Hard a port, helm a lee!
3. loft they will go, Which al - ways are read - y com - pas-sion to show, To a brave conquered foe.
sf
rit.
cres.

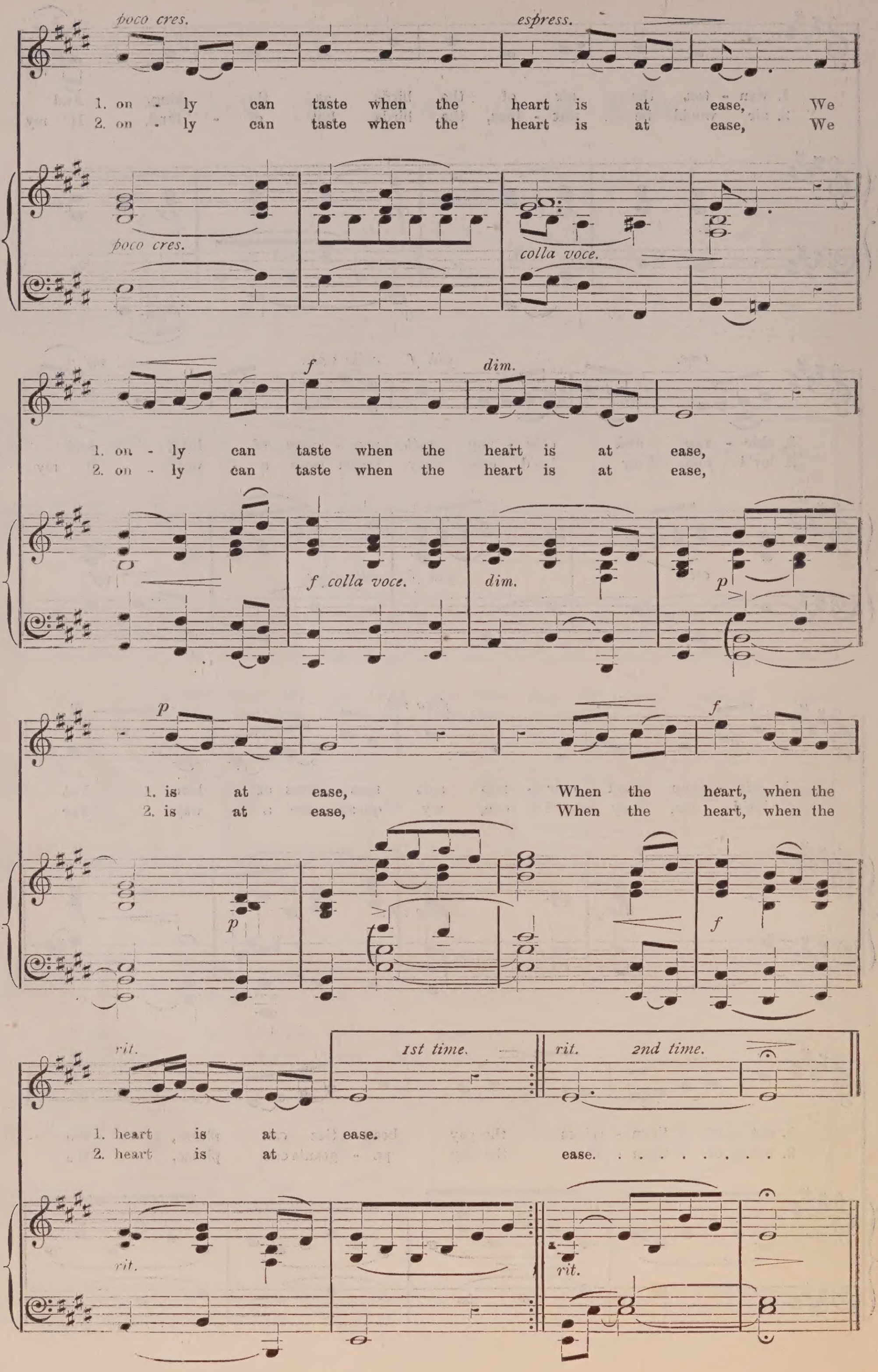
"When the Heart is at Ease."

Andantino con espressione. T. A. Arne.


p
f
dim.
poco rit.
1. How sweet are the flow - ers, how love - ly the Spring, How
2. The flow - ers would wi - ther, the Spring have an end, The
1. gau - dy the "Pride of the Grove;" How
2. "Pride of the Grove" would de - cay; The

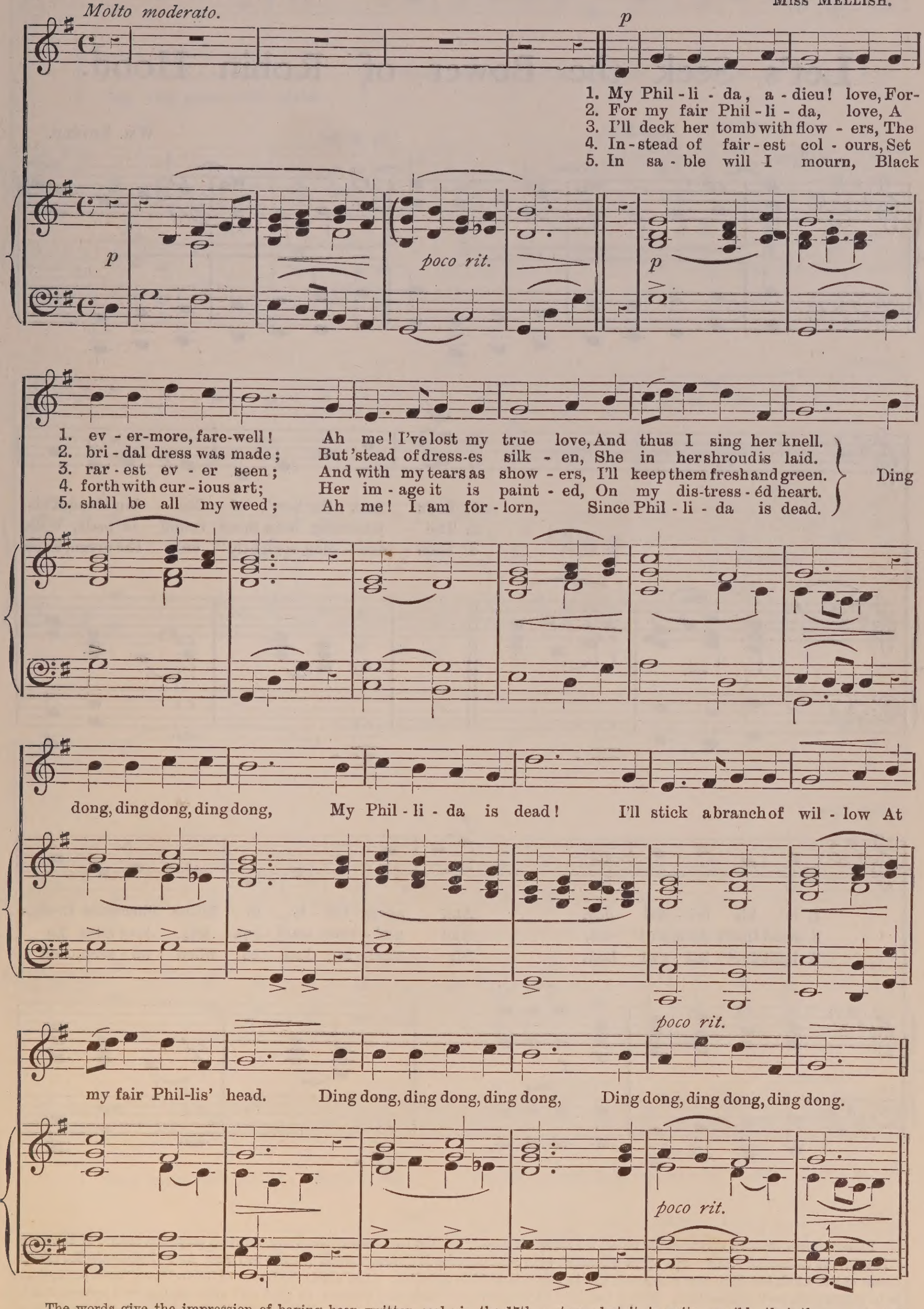
One of Dr. Arne's compositions. It was first sung in a little musical entertainment, named *The Sacrifice of Iphigenia*, performed in 1750 at a small Spa Gardens called "The New Wells," in Clerkenwell. Besides appearing on sheet music it was included, with a pictorial heading, in *The New Universal Magazine* for 1753.


1. wan - ton the air of the birds as they sing, And
2. air would be nox - ious, the birds but of - fend, If my
cres. più f colla voce. mf
1. chir - rup and chir - rup soft mea - sures of love, And
2. lov'd one, my lov'd one, my queen were a - way, If my
cres. più f colla voce. sf mf
dim. poco rit. p
1. chir - rup and chir - rup soft mea - sures of love. Yet
2. lov'd one, my lov'd one, my queen were a - way. For
dim. poco rit. p
1. not of them - selves the gay beau - ties can please, We
2. not of them - selves the gay pa - geants can please, We


poco cres.
espress.
1. on - ly can taste when the heart is at ease, We
2. on - ly can taste when the heart is at ease, We
poco cres.
colla voce.
f
dim.
1. on - ly can taste when the heart is at ease,
2. on - ly can taste when the heart is at ease,
f colla voce.
dim.
p
p
f
1. is at ease, When the heart, when the
2. is at ease, When the heart, when the
p
f
rit.
1st time.
rit.
2nd time.
1. heart is at ease.
2. heart is at ease. . . . .
rit.
rit.

My Phillida, Adieu! Love.

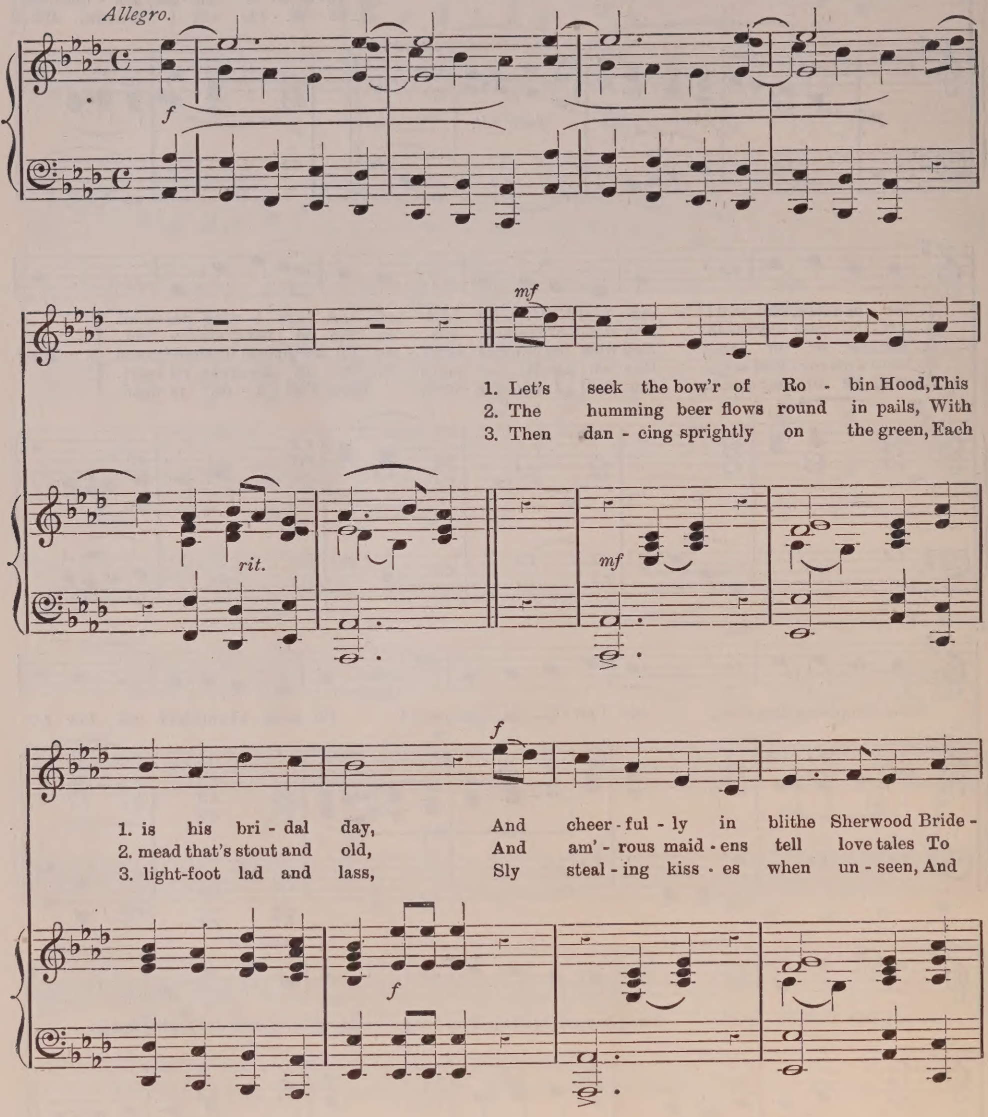
Miss Mellish.


Molto moderato.
p
1. My Phil - li - da, a - dieu! love, For - ev - er-more, fare-well! Ah me! I've lost my true love, And thus I sing her knell.
2. For my fair Phil - li - da, love, A bri - dal dress was made; But 'stead of dress-es silk - en, She in her shroud is laid.
3. I'll deck her tomb with flow - ers, The rar - est ev - er seen; And with my tears as show - ers, I'll keep them fresh and green.
4. In - stead of fair - est col - ours, Set forth with cur - ious art; Her im - age it is paint - ed, On my dis-tress - éd heart.
5. In sa - ble will I mourn, Black shall be all my weed; Ah me! I am for - lorn, Since Phil - li - da is dead.
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, My Phil - li - da is dead! I'll stick a branch of wil - low At my fair Phil-lis' head. Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong.
p
poco rit.
p
poco rit.
poco rit.

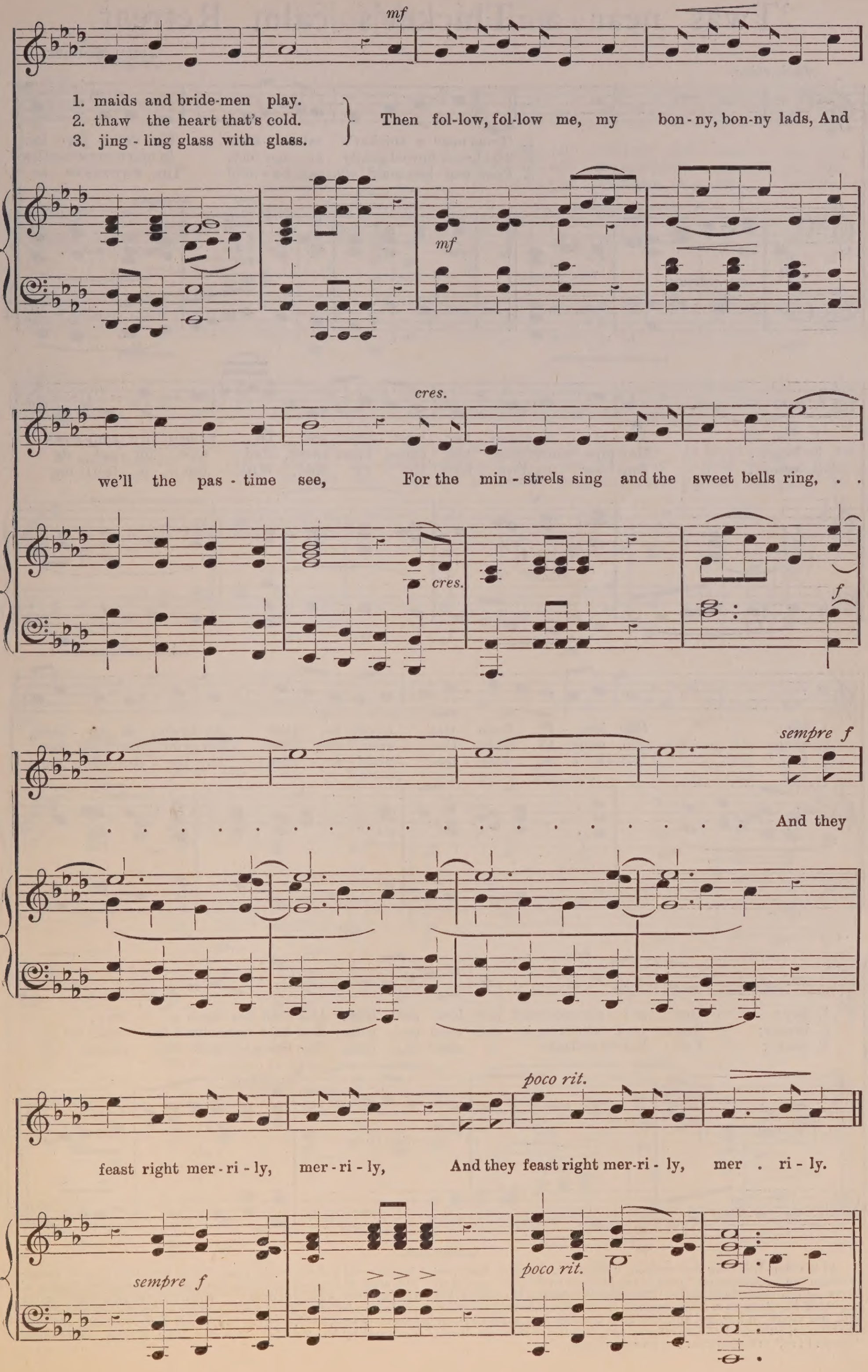
The words give the impression of having been written early in the 17th century, but it is quite possible that they are merely an imitation. The song with the above air came into favour about 1780-5. In Longman and Broderip's list of music for 1786, it is catalogued with the name of Miss Mellish as composer, and this name is repeated in Dale's *English Songs*, book 19, where the piece is given. Other copies are to be seen in Hyde's *Miscellaneous Collection of Songs and Ballads;* Edward Light's *Collection of Songs, Airs, and Marches for the harp-lute, circa* 1805; Tegg's *Nightingale*, etc.

Let's Seek the Bower of Robin Hood.

WM. SHIELD.

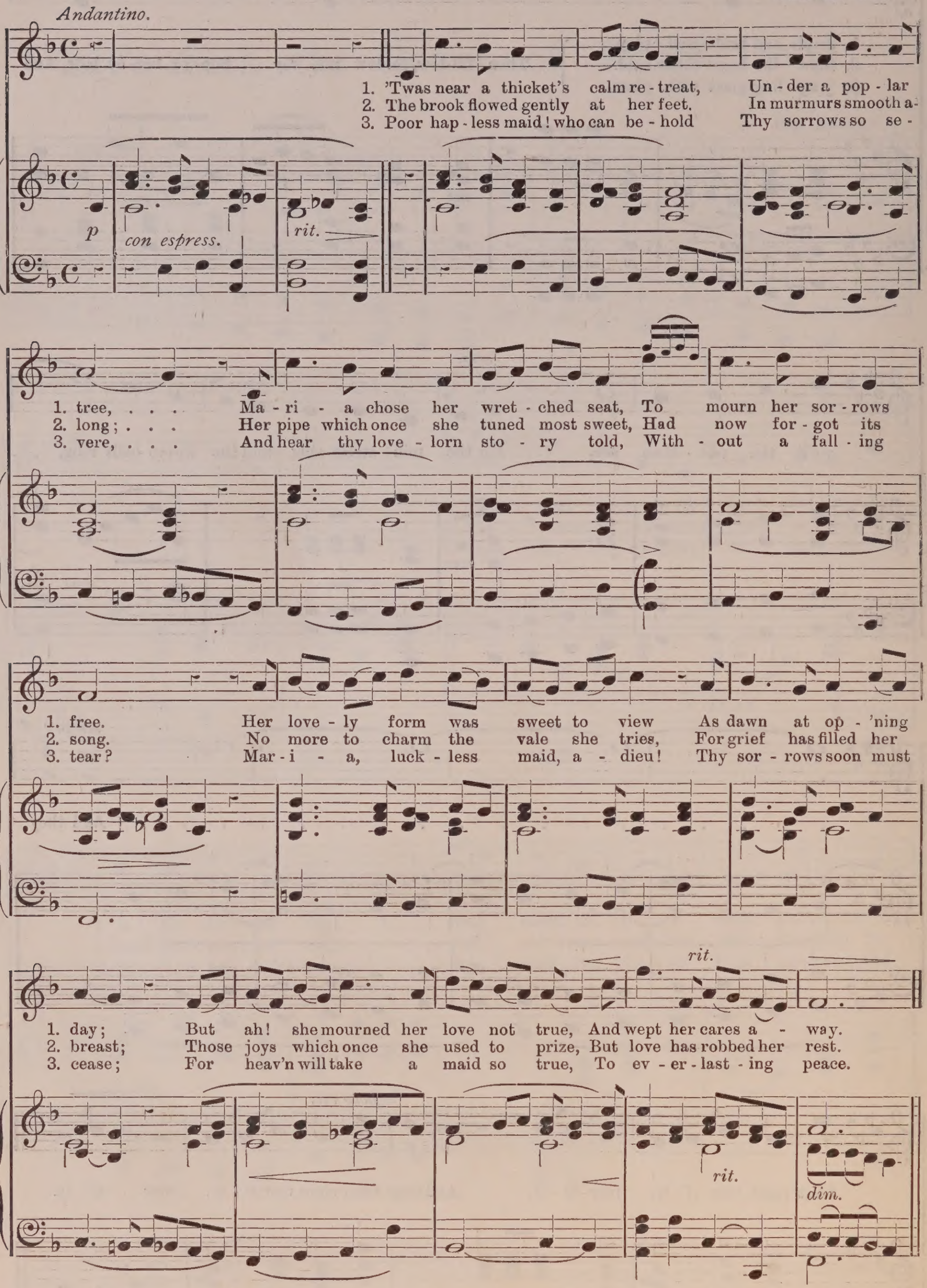

Allegro.
f
rit.
mf
1. Let's seek the bow'r of Ro - bin Hood, This
2. The humming beer flows round in pails, With
3. Then dan - cing sprightly on the green, Each
mf
1. is his bri - dal day, And cheer - ful - ly in blithe Sherwood Bride -
2. mead that's stout and old, And am' - rous maid - ens tell love tales To
3. light-foot lad and lass, Sly steal - ing kiss - es when un - seen, And
f
f

From William Shield's opera, *Robin Hood; or, Sherwood Forest*, written by Leonard MacNally, an Irish barrister, author of the song, "The Lass of Richmond Hill." The opera was acted with great success at Covent Garden Theatre in 1784. As so frequently the case in operas of this kind, Shield in part composed, and in part selected his melodies. "Let's seek the bower of Robin Hood," however, appears to be entirely his own composition. Shield was born on Tyneside at Whickham, Durham, in 1748, and after having been apprenticed to a boat builder, became a professional musician in Newcastle-on-Tyne. He came to London in 1772, and played the violin at the opera. He was appointed composer to Covent Garden Theatre a few years afterwards, and ultimately became one of our leading English musical writers. His songs and compositions are very numerous. He died in London in 1829.


mf
1. maids and bride-men play.
2. thaw the heart that's cold.
3. jing - ling glass with glass.
Then fol-low, fol-low me, my bon - ny, bon-ny lads, And
mf
cres.
we'll the pas - time see, For the min - strels sing and the sweet bells ring, . .
cres.
f
sempre f
. . . . And they
feast right mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, And they feast right mer-ri - ly, mer . ri - ly.
poco rit.
sempre f
poco rit.

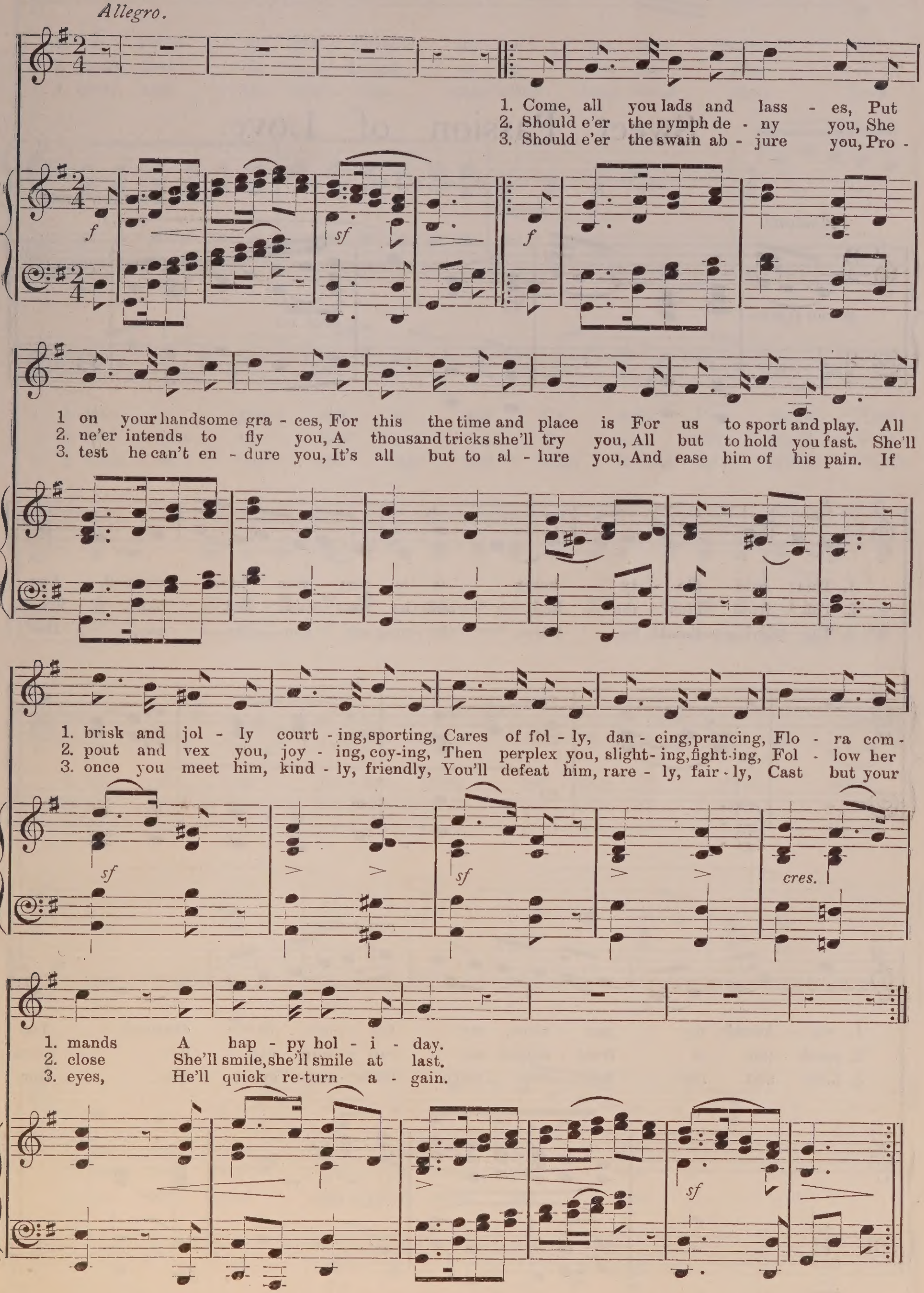
'Twas near a Thicket's calm Retreat.

JOHN MOULDS.


Andantino.
1. 'Twas near a thicket's calm re - treat, Un - der a pop - lar
2. The brook flowed gently at her feet. In murmurs smooth a-
3. Poor hap - less maid! who can be - hold Thy sorrows so se -
p
con espress.
rit.
1. tree, . . . Ma - ri - a chose her wret - ched seat, To mourn her sor - rows
2. long; . . . Her pipe which once she tuned most sweet, Had now for - got its
3. vere, . . . And hear thy love - lorn sto - ry told, With - out a fall - ing
1. free. Her love - ly form was sweet to view As dawn at op - 'ning
2. song. No more to charm the vale she tries, For grief has filled her
3. tear? Mar - i - a, luck - less maid, a - dieu! Thy sor - rows soon must
rit.
1. day; But ah! she mourned her love not true, And wept her cares a - way.
2. breast; Those joys which once she used to prize, But love has robbed her rest.
3. cease; For heav'n will take a maid so true, To ev - er - last - ing peace.
rit.
dim.

At the time this song was written, "Maria" in Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* was a character in great favour with that class of people to whom the "sentimental" part of the journey so strongly appealed. The song is suggested by the passage describing the finding of Maria by the roadside with her little dog, bemoaning the loss of her faithless lover, near Moulines. "When we had got within half a league of Moulines at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree," etc., etc. On sheet music, published about 1785, the song is called "Moulines Maria," composed by Mr. Moulds. This was John Moulds, whose song, "Ground Ivy," is included in the present volume.

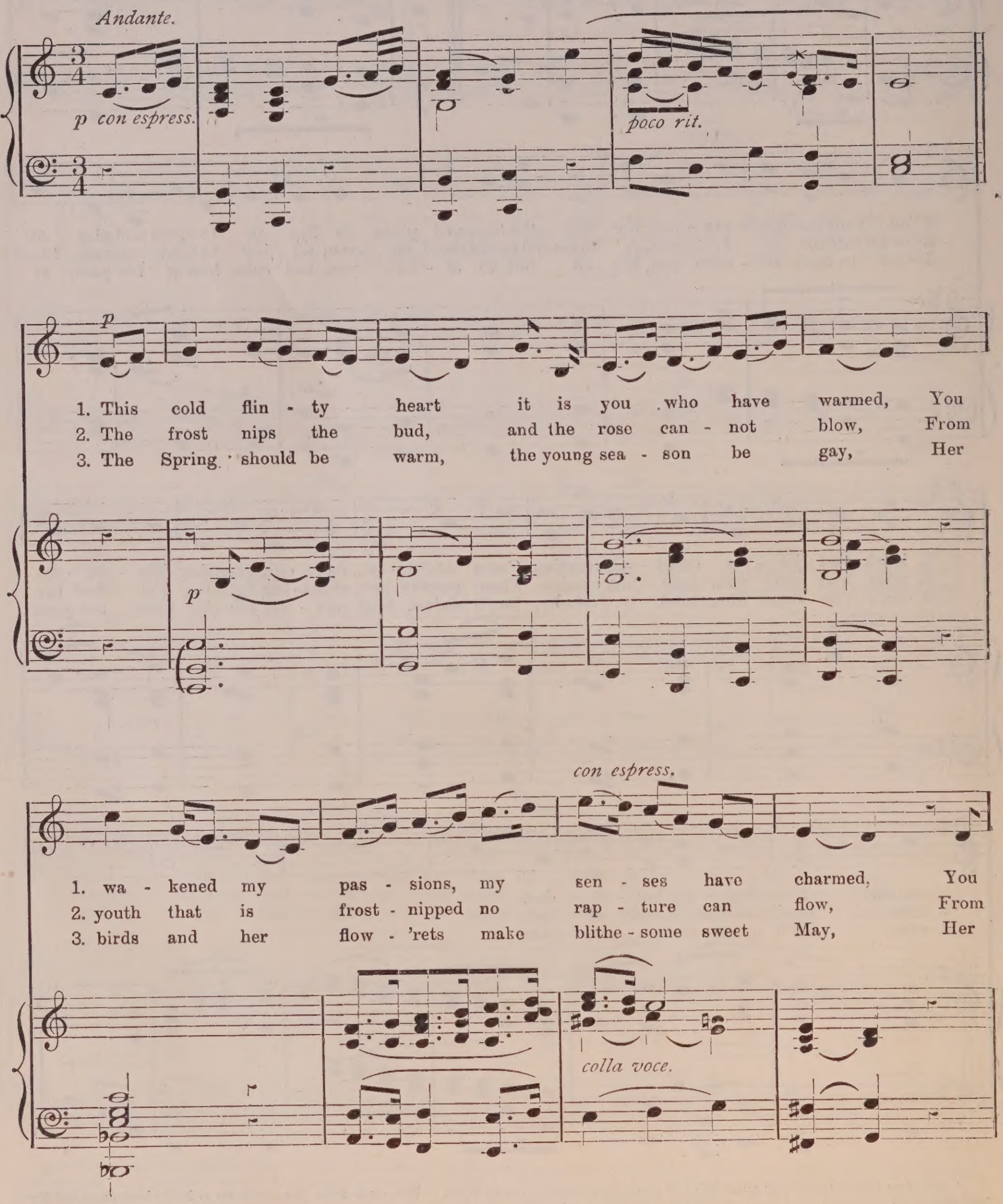
Flora's Holiday.


Allegro.
1. Come, all you lads and lass - es, Put
2. Should e'er the nymph de - ny you, She
3. Should e'er the swain ab - jure you, Pro -
f
sf
f
1 on your handsome gra - ces, For this the time and place is For us to sport and play. All
2. ne'er intends to fly you, A thousand tricks she'll try you, All but to hold you fast. She'll
3. test he can't en - dure you, It's all but to al - lure you, And ease him of his pain. If
1. brisk and jol - ly court - ing, sporting, Cares of fol - ly, dan - cing, prancing, Flo - ra com -
2. pout and vex you, joy - ing, coy-ing, Then perplex you, slight- ing, fight-ing, Fol - low her
3. once you meet him, kind - ly, friendly, You'll defeat him, rare - ly, fair - ly, Cast but your
sf
sf
cres.
1. mands A hap - py hol - i - day.
2. close She'll smile, she'll smile at last.
3. eyes, He'll quick re-turn a - gain.
sf

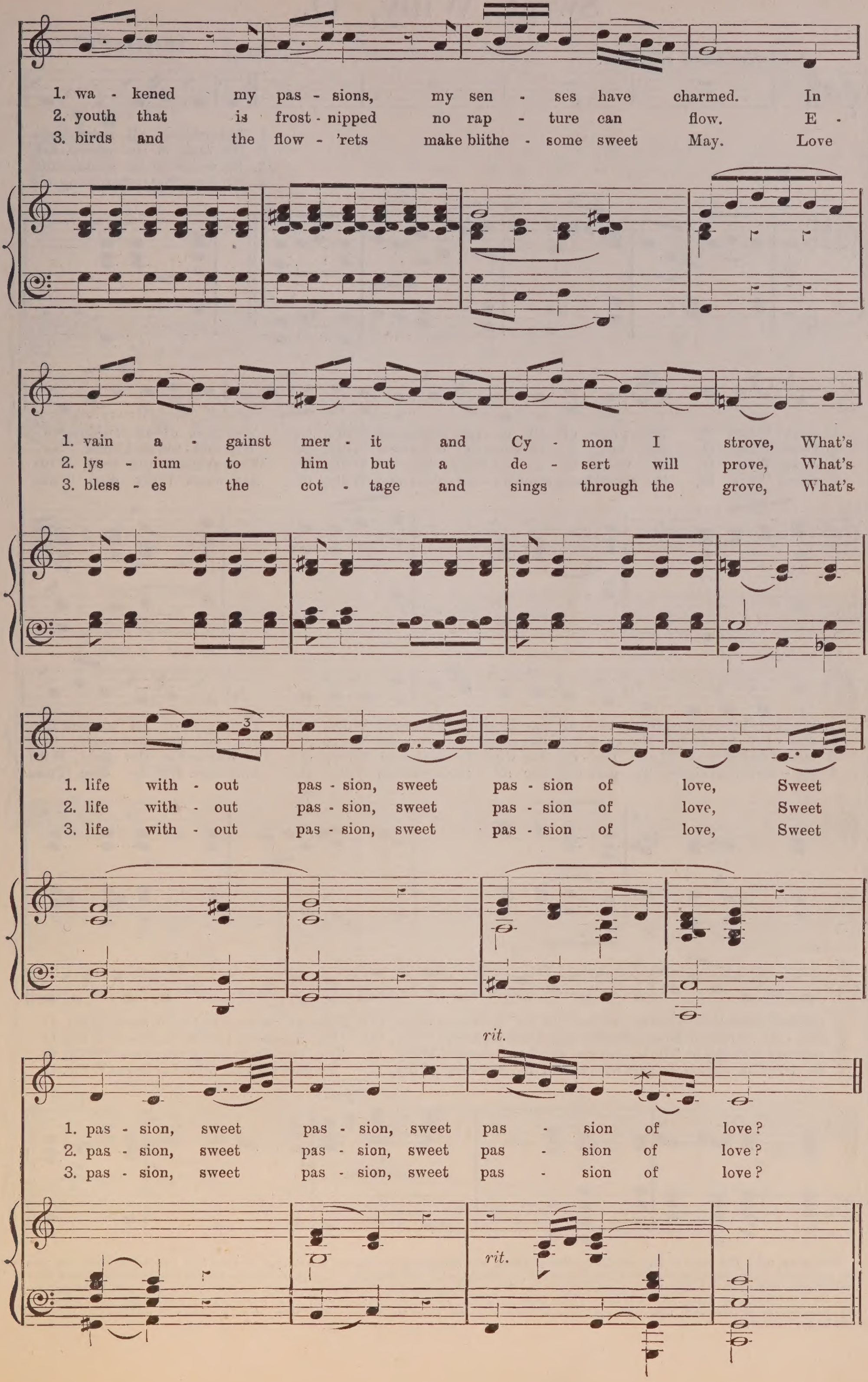
A pleasing melody strongly suggestive of some old country dance tune. The song with the air is on a half sheet engraved by Johnson, *circa* 1735, and it is also included in Walsh's *British Musical Miscellany*, vol. iii., *circa* 1734. No clue is given as to author or composer; it is possible that the song may have been sung in the little ballad opera, *Flora and Hob in the Well; or, The Country Wake*, acted in 1730.

Sweet Passion of Love.

MICHAEL ARNE.

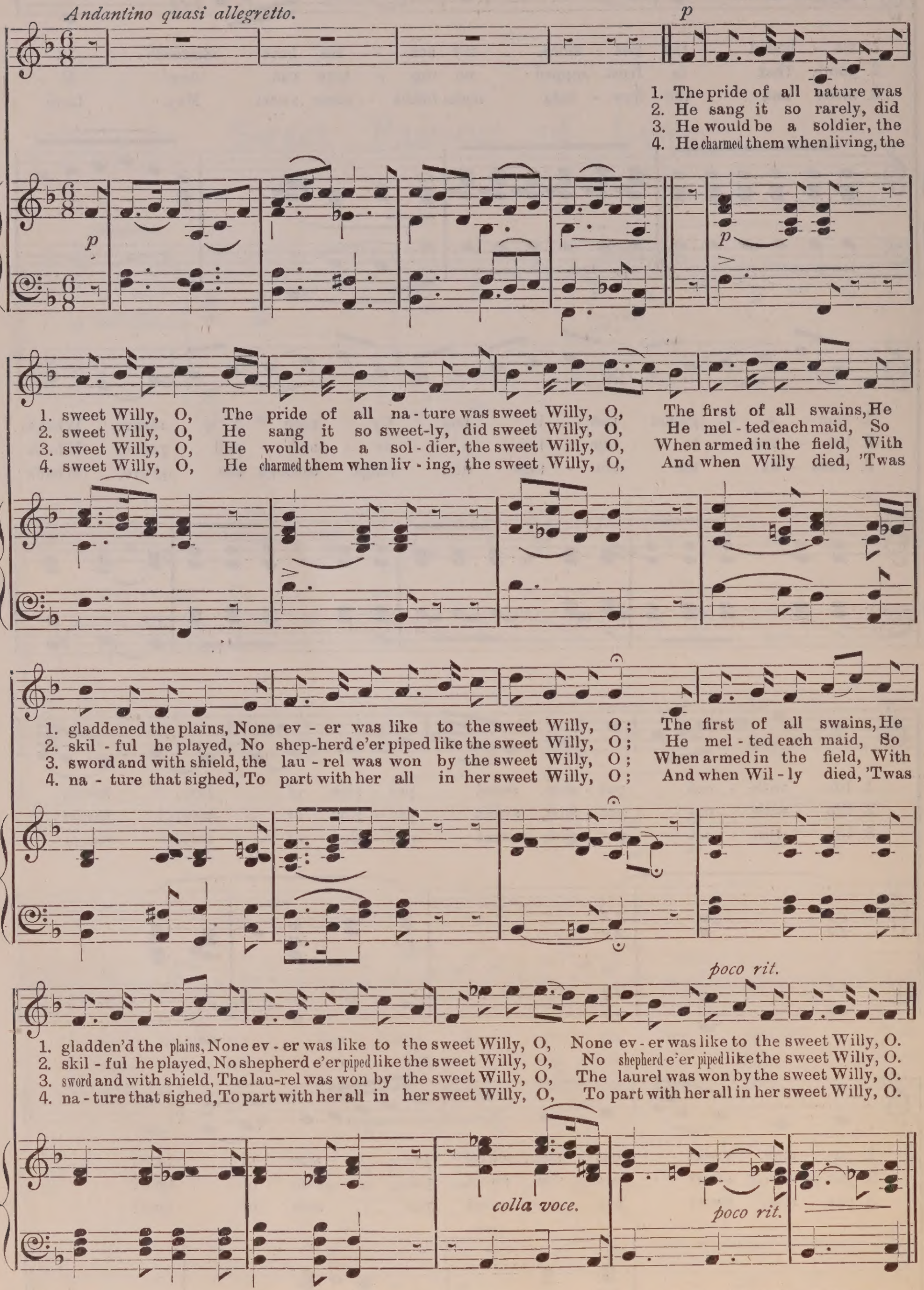

Andante.
p con espress.
poco rit.
p
1. This cold flin - ty heart it is you who have warmed, You
2. The frost nips the bud, and the rose can - not blow, From
3. The Spring should be warm, the young sea - son be gay, Her
p
con espress.
1. wa - kened my pas - sions, my sen - ses have charmed, You
2. youth that is frost - nipped no rap - ture can flow, From
3. birds and her flow - 'rets make blithe - some sweet May, Her
colla voce.

Another song from Michael Arne's opera, *Cymon*, written by David Garrick, and performed at Drury Lane in 1767. It is sung by the character Sylvia.


1. wa - kened my pas - sions, my sen - ses have charmed. In
2. youth that is frost - nipped no rap - ture can flow. E -
3. birds and the flow - 'rets make blithe - some sweet May. Love
1. vain a - gainst mer - it and Cy - mon I strove, What's
2. lys - ium to him but a de - sert will prove, What's
3. bless - es the cot - tage and sings through the grove, What's
1. life with - out pas - sion, sweet pas - sion of love, Sweet
2. life with - out pas - sion, sweet pas - sion of love, Sweet
3. life with - out pas - sion, sweet pas - sion of love, Sweet
rit.
1. pas - sion, sweet pas - sion, sweet pas - sion of love?
2. pas - sion, sweet pas - sion, sweet pas - sion of love?
3. pas - sion, sweet pas - sion, sweet pas - sion of love?
rit.

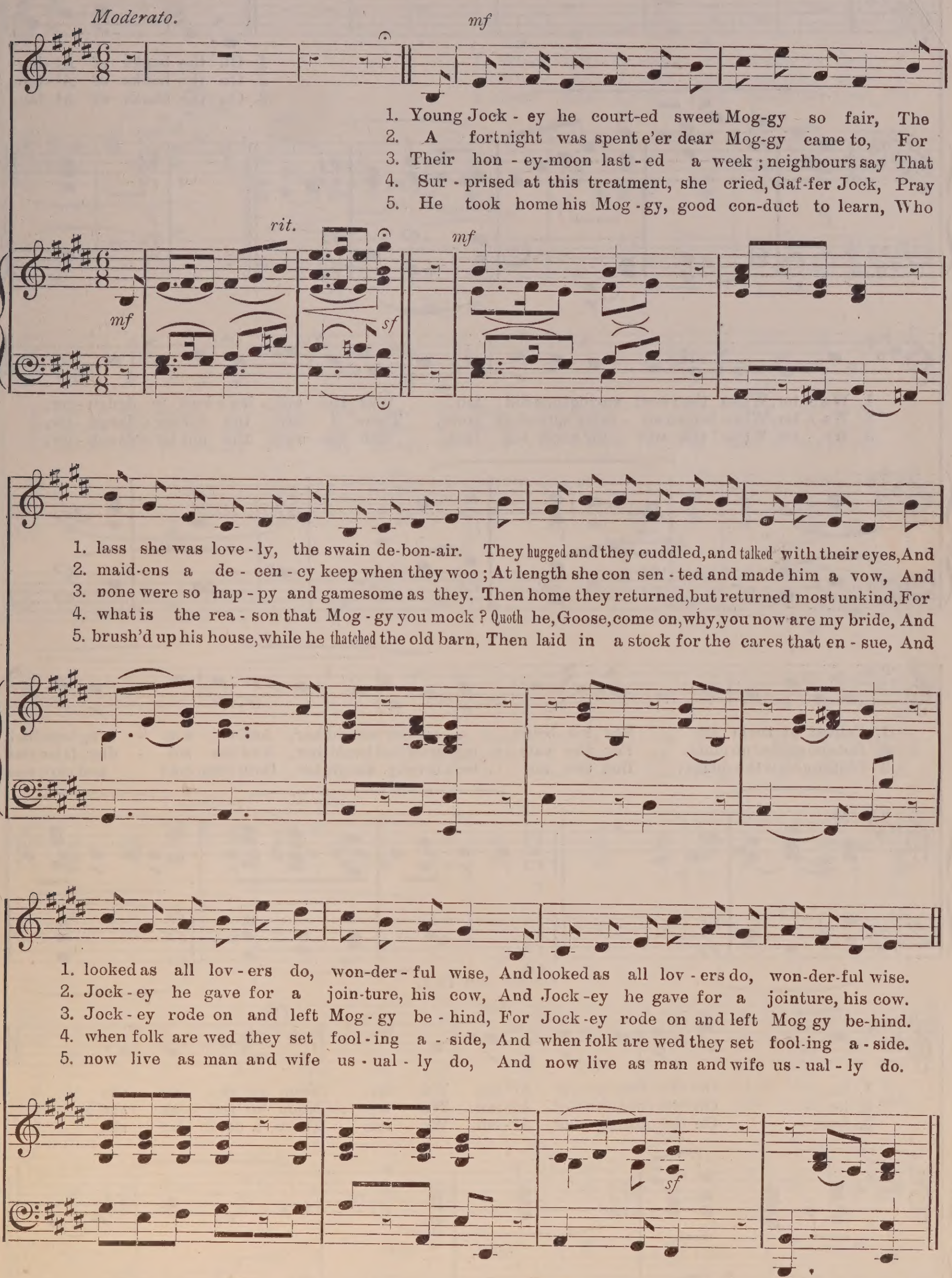
Sweet Willy, O.

Charles Dibdin.


Andantino quasi allegretto.
p
1. The pride of all nature was
2. He sang it so rarely, did
3. He would be a soldier, the
4. He charmed them when living, the
p
p
1. sweet Willy, O, The pride of all na-ture was sweet Willy, O, The first of all swains, He
2. sweet Willy, O, He sang it so sweet-ly, did sweet Willy, O, He mel-ted each maid, So
3. sweet Willy, O, He would be a sol-dier, the sweet Willy, O, When armed in the field, With
4. sweet Willy, O, He charmed them when liv-ing, the sweet Willy, O, And when Willy died, 'Twas
1. gladdened the plains, None ev-er was like to the sweet Willy, O; The first of all swains, He
2. skil-ful he played, No shep-herd e'er piped like the sweet Willy, O; He mel-ted each maid, So
3. sword and with shield, the lau-rel was won by the sweet Willy, O; When armed in the field, With
4. na-ture that sighed, To part with her all in her sweet Willy, O; And when Wil-ly died, 'Twas
poco rit.
1. gladden'd the plains, None ev-er was like to the sweet Willy, O, None ev-er was like to the sweet Willy, O.
2. skil-ful he played, No shepherd e'er piped like the sweet Willy, O, No shepherd e'er piped like the sweet Willy, O.
3. sword and with shield, The lau-rel was won by the sweet Willy, O, The laurel was won by the sweet Willy, O.
4. na-ture that sighed, To part with her all in her sweet Willy, O, To part with her all in her sweet Willy, O.
colla voce.
poco rit.

This song, with the bulk of the music for the occasion, was composed by Charles Dibdin for the Stratford Jubilee of 1769, and was then performed in the great booth at Stratford-on-Avon. Dibdin, who had achieved a great success by his opera, *The Padlock*, was then a young man, and had risen into the favour of David Garrick, who organised the jubilee. Dibdin's music for the event at Stratford-on-Avon was published by John Johnston in two thin folios entitled, *The Shakespear Garland.* For a history of the extraordinary festival held in honour of Shakespeare, and of its curious incidents, we must refer the reader elsewhere. The jubilee was certainly an event of great historic interest.

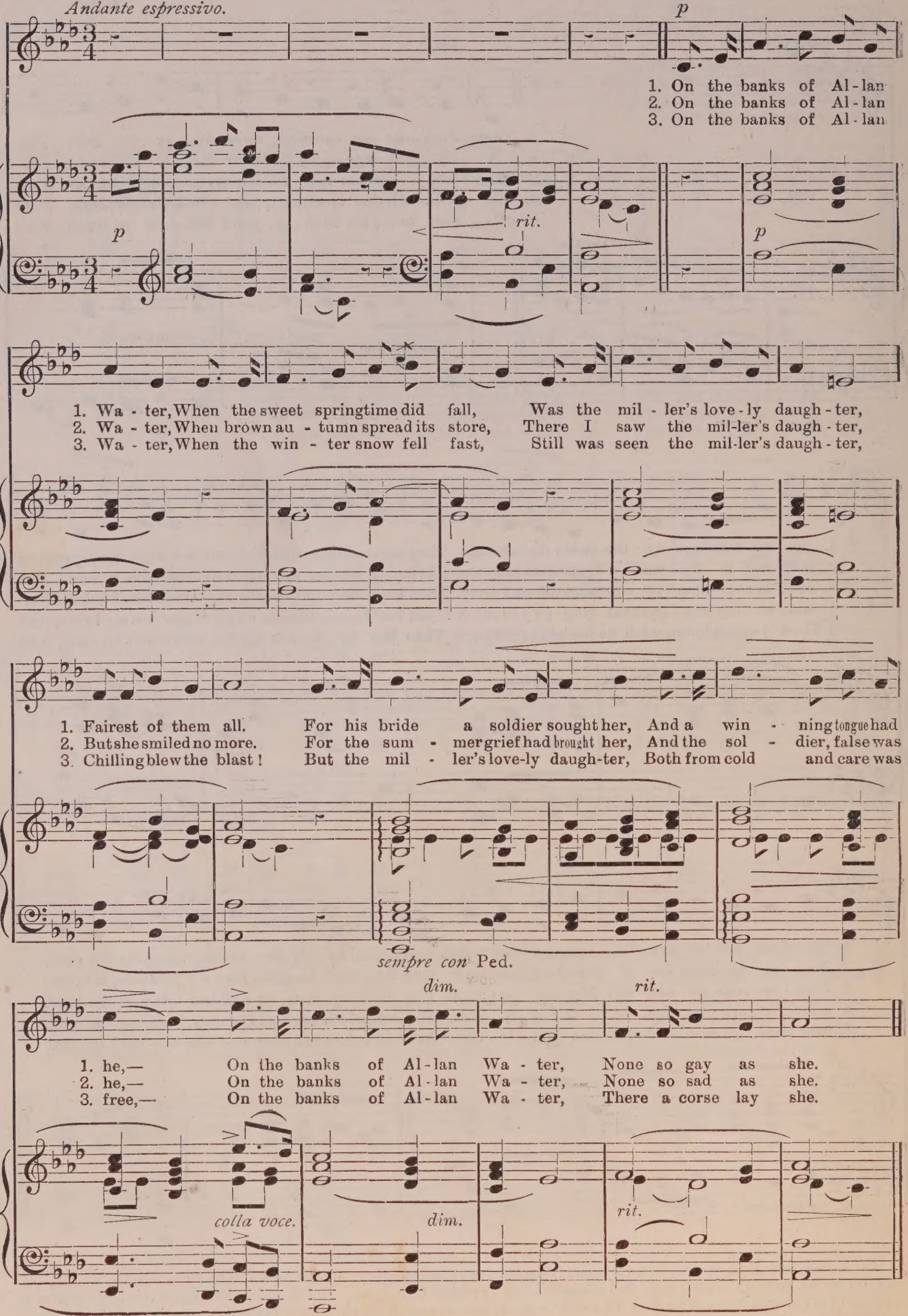
Young Jockey he Courted Sweet Moggy.


Moderato.
mf
1. Young Jock - ey he court-ed sweet Mog-gy so fair, The
2. A fortnight was spent e'er dear Mog-gy came to, For
3. Their hon - ey-moon last - ed a week ; neighbours say That
4. Sur - prised at this treatment, she cried, Gaf-fer Jock, Pray
5. He took home his Mog - gy, good con-duct to learn, Who
rit.
mf
sf
mf
1. lass she was love - ly, the swain de-bon-air. They hugged and they cuddled, and talked with their eyes, And
2. maid-ens a de - cen - cy keep when they woo ; At length she con sen - ted and made him a vow, And
3. none were so hap - py and gamesome as they. Then home they returned, but returned most unkind, For
4. what is the rea - son that Mog - gy you mock ? Quoth he, Goose, come on, why, you now are my bride, And
5. brush'd up his house, while he thatched the old barn, Then laid in a stock for the cares that en - sue, And
1. looked as all lov - ers do, won-der - ful wise, And looked as all lov - ers do, won-der-ful wise.
2. Jock - ey he gave for a join-ture, his cow, And Jock - ey he gave for a jointure, his cow.
3. Jock - ey rode on and left Mog - gy be - hind, For Jock - ey rode on and left Mog gy be-hind.
4. when folk are wed they set fool - ing a - side, And when folk are wed they set fool-ing a - side.
5. now live as man and wife us - ual - ly do, And now live as man and wife us - ual - ly do.
sf

As "Love in Low Life" the song with the music is engraved in a scarce quarto publication issued about 1761-4, entitled, *The Musical Magazine*, by Mr. Oswald and other celebrated masters—London : printed for J. Coote. As " 'Jockey and Moggy,' a new song," the same appears in *The Universal Magazine* for June, 1764, and the words alone in various editions of *The Bullfinch*. "Sweet Mog the Brunette," included in this volume, is an adaptation of "Young Jockey" (see note).

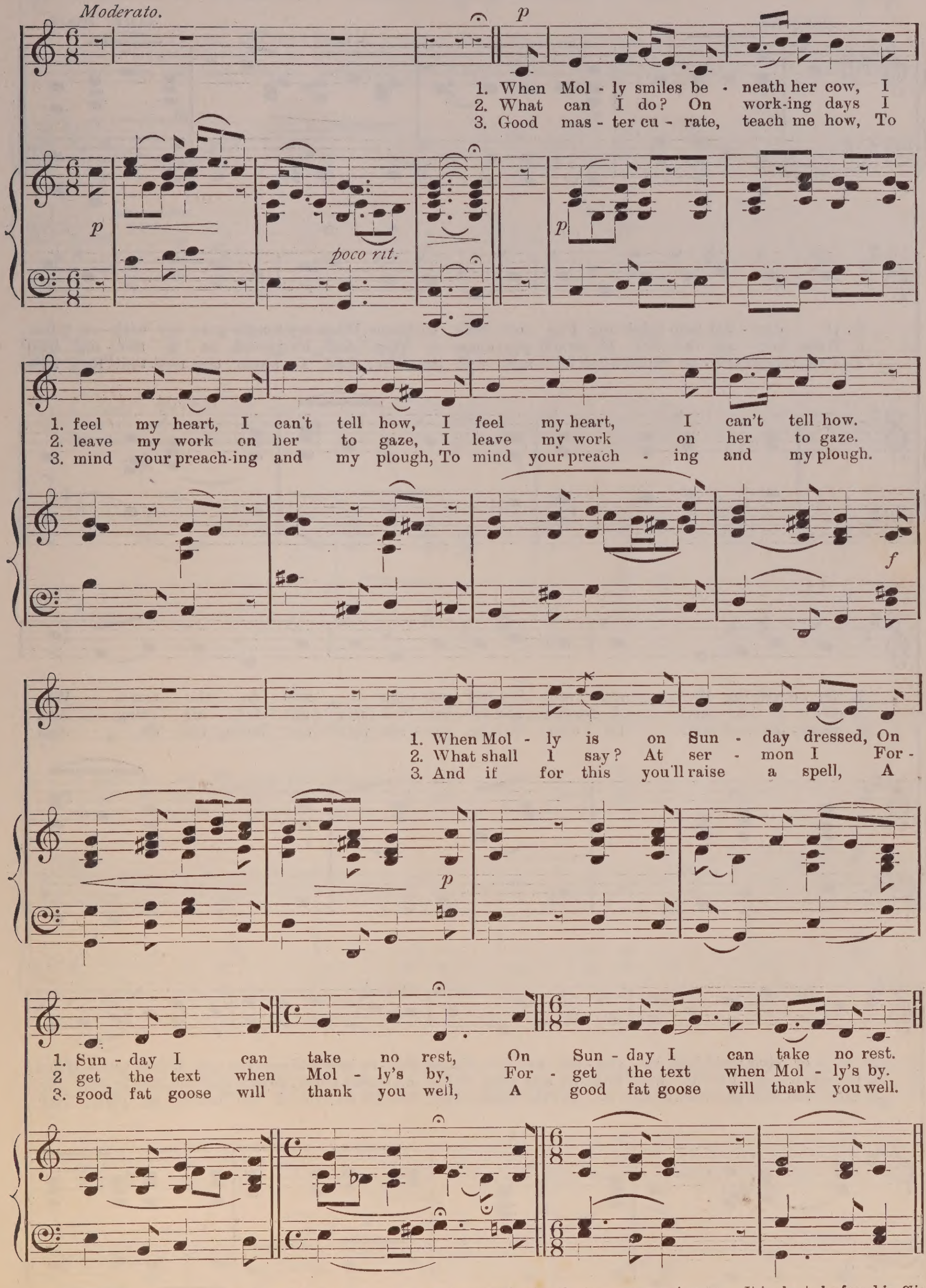
On the Banks of Allan Water.

M. G. Lewis.


Andante espressivo.
p
1. On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter, When the sweet springtime did fall, Was the mil-ler's love-ly daugh-ter, Fairest of them all. For his bride a soldier sought her, And a win-ning tongue had he,— On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter, None so gay as she.
2. On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter, When brown au-tumn spread its store, There I saw the mil-ler's daugh-ter, But she smiled no more. For the sum-mer grief had brought her, And the sol-dier, false was he,— On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter, None so sad as she.
3. On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter, When the win-ter snow fell fast, Still was seen the mil-ler's daugh-ter, Chilling blew the blast! But the mil-ler's love-ly daugh-ter, Both from cold and care was free,— On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter, There a corse lay she.
rit.
sempre con Ped.
dim.
rit.
colla voce.
dim.
rit.

For note to this song see Appendix.

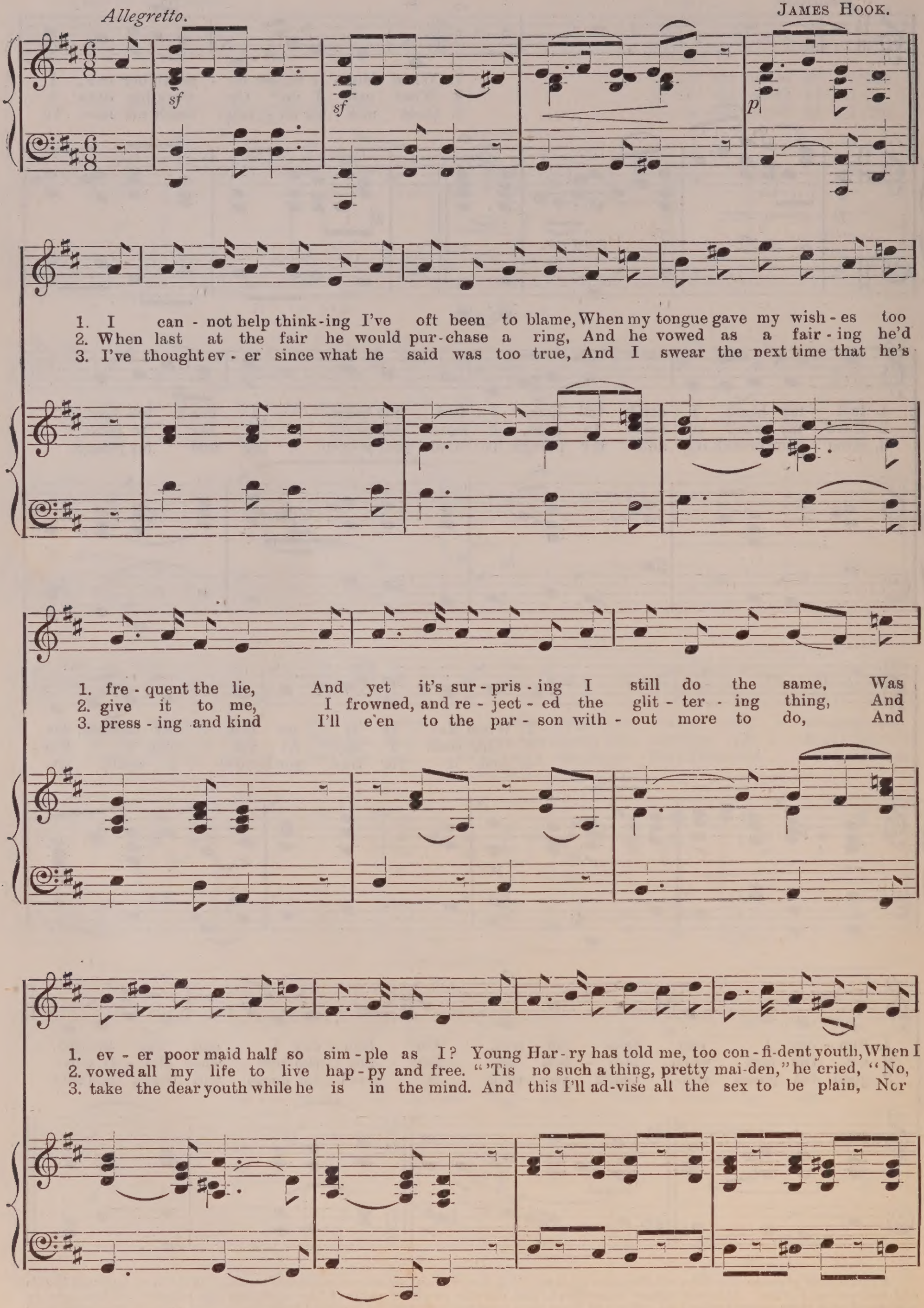
The Ploughman's Ditty.


Moderato.
p
1. When Mol - ly smiles be - neath her cow, I
2. What can I do? On work-ing days I
3. Good mas - ter cu - rate, teach me how, To
p
poco rit.
p
1. feel my heart, I can't tell how, I feel my heart, I can't tell how.
2. leave my work on her to gaze, I leave my work on her to gaze.
3. mind your preach-ing and my plough, To mind your preach - ing and my plough.
f
1. When Mol - ly is on Sun - day dressed, On
2. What shall I say? At ser - mon I For -
3. And if for this you'll raise a spell, A
p
1. Sun - day I can take no rest, On Sun - day I can take no rest.
2 get the text when Mol - ly's by, For - get the text when Mol - ly's by.
3. good fat goose will thank you well, A good fat goose will thank you well.

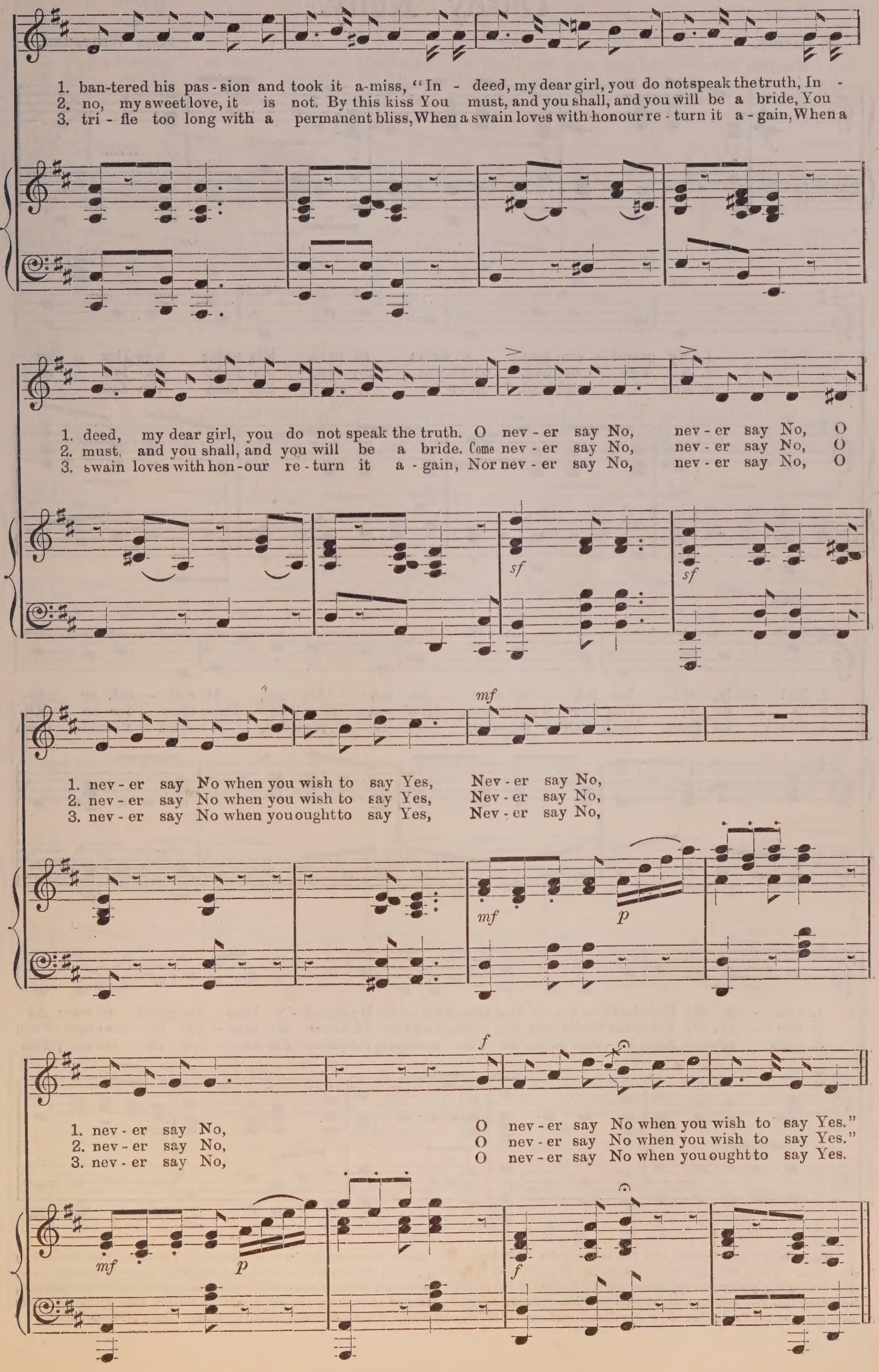
A rustic song given in *The Universal Magazine* for April, 1757, but without author's or composer's name. It is also to be found in *Clio and Euterpe*, vol. i., 1758. It is now almost impossible to find out the names of many of the musicians who supplied the 18th century magazines with their musical selections. Many of these were amateur compositions emitted from the country, some of real excellence; others of course were the songs sung at the theatres and public gardens. When these had attained some degree of popularity, they were generally printed with the singer's and composer's names attached.

Never say No when you wish to say Yes.

JAMES HOOK.

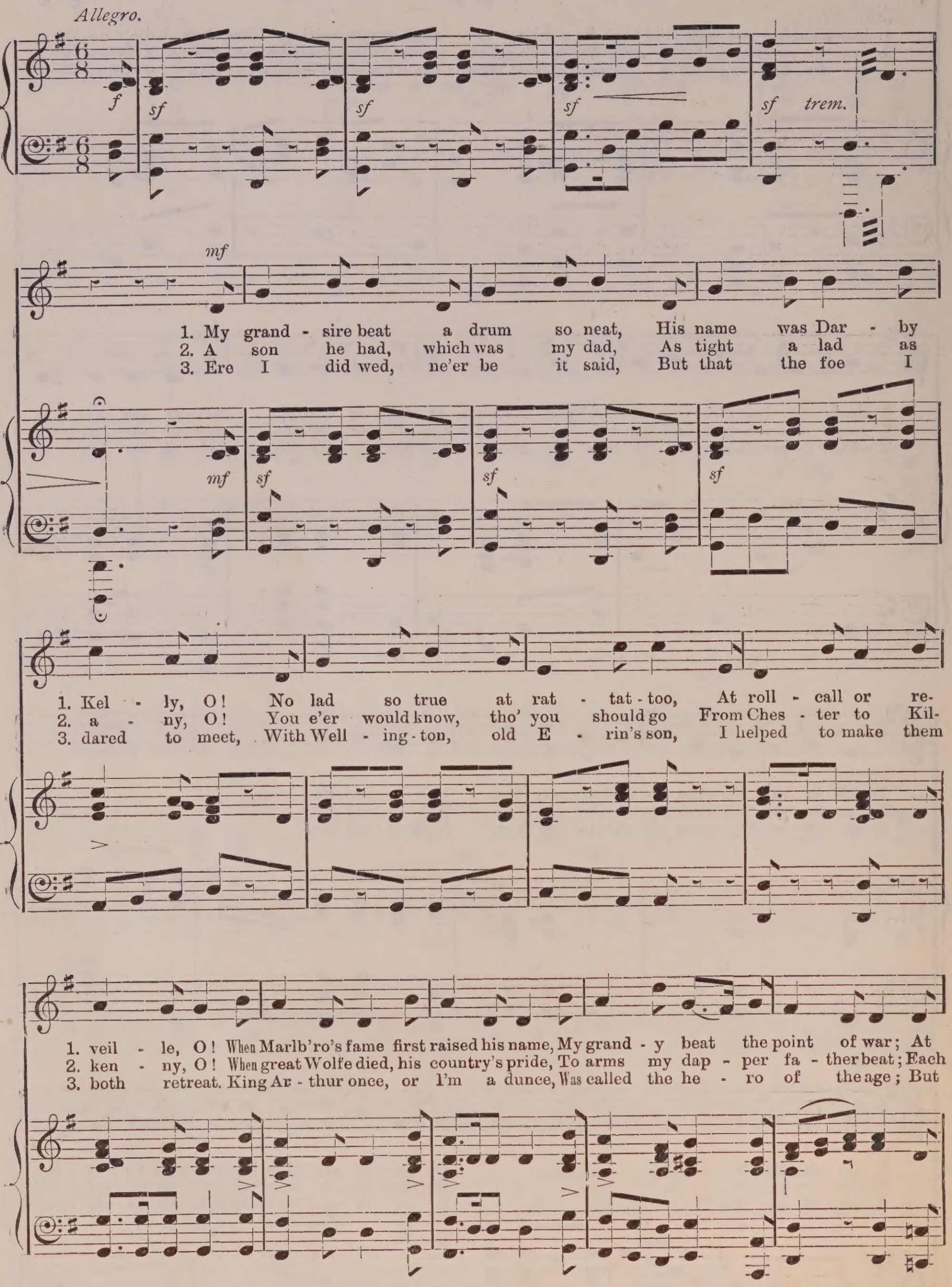

Allegretto.
sf
sf
p
1. I can - not help think-ing I've oft been to blame, When my tongue gave my wish - es too
2. When last at the fair he would pur-chase a ring, And he vowed as a fair - ing he'd
3. I've thought ev - er since what he said was too true, And I swear the next time that he's
1. fre - quent the lie, And yet it's sur - pris - ing I still do the same, Was
2. give it to me, I frowned, and re - ject - ed the glit - ter - ing thing, And
3. press - ing and kind I'll e'en to the par - son with - out more to do, And
1. ev - er poor maid half so sim - ple as I? Young Har - ry has told me, too con - fi-dent youth, When I
2. vowed all my life to live hap - py and free. "'Tis no such a thing, pretty mai-den," he cried, "No,
3. take the dear youth while he is in the mind. And this I'll ad-vise all the sex to be plain, Nor

Another Vauxhall production written by James Hook, and sung by Mrs. Franklin at the Gardens in 1793. Published in Hook's collection for that year.

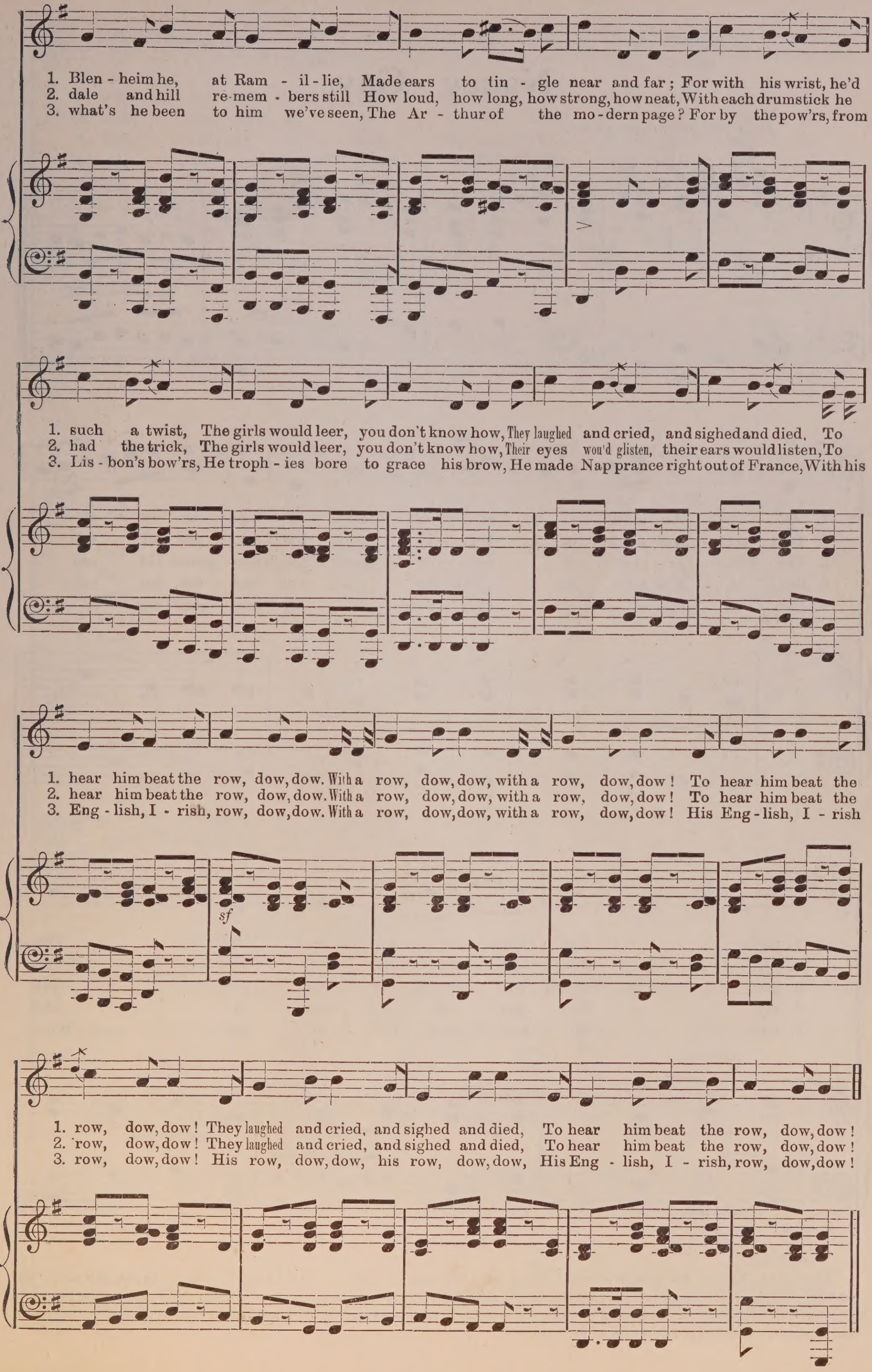

1. ban-tered his pas-sion and took it a-miss, "In - deed, my dear girl, you do not speak the truth, In -
2. no, my sweet love, it is not. By this kiss You must, and you shall, and you will be a bride, You
3. tri - fle too long with a permanent bliss, When a swain loves with honour re - turn it a - gain, When a
1. deed, my dear girl, you do not speak the truth. O nev - er say No, nev - er say No, O
2. must, and you shall, and you will be a bride. Come nev - er say No, nev - er say No, O
3. swain loves with hon-our re - turn it a - gain, Nor nev - er say No, nev - er say No, O
sf
sf
mf
1. nev - er say No when you wish to say Yes, Nev - er say No,
2. nev - er say No when you wish to say Yes, Nev - er say No,
3. nev - er say No when you ought to say Yes, Nev - er say No,
mf
p
f
1. nev - er say No, O nev - er say No when you wish to say Yes."
2. nev - er say No, O nev - er say No when you wish to say Yes."
3. nev - er say No, O nev - er say No when you ought to say Yes.
mf
p
f

Darby Kelly.

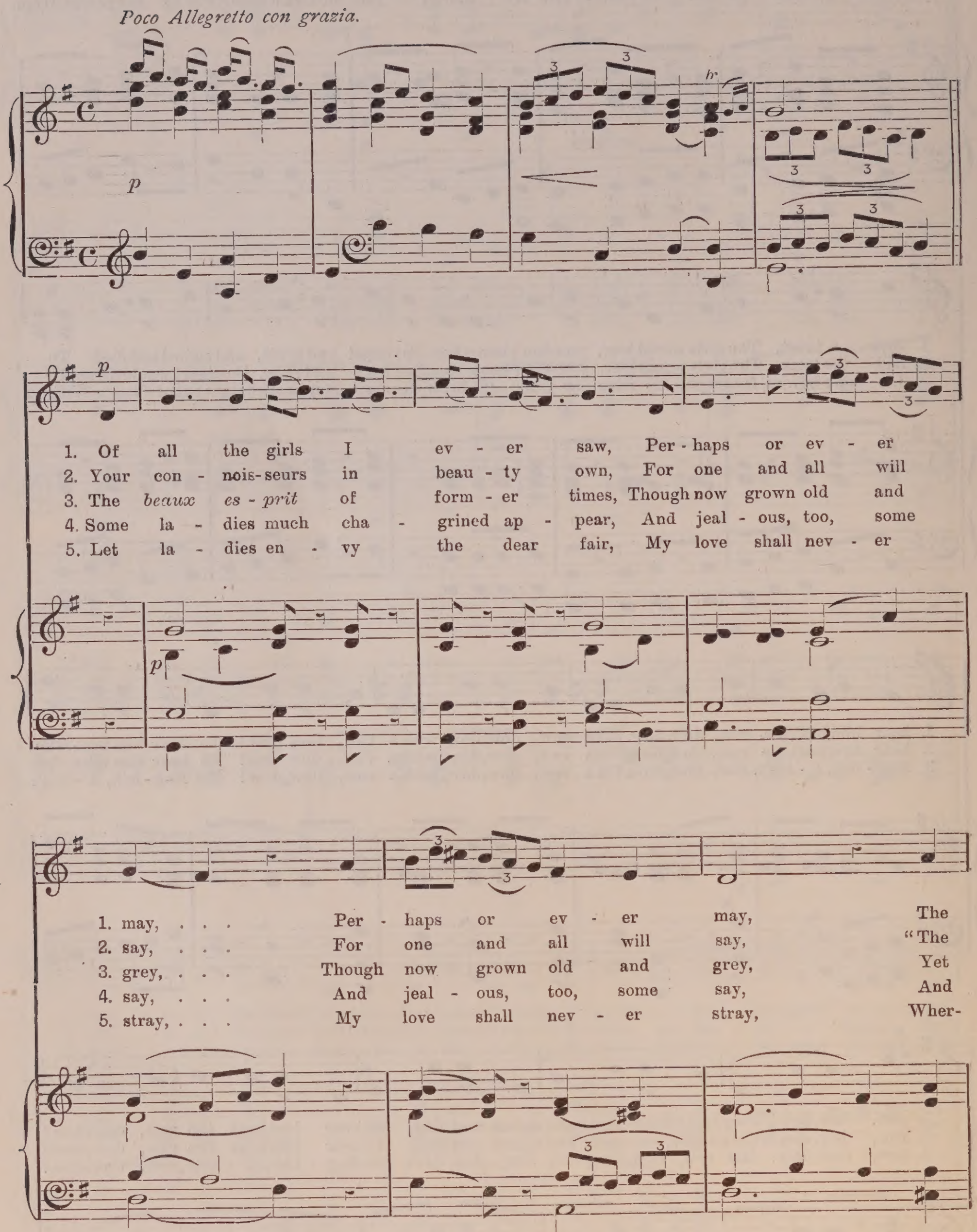
T. DIBDIN. JOHN WHITAKER.


Allegro.
f
sf
trem.
mf
1. My grand - sire beat a drum so neat, His name was Dar - by
2. A son he had, which was my dad, As tight a lad as
3. Ere I did wed, ne'er be it said, But that the foe I
1. Kel - ly, O! No lad so true at rat - tat - too, At roll - call or re-
2. a - ny, O! You e'er would know, tho' you should go From Ches - ter to Kil-
3. dared to meet, With Well - ing - ton, old E - rin's son, I helped to make them
1. veil - le, O! When Marlb'ro's fame first raised his name, My grand - y beat the point of war; At
2. ken - ny, O! When great Wolfe died, his country's pride, To arms my dap - per fa - ther beat; Each
3. both retreat. King Ar - thur once, or I'm a dunce, Was called the he - ro of the age; But

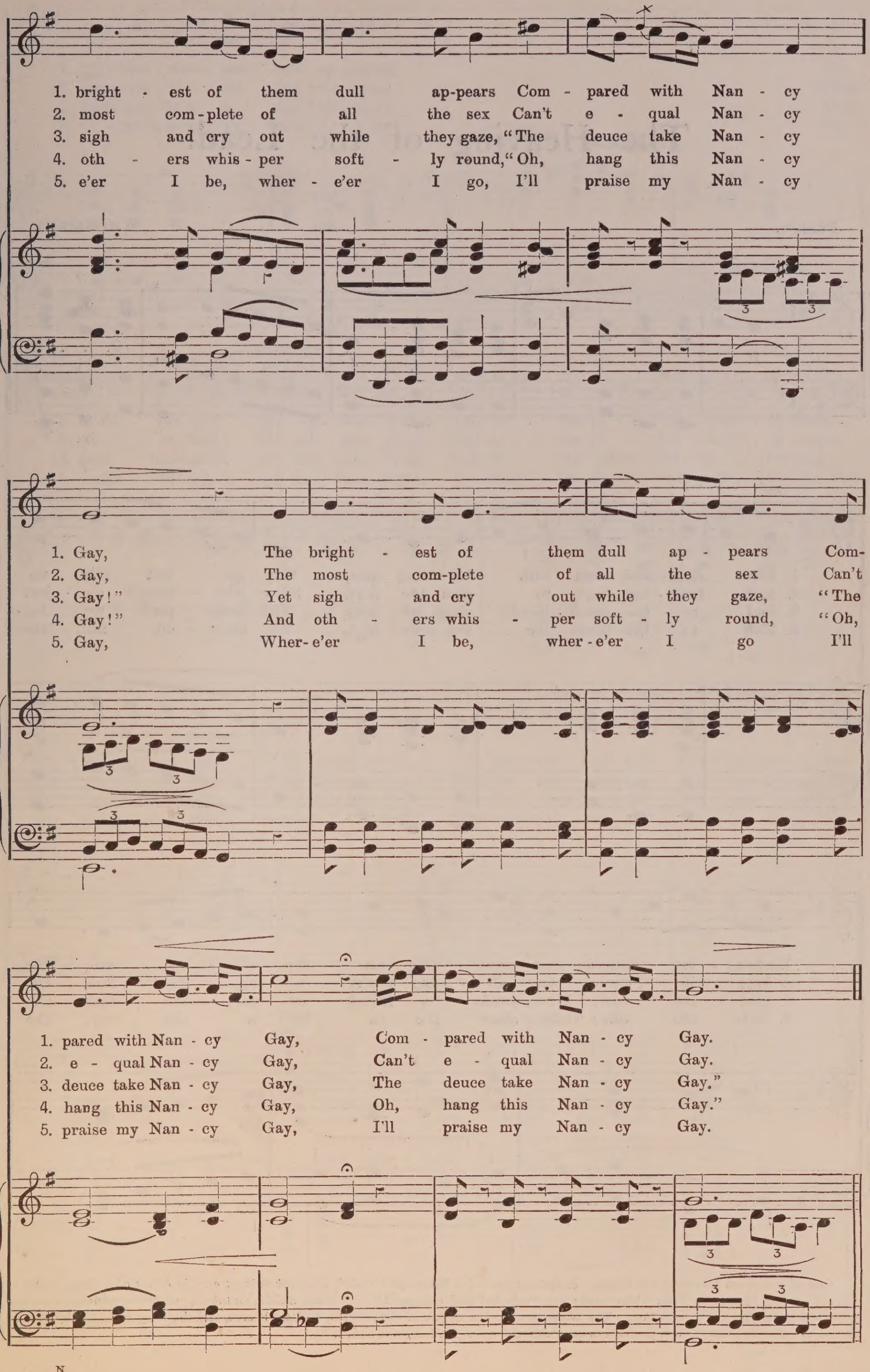
Words by Thomas Dibdin, and the air by John Whitaker. The clever verses might have suggested to Thackeray his *Chronicle of the Drum*. John Whitaker was a musician of merit and versatility; with Bishop he arranged and composed the once famous opera, *Guy Mannering*, performed soon after the publication of the novel. He wrote a number of excellent melodies in all styles of composition, including that one so frequently classed as Irish, "Paddy Carey." He was partner in the great firm of Button and Whitaker, music publishers, of St. Paul's Churchyard, and arranged and edited a great many of the collections issued by them. Born 1776, died 1847.


1. Blen - heim he, at Ram - il - lie, Made ears to tin - gle near and far; For with his wrist, he'd
2. dale and hill re-mem - bers still How loud, how long, how strong, how neat, With each drumstick he
3. what's he been to him we've seen, The Ar - thur of the mo - dern page? For by the pow'rs, from
1. such a twist, The girls would leer, you don't know how, They laughed and cried, and sighed and died, To
2. had the trick, The girls would leer, you don't know how, Their eyes would glisten, their ears would listen, To
3. Lis - bon's bow'rs, He troph - ies bore to grace his brow, He made Nap prance right out of France, With his
1. hear him beat the row, dow, dow. With a row, dow, dow, with a row, dow, dow! To hear him beat the
2. hear him beat the row, dow, dow. With a row, dow, dow, with a row, dow, dow! To hear him beat the
3. Eng - lish, I - rish, row, dow, dow. With a row, dow, dow, with a row, dow, dow! His Eng - lish, I - rish
sf
1. row, dow, dow! They laughed and cried, and sighed and died, To hear him beat the row, dow, dow!
2. row, dow, dow! They laughed and cried, and sighed and died, To hear him beat the row, dow, dow!
3. row, dow, dow! His row, dow, dow, his row, dow, dow, His Eng - lish, I - rish, row, dow, dow!

Nancy Gay.

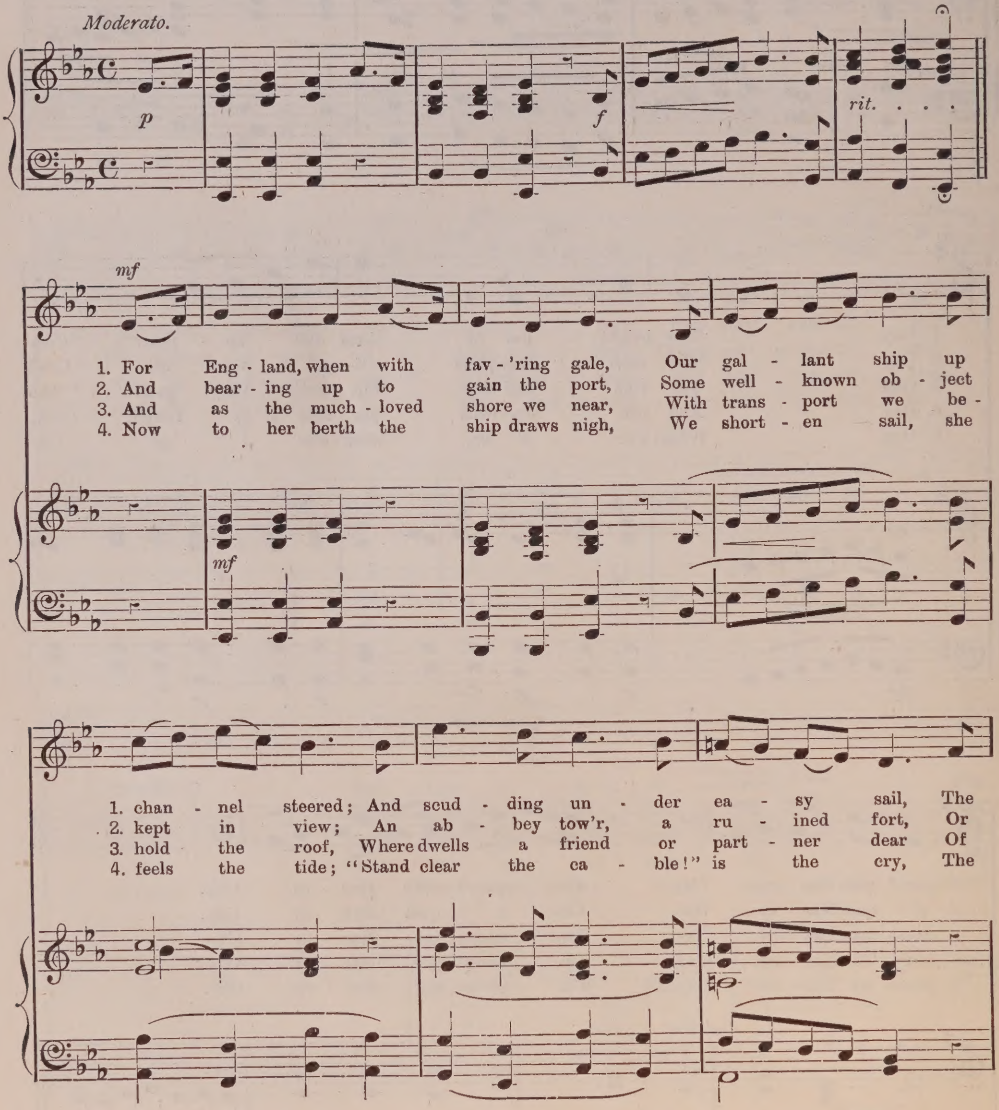

Poco Allegretto con grazia.
p
tr
3
p
1. Of all the girls I ev - er saw, Per - haps or ev - er
2. Your con - nois - seurs in beau - ty own, For one and all will
3. The beaux es - prit of form - er times, Though now grown old and
4. Some la - dies much cha - grined ap - pear, And jeal - ous, too, some
5. Let la - dies en - vy the dear fair, My love shall nev - er
1. may, . . . Per - haps or ev - er may, The
2. say, . . . For one and all will say, "The
3. grey, . . . Though now grown old and grey, Yet
4. say, . . . And jeal - ous, too, some say, And
5. stray, . . . My love shall nev - er stray, Wher-

Like "Kitty Fell" in the present volume, "Nancy Gay" is a song in honour of some forgotten beauty. As "A New Song," but without composer's or author's name, it appears in *The Universal Magazine* at the end of the year 1767. It is also printed in Robert Horsfield's *Vocal Music*, 1775. The words have merit, and the air is particularly pretty, the composition of one of those clever but nameless musicians who followed in the steps of Dr. Arne.

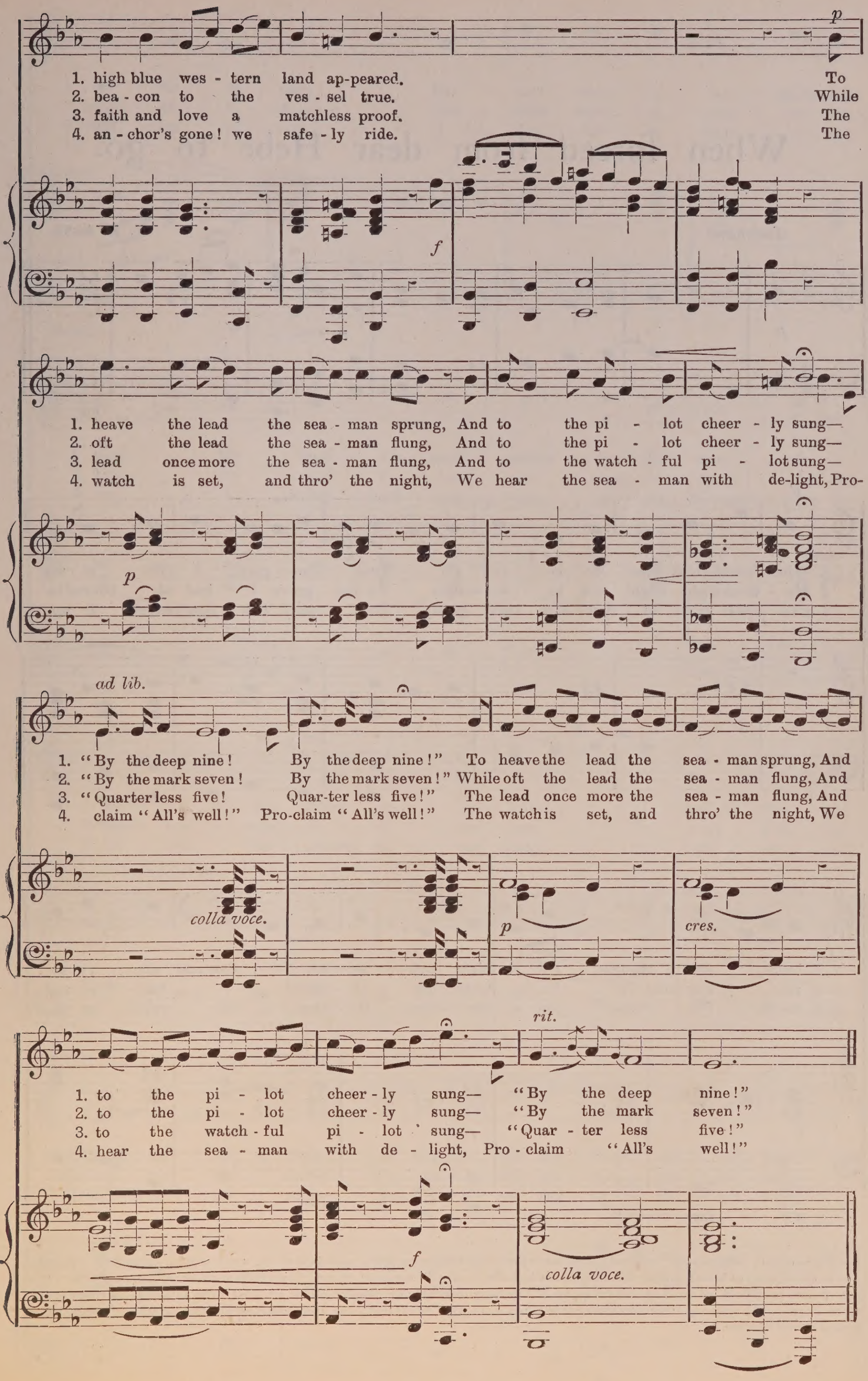

1. bright - est of them dull ap-pears Com - pared with Nan - cy
2. most com-plete of all the sex Can't e - qual Nan - cy
3. sigh and cry out while they gaze, "The deuce take Nan - cy
4. oth - ers whis - per soft - ly round," Oh, hang this Nan - cy
5. e'er I be, wher - e'er I go, I'll praise my Nan - cy
1. Gay, The bright - est of them dull ap - pears Com-
2. Gay, The most com-plete of all the sex Can't
3. Gay!" Yet sigh and cry out while they gaze, "The
4. Gay!" And oth - ers whis - per soft - ly round, "Oh,
5. Gay, Wher-e'er I be, wher-e'er I go I'll
1. pared with Nan - cy Gay, Com - pared with Nan - cy Gay.
2. e - qual Nan - cy Gay, Can't e - qual Nan - cy Gay.
3. deuce take Nan - cy Gay, The deuce take Nan - cy Gay."
4. hang this Nan - cy Gay, Oh, hang this Nan - cy Gay."
5. praise my Nan - cy Gay, I'll praise my Nan - cy Gay.
3
3

The Heaving of the Lead.

Pearce. **Wm. Shield.**


Moderato.
p
f
rit. . . .
mf
1. For Eng - land, when with fav - 'ring gale, Our gal - lant ship up
2. And bear - ing up to gain the port, Some well - known ob - ject
3. And as the much - loved shore we near, With trans - port we be -
4. Now to her berth the ship draws nigh, We short - en sail, she
mf
1. chan - nel steered; And scud - ding un - der ea - sy sail, The
2. kept in view; An ab - bey tow'r, a ru - ined fort, Or
3. hold the roof, Where dwells a friend or part - ner dear Of
4. feels the tide; "Stand clear the ca - ble!" is the cry, The

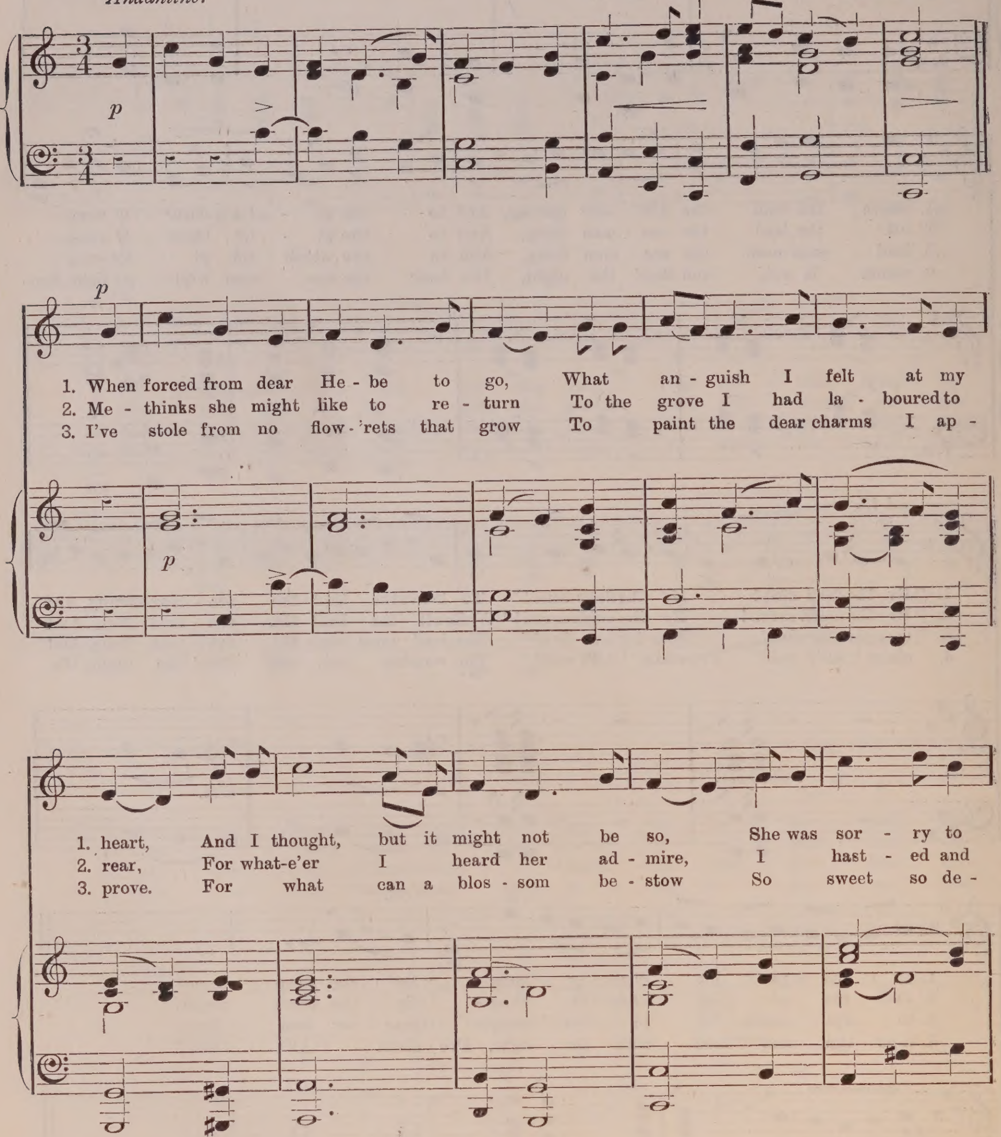
One of our most favourite sea songs. It formed part of a little opera called, *Hartford Bridge; or, The Skirts of a Camp*, acted at Covent Garden Theatre in 1792. The music was "selected and composed" by William Shield, and it is generally considered that this musician wrote the air in question. The words are by the author of the libretto, William Pearce, and the song was sung by Charles Incledon. Shortly after its first production an additional verse (the last) was added.


p
1. high blue wes - tern land ap-peared. To
2. bea - con to the ves - sel true. While
3. faith and love a matchless proof. The
4. an - chor's gone! we safe - ly ride. The
f
1. heave the lead the sea - man sprung, And to the pi - lot cheer - ly sung—
2. oft the lead the sea - man flung, And to the pi - lot cheer - ly sung—
3. lead once more the sea - man flung, And to the watch - ful pi - lot sung—
4. watch is set, and thro' the night, We hear the sea - man with de-light, Pro-
p
ad lib.
1. "By the deep nine! By the deep nine!" To heave the lead the sea - man sprung, And
2. "By the mark seven! By the mark seven!" While oft the lead the sea - man flung, And
3. "Quarter less five! Quar-ter less five!" The lead once more the sea - man flung, And
4. claim "All's well!" Pro-claim "All's well!" The watch is set, and thro' the night, We
colla voce.
p
cres.
rit.
1. to the pi - lot cheer - ly sung— "By the deep nine!"
2. to the pi - lot cheer - ly sung— "By the mark seven!"
3. to the watch - ful pi - lot sung— "Quar - ter less five!"
4. hear the sea - man with de - light, Pro - claim "All's well!"
f
colla voce.

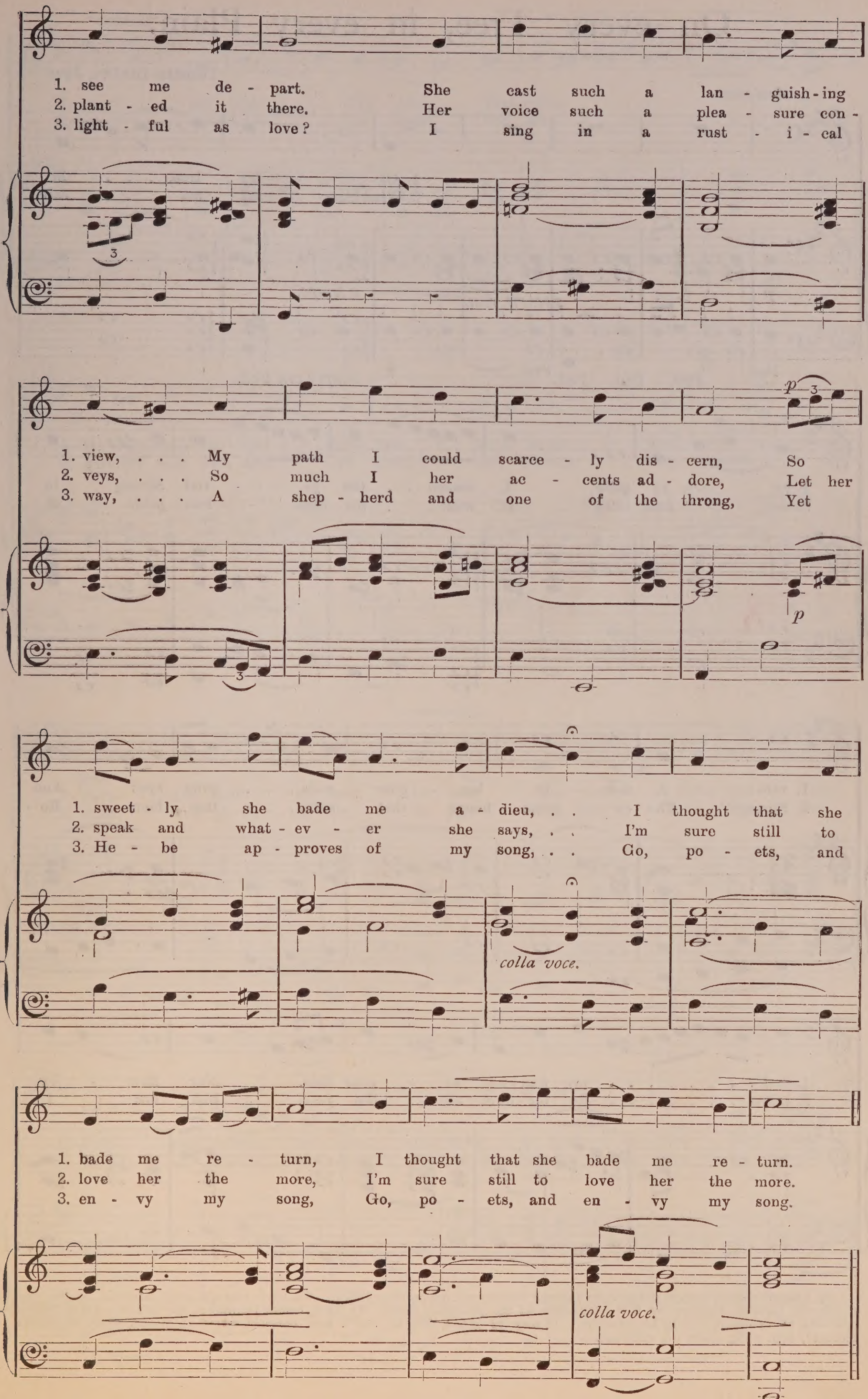
When forced from dear Hebe to go.

Andantino.

T. A. Arne.

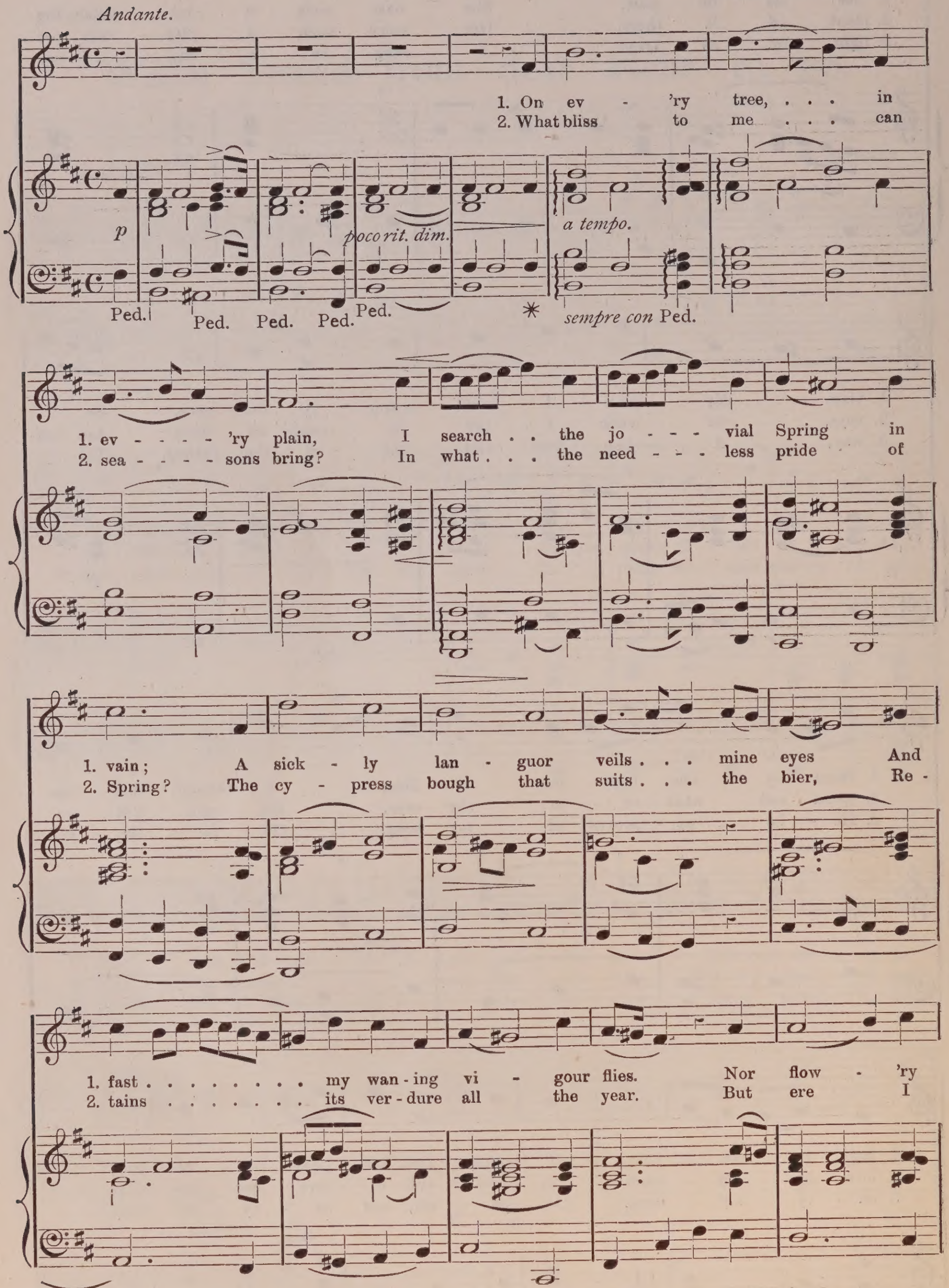

p
p
p
1. When forced from dear He - be to go, What an - guish I felt at my
2. Me - thinks she might like to re - turn To the grove I had la - boured to
3. I've stole from no flow - 'rets that grow To paint the dear charms I ap -
1. heart, And I thought, but it might not be so, She was sor - ry to
2. rear, For what-e'er I heard her ad - mire, I hast - ed and
3. prove. For what can a blos - som be - stow So sweet so de -

The words are considerably "adapted" from three poems by Shenstone. The melody is by Dr. Arne, written about 1750. The song was no doubt sung at Vauxhall near this date, and is included in Arne's *Agreeable Musical Choice*, fifth number, Walsh, *circa* 1752. It is unfortunate that there are so many modern copies of this song carelessly or wilfully altered in those little subtle points which give so much charm to the original. Our present copy is taken from what is evidently the first published, and this agrees with others issued during Arne's lifetime.

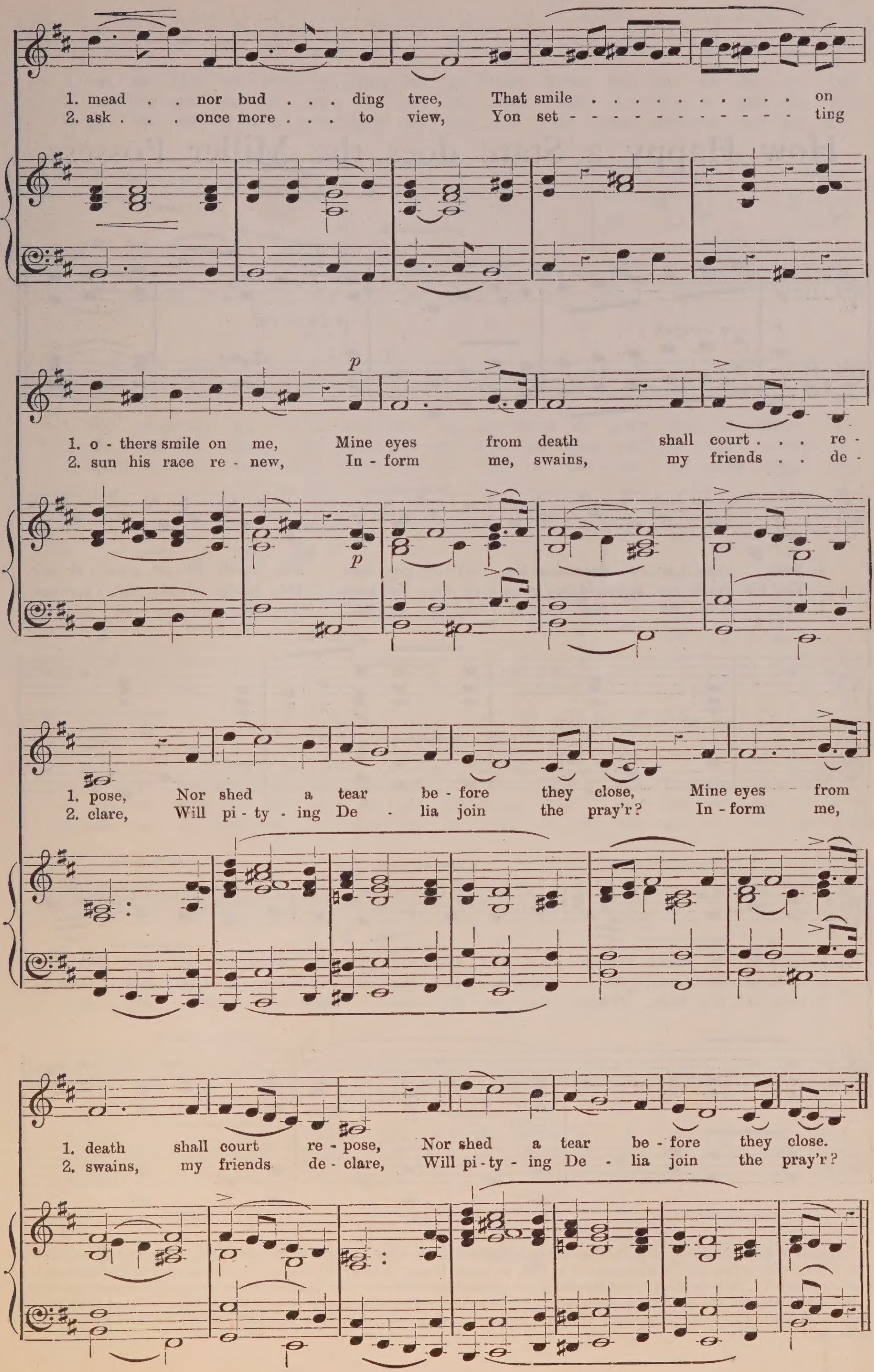

1. see me de - part. She cast such a lan - guish - ing
2. plant - ed it there. Her voice such a plea - sure con -
3. light - ful as love? I sing in a rust - i - cal
1. view, . . . My path I could scarce - ly dis - cern, So
2. veys, . . . So much I her ac - cents ad - dore, Let her
3. way, . . . A shep - herd and one of the throng, Yet
p
3
1. sweet - ly she bade me a - dieu, . . I thought that she
2. speak and what - ev - er she says, . . I'm sure still to
3. He - be ap - proves of my song, . . Go, po - ets, and
colla voce.
1. bade me re - turn, I thought that she bade me re - turn.
2. love her the more, I'm sure still to love her the more.
3. en - vy my song, Go, po - ets, and en - vy my song.
colla voce.

On every Tree, in every Plain.

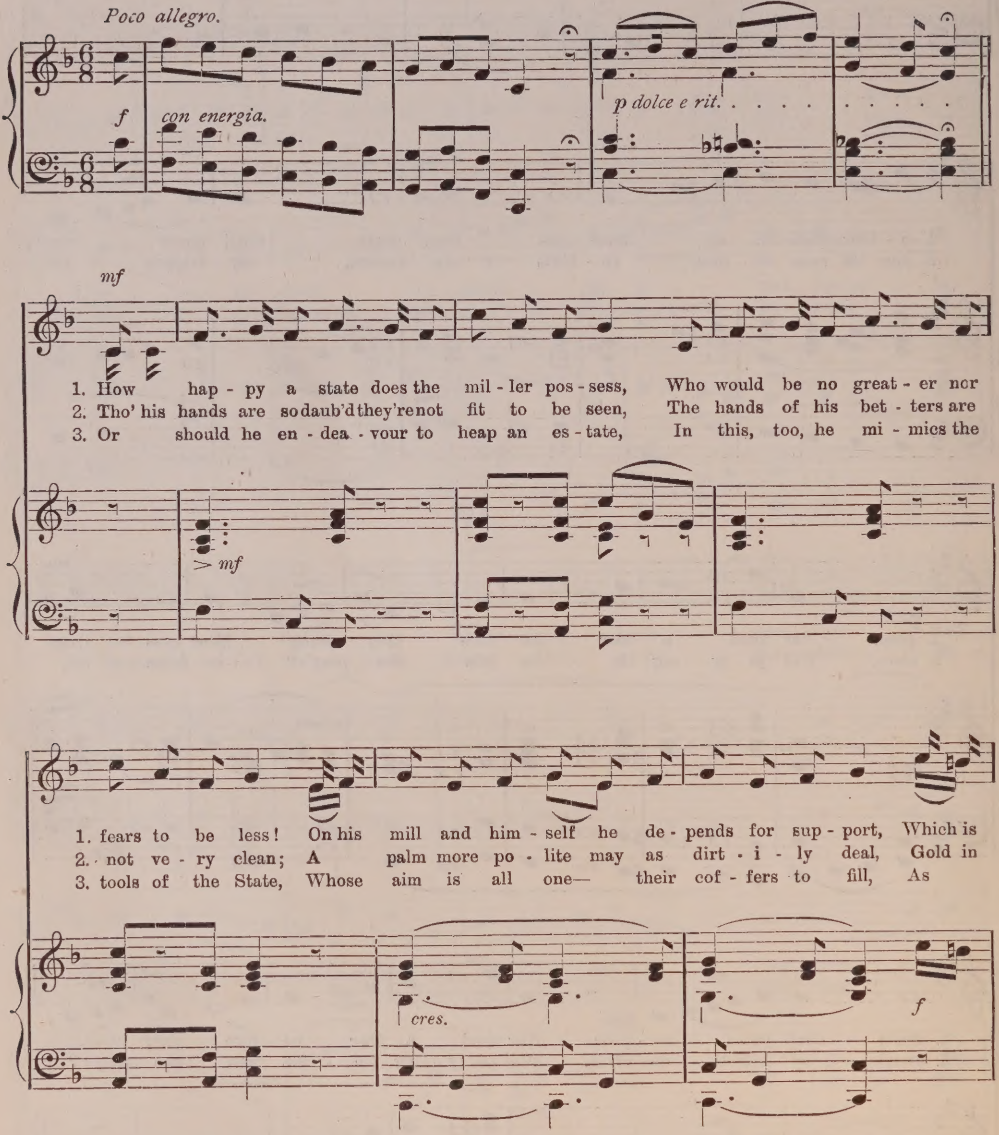
Thomas Linley, Junr.


Andante.
1. On ev - 'ry tree, . . . in
2. What bliss to me . . . can
p
poco rit. dim.
a tempo.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. * sempre con Ped.
1. ev - - - - 'ry plain, I search . . the jo - - - vial Spring in
2. sea - - - - sons bring? In what . . . the need - - - less pride of
1. vain; A sick - ly lan - guor veils . . . mine eyes And
2. Spring? The cy - press bough that suits . . . the bier, Re -
1. fast . . . . my wan-ing vi - gour flies. Nor flow - 'ry
2. tains . . . . its ver-dure all the year. But ere I

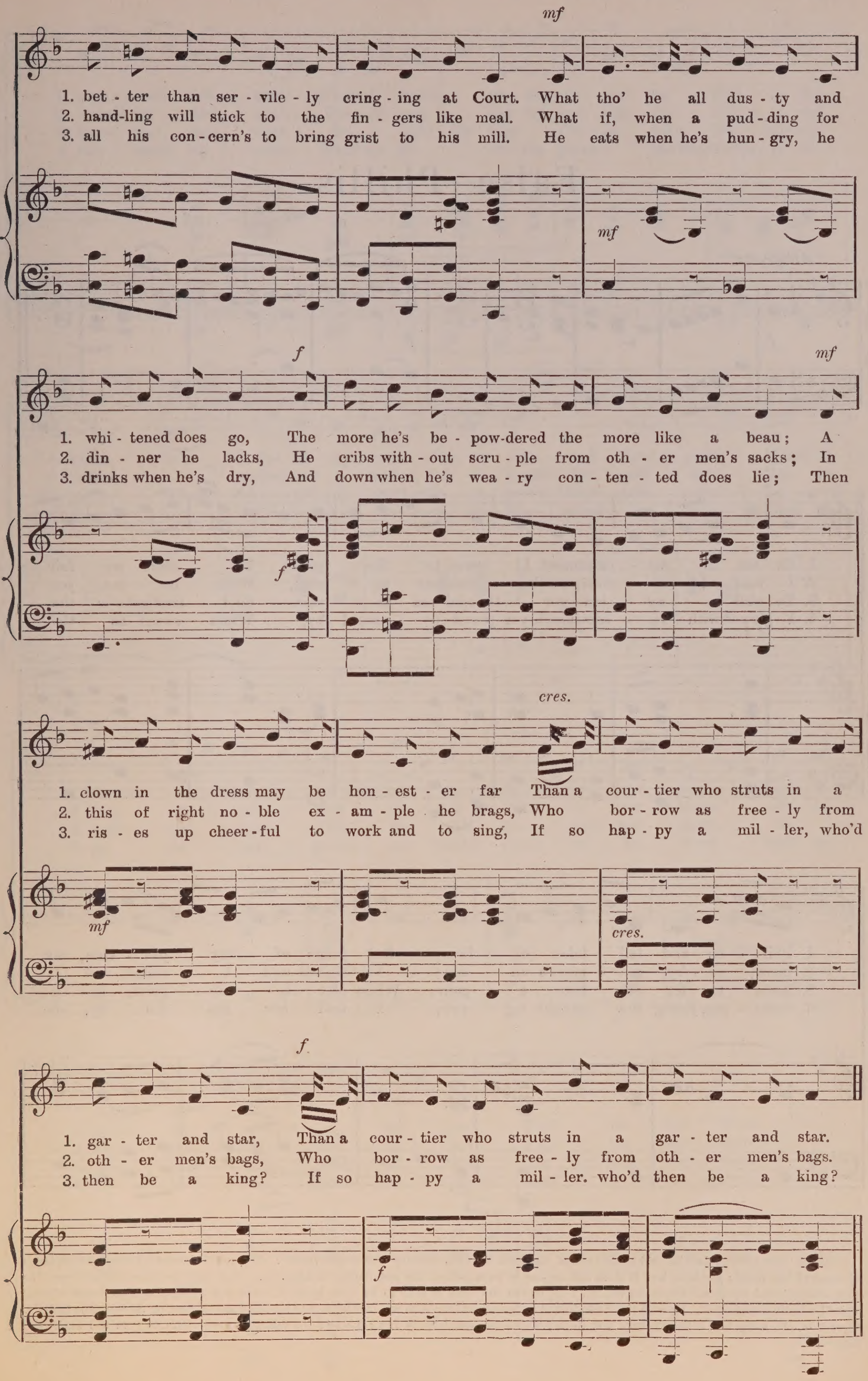
By Thomas Linley, junior, taken from Linley's *Posthumous Works, circa* 1796-8. We need scarcely draw attention to the fine musicianly qualities displayed in this composition of the younger Linley. We have before mentioned his untimely death by the upsetting of a pleasure boat in Lincolnshire. It may be added that he was a firm, personal friend of Mozart whom he met in Florence, both being about the same age.


1. mead . . nor bud . . . ding tree, That smile . . . . on
2. ask . . . once more . . . to view, Yon set - - - - - - - - - - - - ting
p
1. o - thers smile on me, Mine eyes from death shall court . . . re -
2. sun his race re - new, In - form me, swains, my friends . . de -
p
1. pose, Nor shed a tear be - fore they close, Mine eyes from
2. clare, Will pi - ty - ing De - lia join the pray'r? In - form me,
1. death shall court re - pose, Nor shed a tear be - fore they close.
2. swains, my friends de - clare, Will pi - ty - ing De - lia join the pray'r?

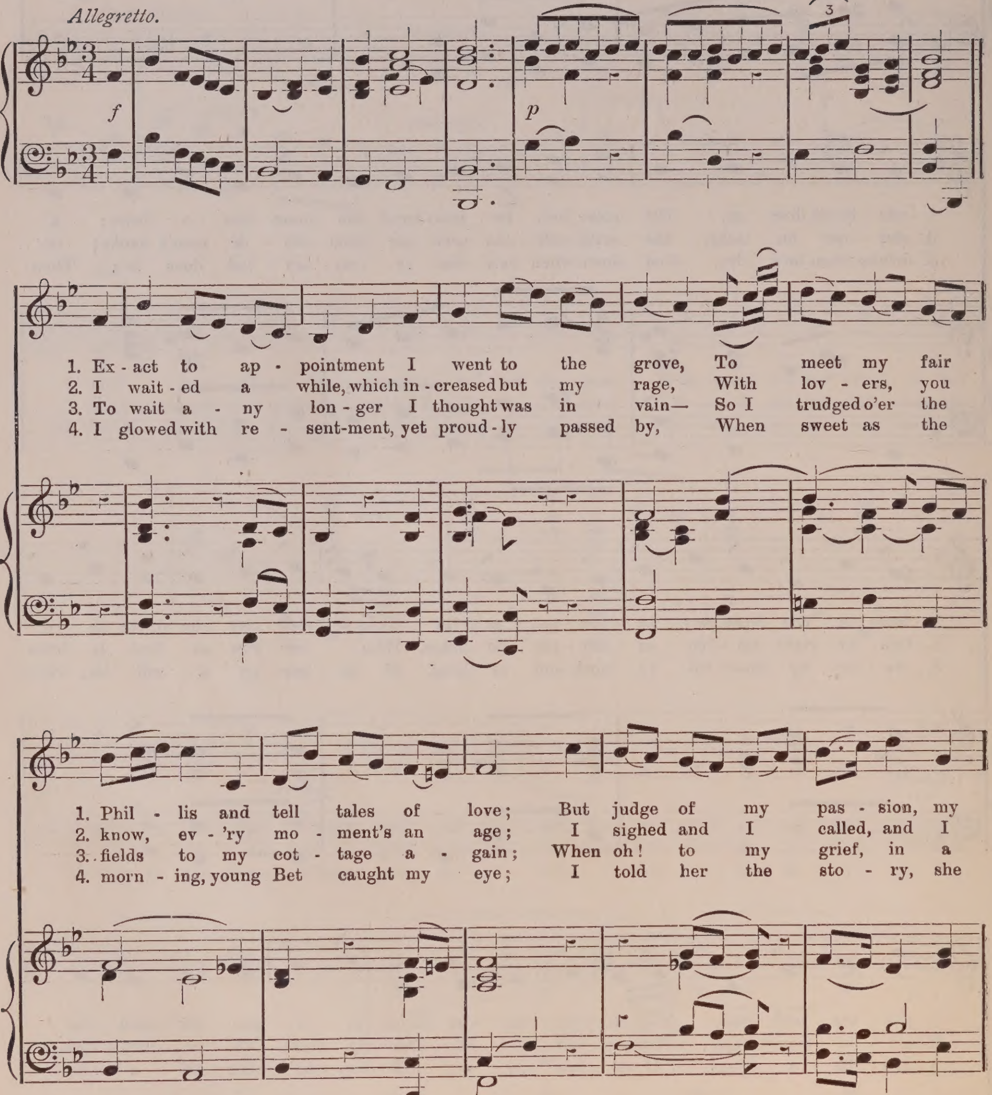
How Happy a State does the Miller Possess.


Poco allegro.
f
con energia.
p dolce e rit. . . . .
mf
1. How hap - py a state does the mil - ler pos - sess, Who would be no great - er nor
2. Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen, The hands of his bet - ters are
3. Or should he en - dea - vour to heap an es - tate, In this, too, he mi - mics the
> mf
1. fears to be less! On his mill and him - self he de - pends for sup - port, Which is
2. not ve - ry clean; A palm more po - lite may as dirt - i - ly deal, Gold in
3. tools of the State, Whose aim is all one— their cof - fers to fill, As
cres.
f

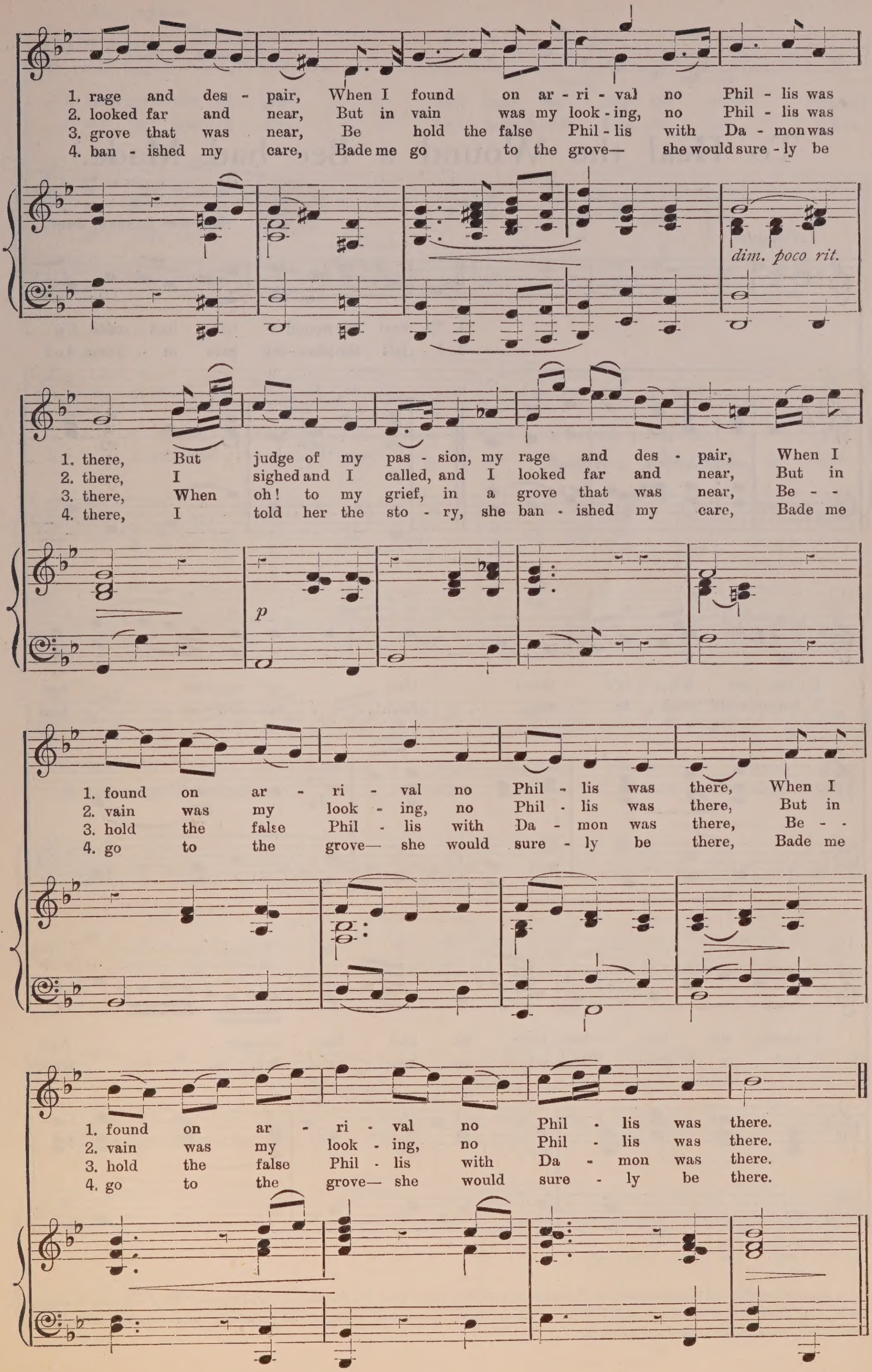
Appears in Robert Dodsley's play, *The King and the Miller of Mansfield*, acted in 1737. In Bickham's *Musical Entertainer*, vol. i., *circa* 1737; and in *Calliope*; *or, English Harmony*, vol. i., 1739, the music is said to be by Mr. Arne. On contemporary half sheet music no name is attached. While Bickham is strong evidence (for the Calliope's ascription may be merely a copy from it), yet we venture strongly to doubt that Arne had any hand in its composition. It is utterly out of his style, and far more in that of Carey. Ritson in his *English Songs*, 1783, places the name, "Highmore," to the air, apparently as composer of it. Who this musician was we have been unable to discover.


mf
1. bet - ter than ser - vile - ly cring - ing at Court. What tho' he all dus - ty and
2. hand-ling will stick to the fin - gers like meal. What if, when a pud - ding for
3. all his con - cern's to bring grist to his mill. He eats when he's hun - gry, he
mf
f
mf
1. whi - tened does go, The more he's be - pow-dered the more like a beau; A
2. din - ner he lacks, He cribs with - out scru - ple from oth - er men's sacks; In
3. drinks when he's dry, And down when he's wea - ry con - ten - ted does lie; Then
f
cres.
1. clown in the dress may be hon - est - er far Than a cour - tier who struts in a
2. this of right no - ble ex - am - ple he brags, Who bor - row as free - ly from
3. ris - es up cheer - ful to work and to sing, If so hap - py a mil - ler, who'd
mf
cres.
f
1. gar - ter and star, Than a cour - tier who struts in a gar - ter and star.
2. oth - er men's bags, Who bor - row as free - ly from oth - er men's bags.
3. then be a king? If so hap - py a mil - ler. who'd then be a king?
f

False Phillis.

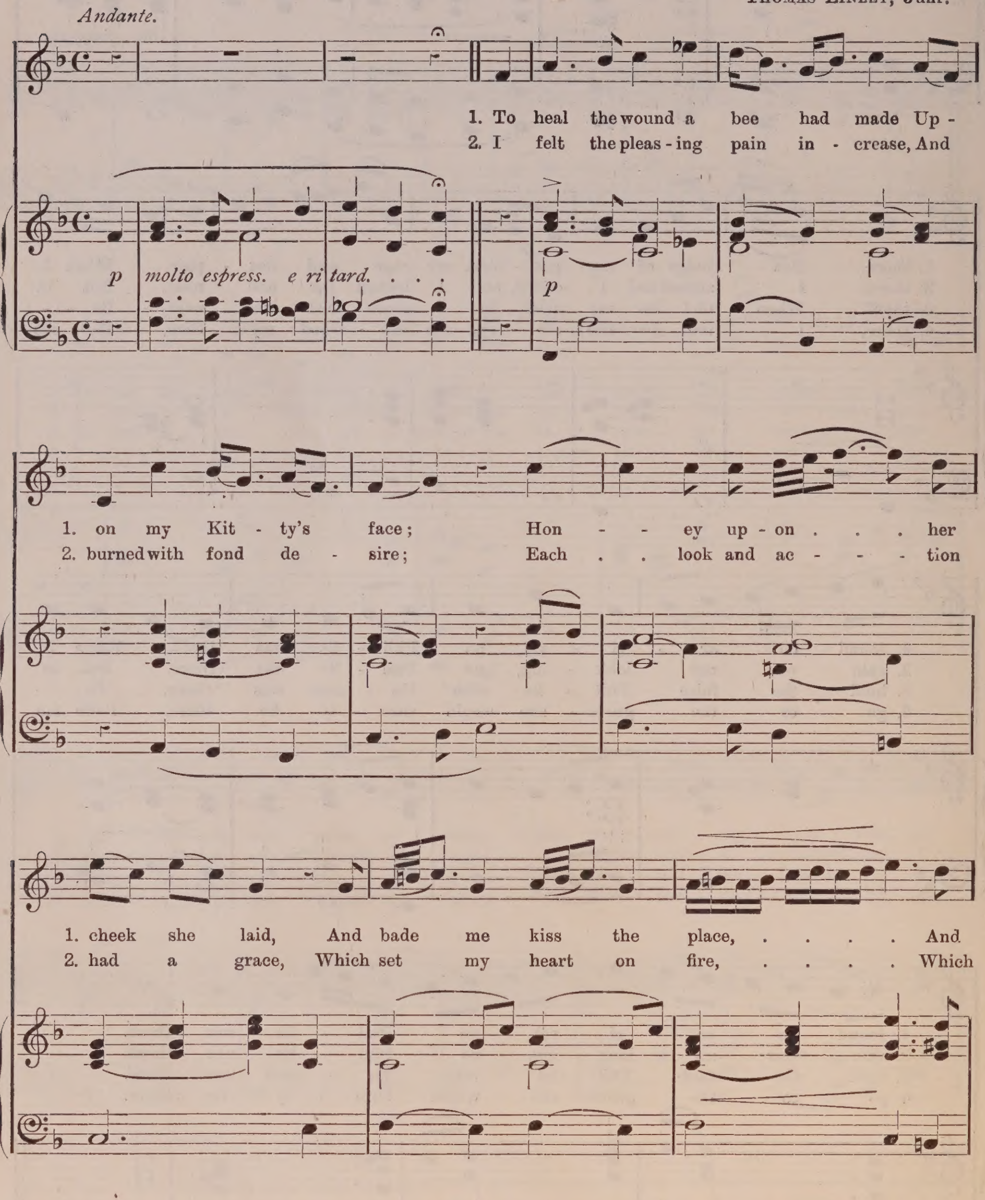

Allegretto.
f
p
3
1. Ex-act to ap-pointment I went to the grove, To meet my fair
2. I wait-ed a while, which in-creased but my rage, With lov-ers, you
3. To wait a-ny lon-ger I thought was in vain— So I trudged o'er the
4. I glowed with re-sent-ment, yet proud-ly passed by, When sweet as the
1. Phil-lis and tell tales of love; But judge of my pas-sion, my
2. know, ev-'ry mo-ment's an age; I sighed and I called, and I
3. fields to my cot-tage a-gain; When oh! to my grief, in a
4. morn-ing, young Bet caught my eye; I told her the sto-ry, she

One of those pretty, dainty, and quaint songs, of which the 18th century was so productive. No doubt it has had its share of applause at some of the public gardens, but it does not appear to have gained the popularity it deserves. Our copy is taken direct from *The New Musical and Universal Magazine*, vol. ii., 1776, where the song is said to be "set by B. F.," who was a frequent contributor of song melodies to that magazine. He was in all likelihood a clever amateur who was content that his fame should rest on those vague initials. A copy of the song has been recently put forth; it differs considerably from the one we print, but we claim to give the authentic version

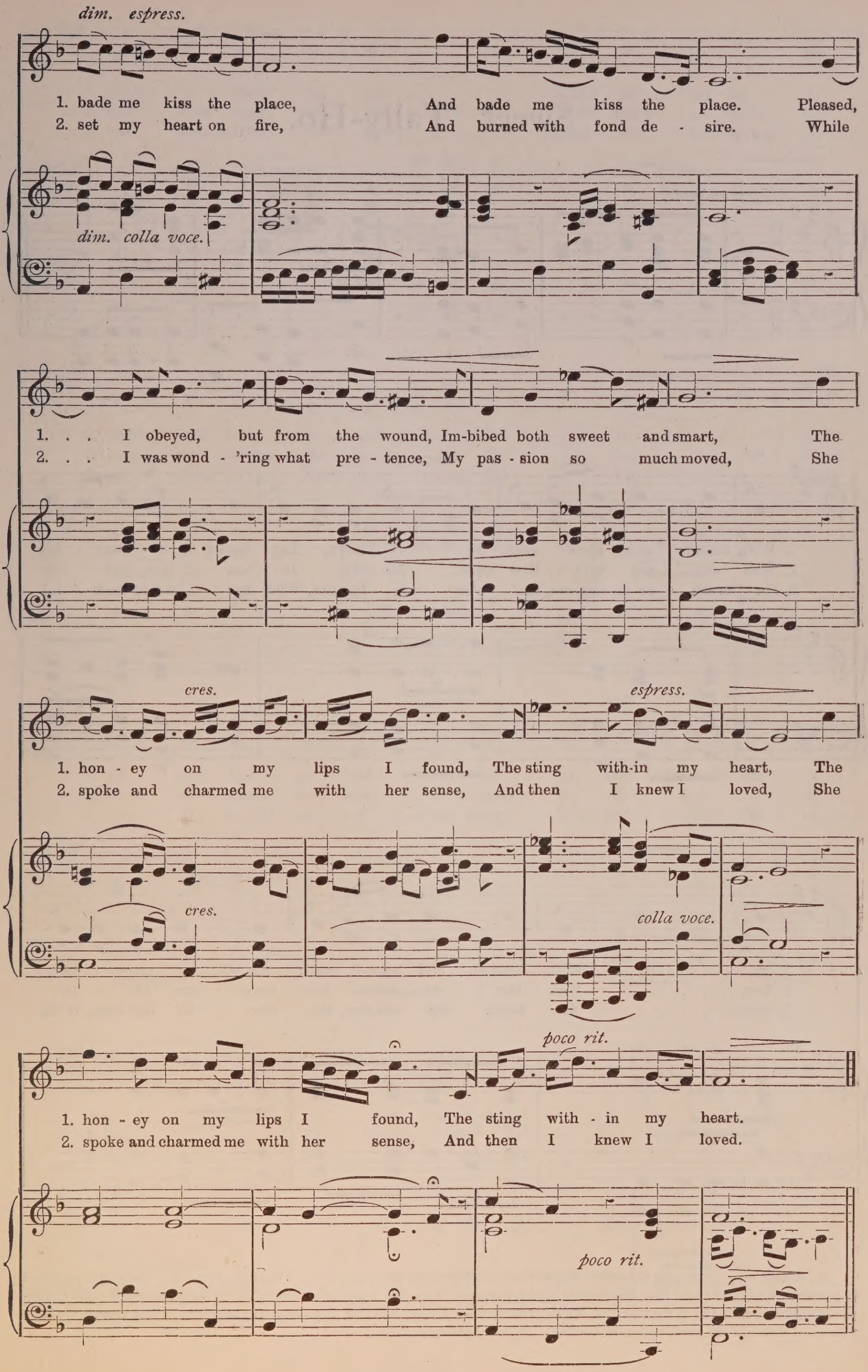

1. rage and des - pair, When I found on ar - ri - val no Phil - lis was
2. looked far and near, But in vain was my look - ing, no Phil - lis was
3. grove that was near, Be hold the false Phil - lis with Da - mon was
4. ban - ished my care, Bade me go to the grove— she would sure - ly be
dim. poco rit.
1. there, But judge of my pas - sion, my rage and des - pair, When I
2. there, I sighed and I called, and I looked far and near, But in
3. there, When oh! to my grief, in a grove that was near, Be - -
4. there, I told her the sto - ry, she ban - ished my care, Bade me
p
1. found on ar - ri - val no Phil - lis was there, When I
2. vain was my look - ing, no Phil - lis was there, But in
3. hold the false Phil - lis with Da - mon was there, Be - -
4. go to the grove— she would sure - ly be there, Bade me
1. found on ar - ri - val no Phil - lis was there.
2. vain was my look - ing, no Phil - lis was there.
3. hold the false Phil - lis with Da - mon was there.
4. go to the grove— she would sure - ly be there.

To Heal the Wound a Bee had Made.

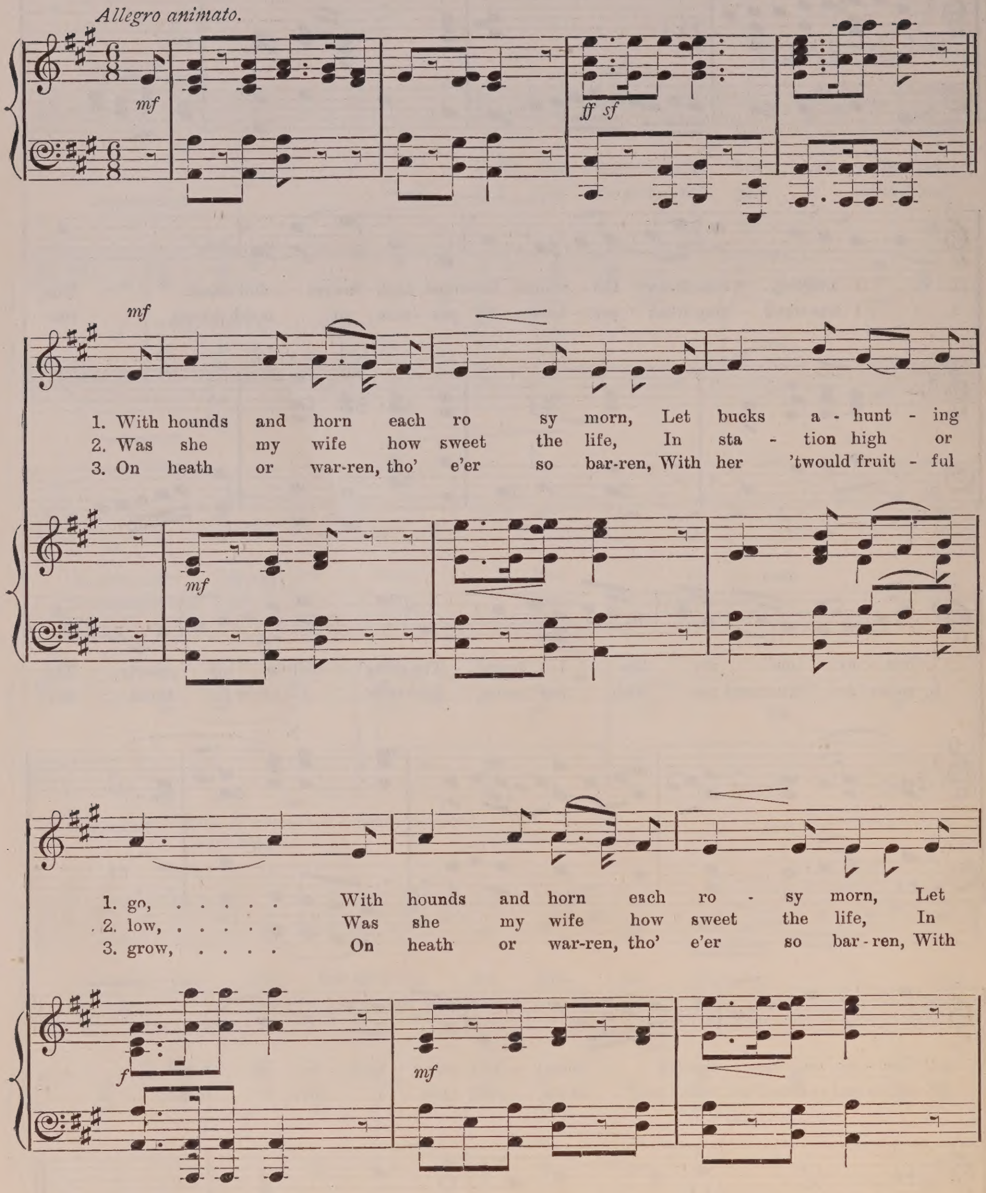
Thomas Linley, Junr.


Andante.
1. To heal the wound a bee had made Up -
2. I felt the pleas - ing pain in - crease, And
p
molto espress. e ri tard. . . .
p
1. on my Kit - ty's face; Hon - - ey up - on . . . her
2. burned with fond de - sire; Each . . look and ac - - - tion
1. cheek she laid, And bade me kiss the place, ... And
2. had a grace, Which set my heart on fire, ... Which

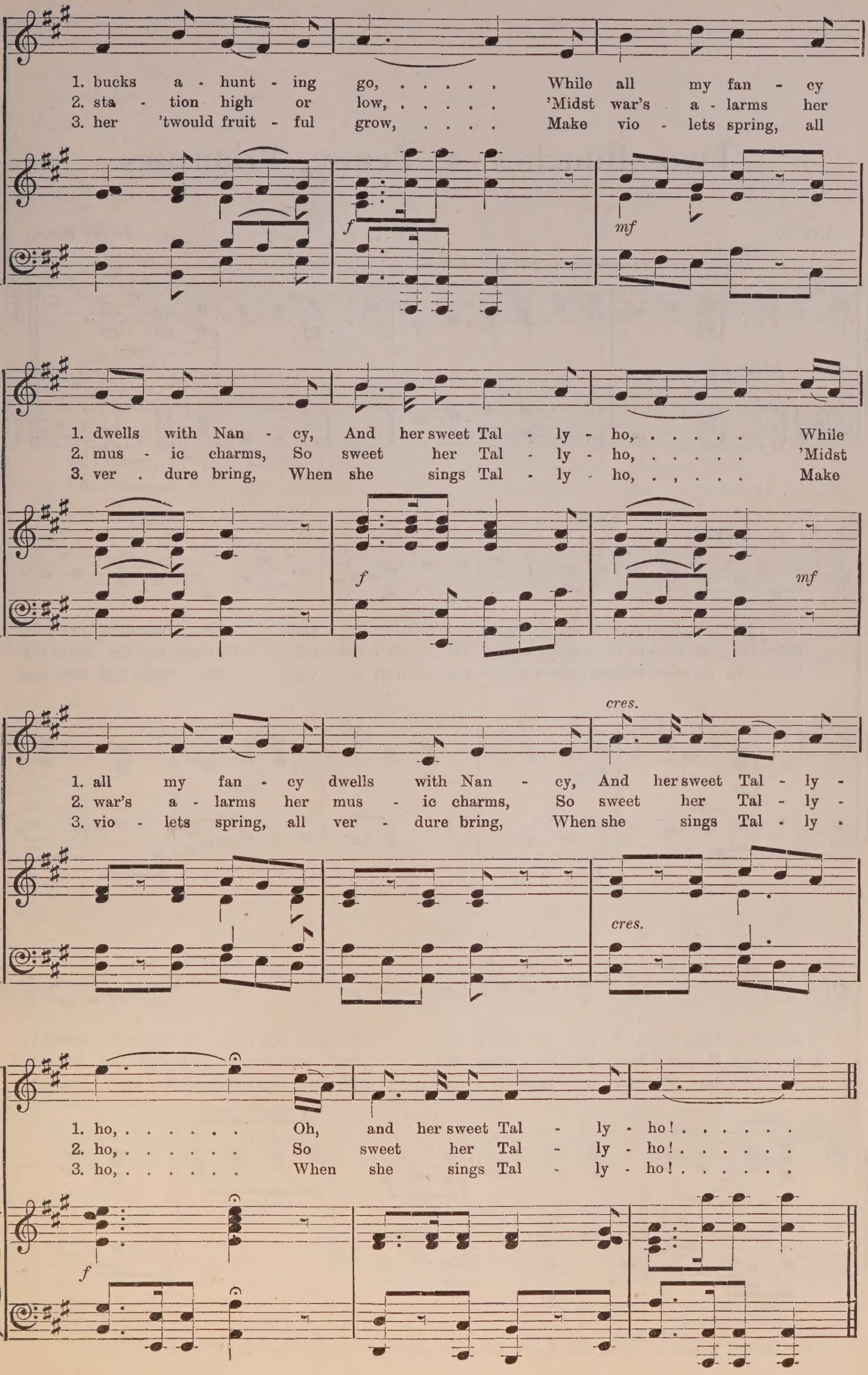
A specimen of the vocal compositions by Thomas Linley, junior, taken from *The Posthumous Vocal Works of Mr. Linley and T. Linley, junior, circa* 1796-8. The words are well known. Thomas Linley, junior, had a bright and promising career cut short at the age of twenty-two by his being accidentally drowned.


dim. espress.
1. bade me kiss the place, And bade me kiss the place. Pleased,
2. set my heart on fire, And burned with fond de - sire. While
dim. colla voce.
1. . . I obeyed, but from the wound, Im-bibed both sweet and smart, The
2. . . I was wond - 'ring what pre - tence, My pas - sion so much moved, She
cres.
espress.
1. hon - ey on my lips I found, The sting with-in my heart, The
2. spoke and charmed me with her sense, And then I knew I loved, She
cres.
colla voce.
poco rit.
1. hon - ey on my lips I found, The sting with - in my heart.
2. spoke and charmed me with her sense, And then I knew I loved.
poco rit.

Sweet Tally-Ho.

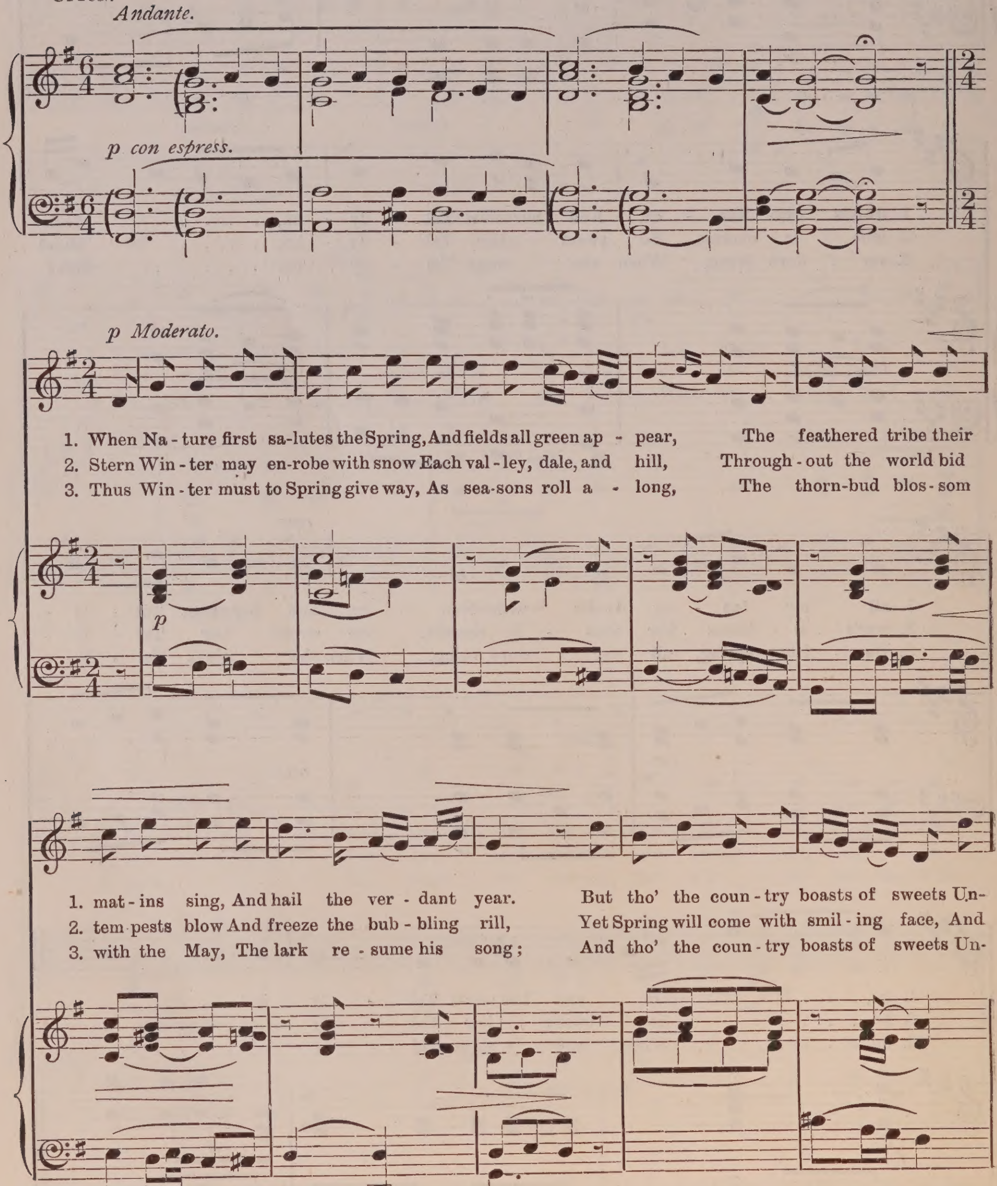

Allegro animato.
mf
ff sf
1. With hounds and horn each ro sy morn, Let bucks a - hunt - ing go, ... With hounds and horn each ro - sy morn, Let
2. Was she my wife how sweet the life, In sta - tion high or low, ... Was she my wife how sweet the life, In
3. On heath or war-ren, tho' e'er so bar-ren, With her 'twould fruit - ful grow, ... On heath or war-ren, tho' e'er so bar - ren, With
f

The present copy of this song is from an engraved half music sheet in date about 1770. A traditional version of the song is published in Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, 1890, and another version forms one of the late Randolph Caldecott's illustrated nursery books. A chap-book songster published by T. Evans, called *The Royal Sportsman's Delight*, *circa* 1800, and a second by another publisher bearing the same title has a variant of the words under the heading, "Bucks a-hunting go."

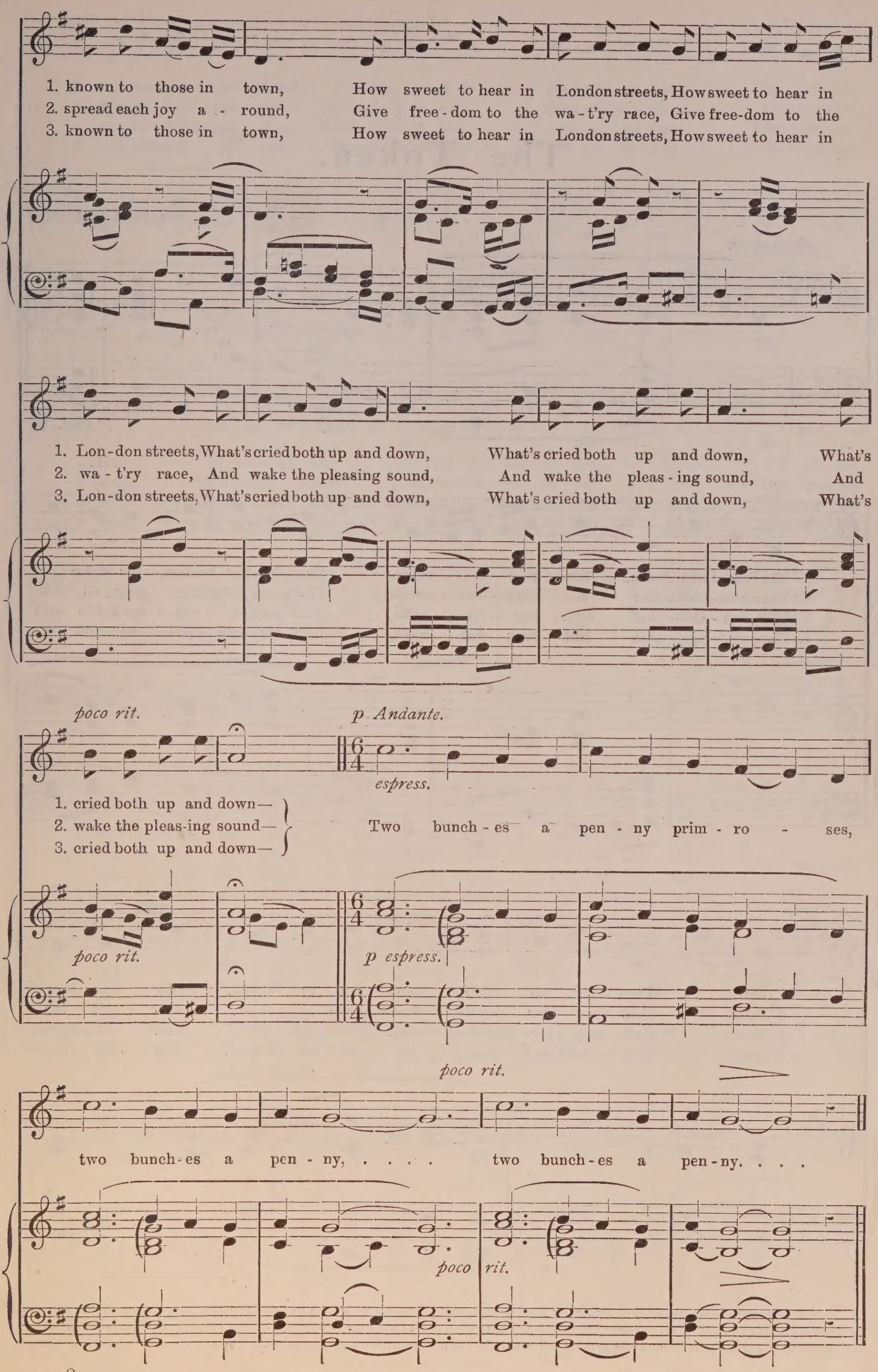

1. bucks a - hunt - ing go, ... While all my fan - cy
2. sta - tion high or low, ... 'Midst war's a - larms her
3. her 'twould fruit - ful grow, ... Make vio - lets spring, all
f
mf
1. dwells with Nan - cy, And her sweet Tal - ly - ho, ... While
2. mus - ic charms, So sweet her Tal - ly - ho, ... 'Midst
3. ver - dure bring, When she sings Tal - ly - ho, ... Make
f
mf
cres.
1. all my fan - cy dwells with Nan - cy, And her sweet Tal - ly -
2. war's a - larms her mus - ic charms, So sweet her Tal - ly -
3. vio - lets spring, all ver - dure bring, When she sings Tal - ly -
cres.
1. ho, ... Oh, and her sweet Tal - ly - ho! . . . .
2. ho, ... So sweet her Tal - ly - ho! . . . .
3. ho, ... When she sings Tal - ly - ho! . . . .
f

Two Bunches a Penny Primroses.

UPTON. JAMES HOOK.

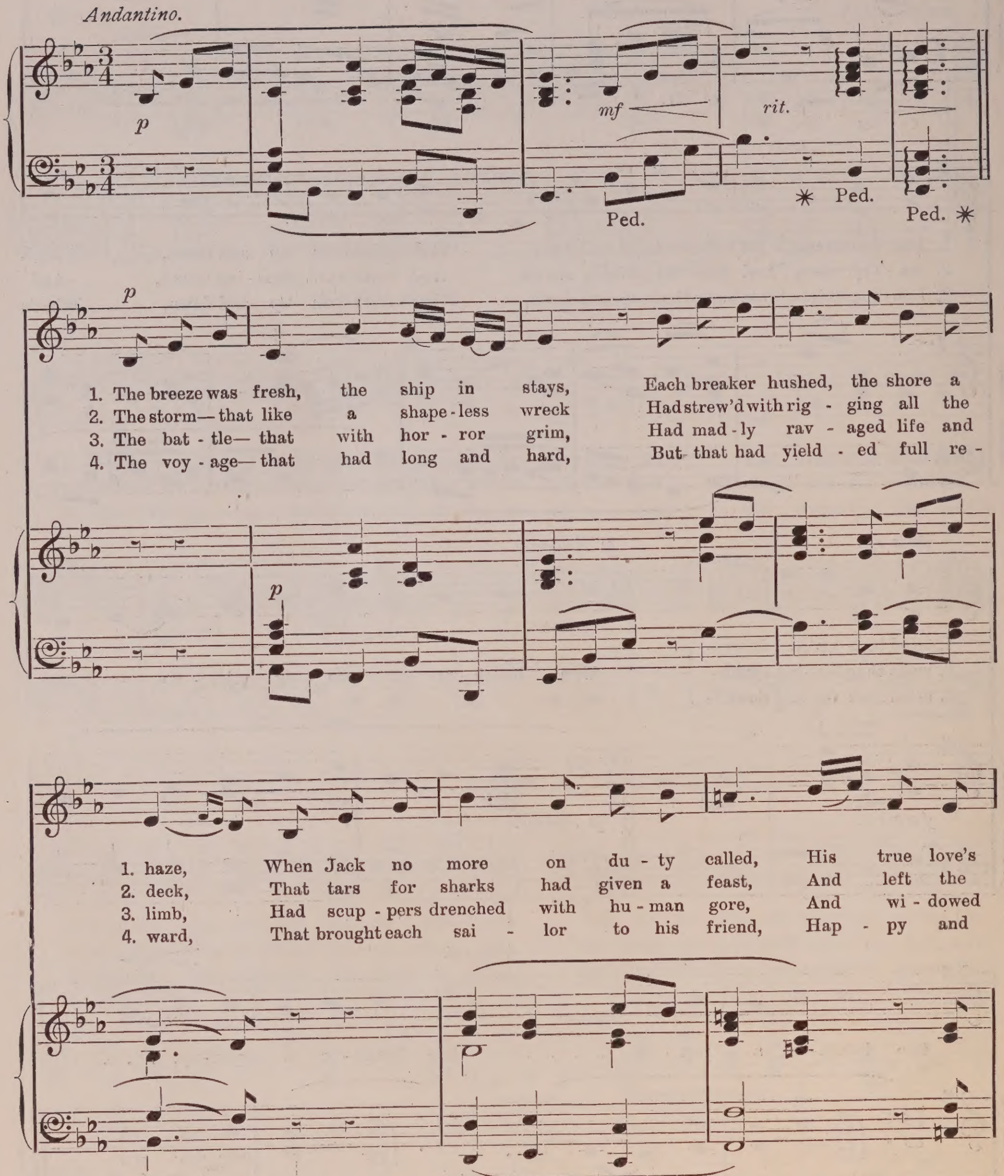

Andante.
p con espress.
p Moderato.
1. When Na - ture first sa-lutes the Spring, And fields all green ap - pear, The feathered tribe their
2. Stern Win - ter may en-robe with snow Each val - ley, dale, and hill, Through - out the world bid
3. Thus Win - ter must to Spring give way, As sea-sons roll a - long, The thorn-bud blos - som
p
1. mat - ins sing, And hail the ver - dant year. But tho' the coun - try boasts of sweets Un-
2. tem-pests blow And freeze the bub - bling rill, Yet Spring will come with smil - ing face, And
3. with the May, The lark re - sume his song; And tho' the coun - try boasts of sweets Un-

A Vauxhall song written by Upton, composed by James Hook, and sung by Mrs. Franklin in the season of 1793.

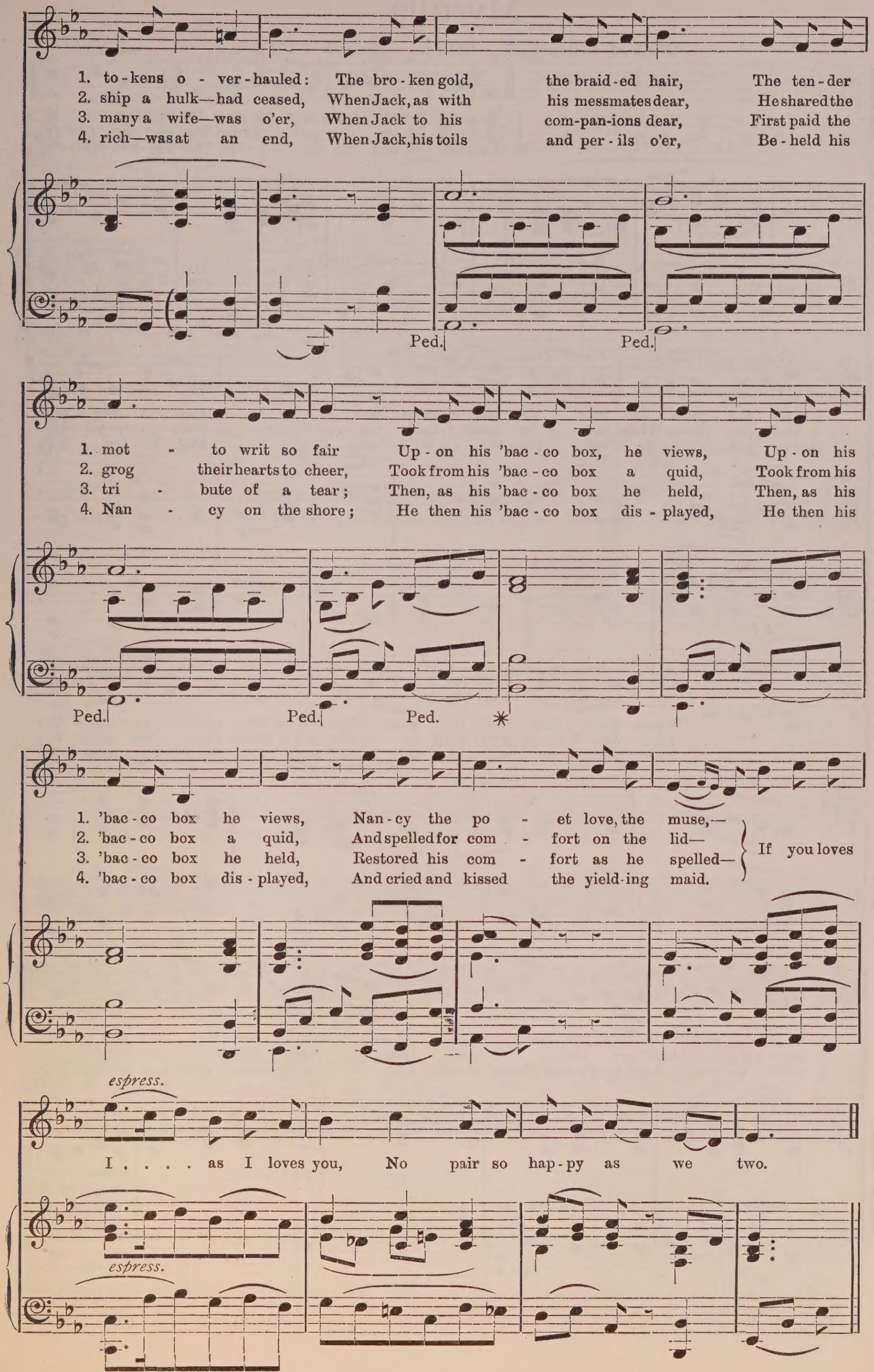

1. known to those in town, How sweet to hear in London streets, How sweet to hear in
2. spread each joy a - round, Give free - dom to the wa - t'ry race, Give free-dom to the
3. known to those in town, How sweet to hear in London streets, How sweet to hear in
1. Lon-don streets, What's cried both up and down, What's cried both up and down, What's
2. wa - t'ry race, And wake the pleasing sound, And wake the pleas - ing sound, And
3. Lon-don streets, What's cried both up and down, What's cried both up and down, What's
poco rit.
p Andante.
espress.
1. cried both up and down—
2. wake the pleas-ing sound—
3. cried both up and down—
Two bunch - es a pen - ny prim - ro - ses,
poco rit.
p espress.
poco rit.
two bunch-es a pen - ny, ... two bunch-es a pen-ny. . . .
poco rit.

The Token.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

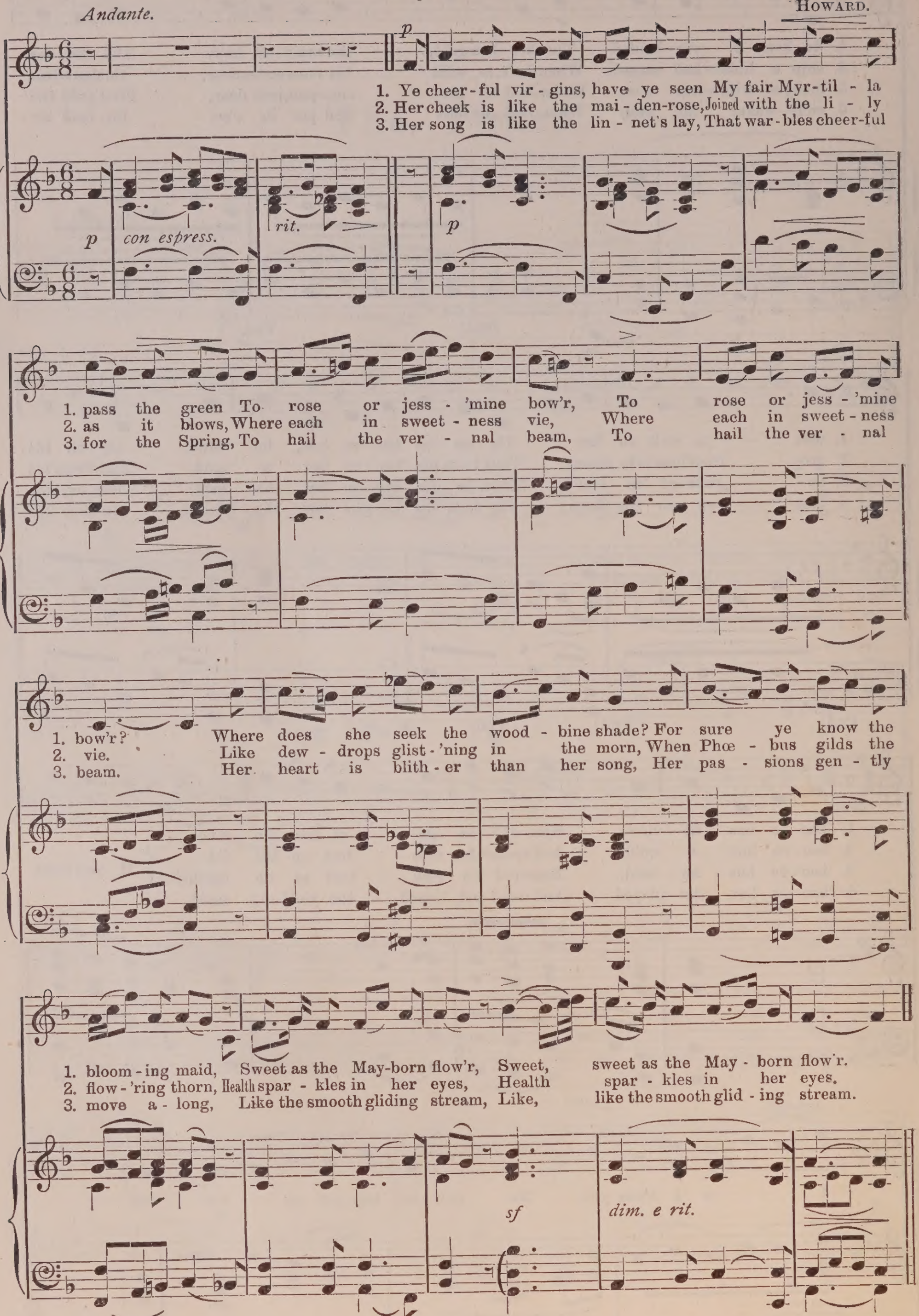

Andantino.
p
mf
rit.
Ped.
✳ Ped.
Ped. ✳
p
1. The breeze was fresh, the ship in stays, Each breaker hushed, the shore a
2. The storm— that like a shape - less wreck Had strew'd with rig - ging all the
3. The bat - tle— that with hor - ror grim, Had mad - ly rav - aged life and
4. The voy - age— that had long and hard, But that had yield - ed full re -
p
1. haze, When Jack no more on du - ty called, His true love's
2. deck, That tars for sharks had given a feast, And left the
3. limb, Had scup - pers drenched with hu - man gore, And wi - dowed
4. ward, That brought each sai - lor to his friend, Hap - py and

A very favourite song, words and music by Charles Dibdin; it was sung by him in his entertainment, *Castles in the Air*, first performed on 12th October, 1793. Nancy's couplet must have been quite a popular "posy" for similar lovers. Collectors of old pottery find many such rhymes printed on these articles, often given by and to sailors as tokens of remembrance.


1. to-kens o-ver-hauled: The bro-ken gold, the braid-ed hair, The ten-der
2. ship a hulk—had ceased, When Jack, as with his messmates dear, He shared the
3. many a wife—was o'er, When Jack to his com-pan-ions dear, First paid the
4. rich—was at an end, When Jack, his toils and per-ils o'er, Be-held his
Ped.
Ped.
1. mot-to writ so fair Up-on his 'bac-co box, he views, Up-on his
2. grog their hearts to cheer, Took from his 'bac-co box a quid, Took from his
3. tri-bute of a tear; Then, as his 'bac-co box he held, Then, as his
4. Nan-cy on the shore; He then his 'bac-co box dis-played, He then his
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
*
1. 'bac-co box he views, Nan-cy the po-et love, the muse,—
2. 'bac-co box a quid, And spelled for com-fort on the lid—
3. 'bac-co box he held, Restored his com-fort as he spelled—
4. 'bac-co box dis-played, And cried and kissed the yield-ing maid.
If you loves
espress.
I . . . . as I loves you, No pair so hap-py as we two.
espress.

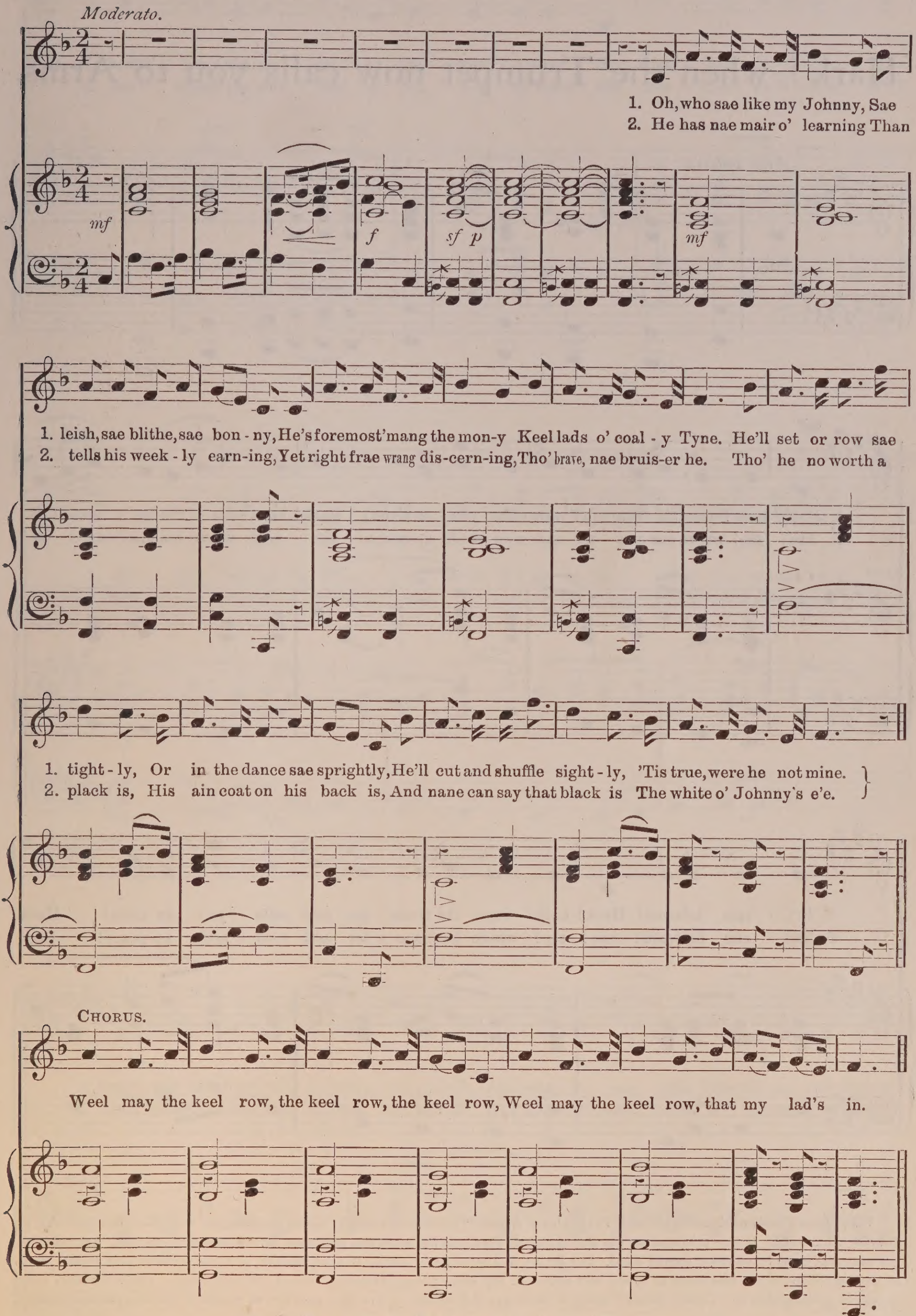
Myrtilla.

HOWARD.


Andante.
p
1. Ye cheer-ful vir - gins, have ye seen My fair Myr-til - la pass the green To rose or jess - 'mine bow'r, To rose or jess - 'mine bow'r? Where does she seek the wood - bine shade? For sure ye know the bloom - ing maid, Sweet as the May-born flow'r, Sweet, sweet as the May - born flow'r.
2. Her cheek is like the mai - den-rose, Joined with the li - ly as it blows, Where each in sweet - ness vie, Where each in sweet - ness vie. Like dew - drops glist - 'ning in the morn, When Phœ - bus gilds the flow - 'ring thorn, Health spar - kles in her eyes, Health spar - kles in her eyes.
3. Her song is like the lin - net's lay, That war - bles cheer-ful for the Spring, To hail the ver - nal beam, To hail the ver - nal beam. Her heart is blith - er than her song, Her pas - sions gen - tly move a - long, Like the smooth gliding stream, Like, like the smooth glid - ing stream.
p
con espress.
rit.
p
sf
dim. e rit.

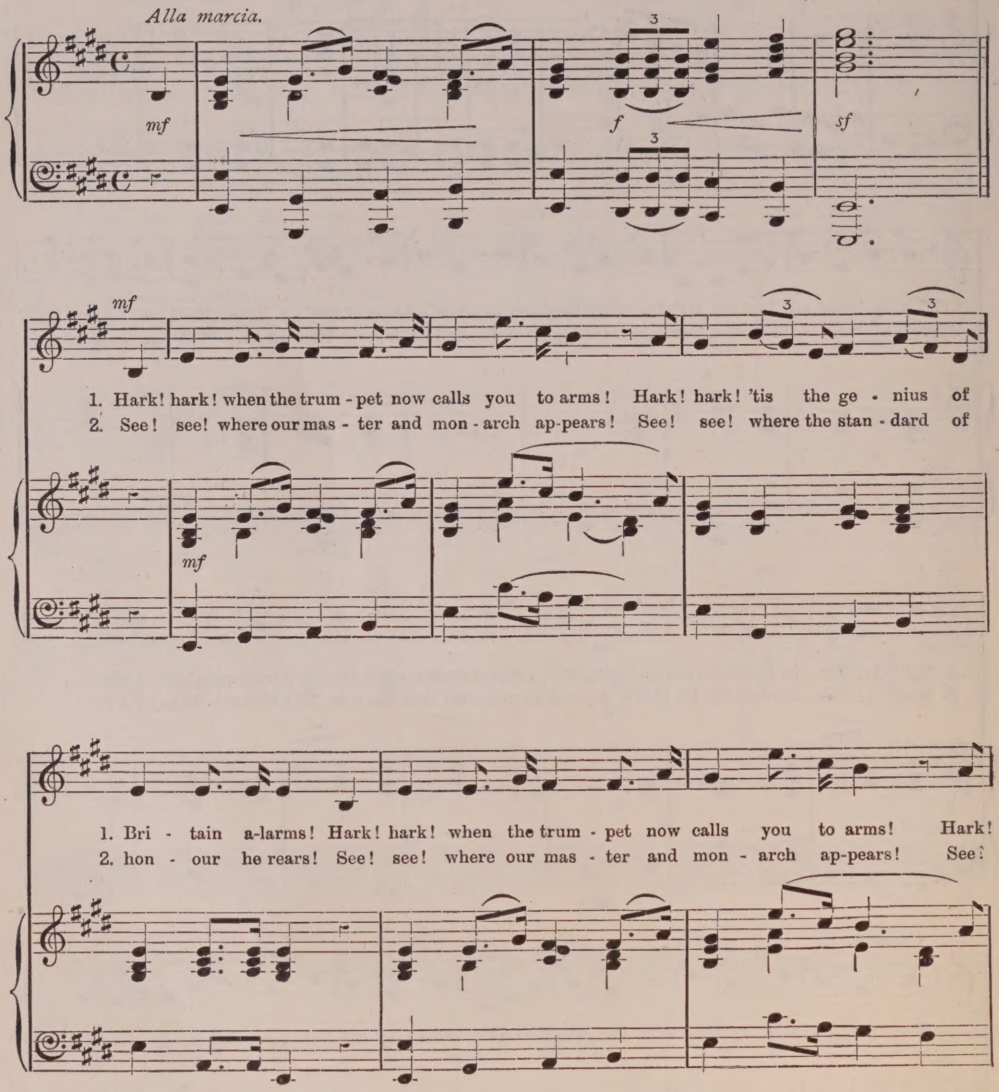
A Ranelagh song which held much public favour during the 18th century. It was composed by Dr. Samuel Howard, and copies are to be found in *Clio and Euterpe*, vol. iii., 1762; Fielding's *Vocal Enchantress*, 1783, etc. Arranged as a glee it can be seen in Hale's *Social Harmony*, 1763; *Essex Harmony*, vol. i., 1769, etc. Howard was born in London in 1710, studied under Croft and Pepusch, became Mus. Doc. of Cambridge in 1769, and died in 1782.

Weel may the Keel Row.

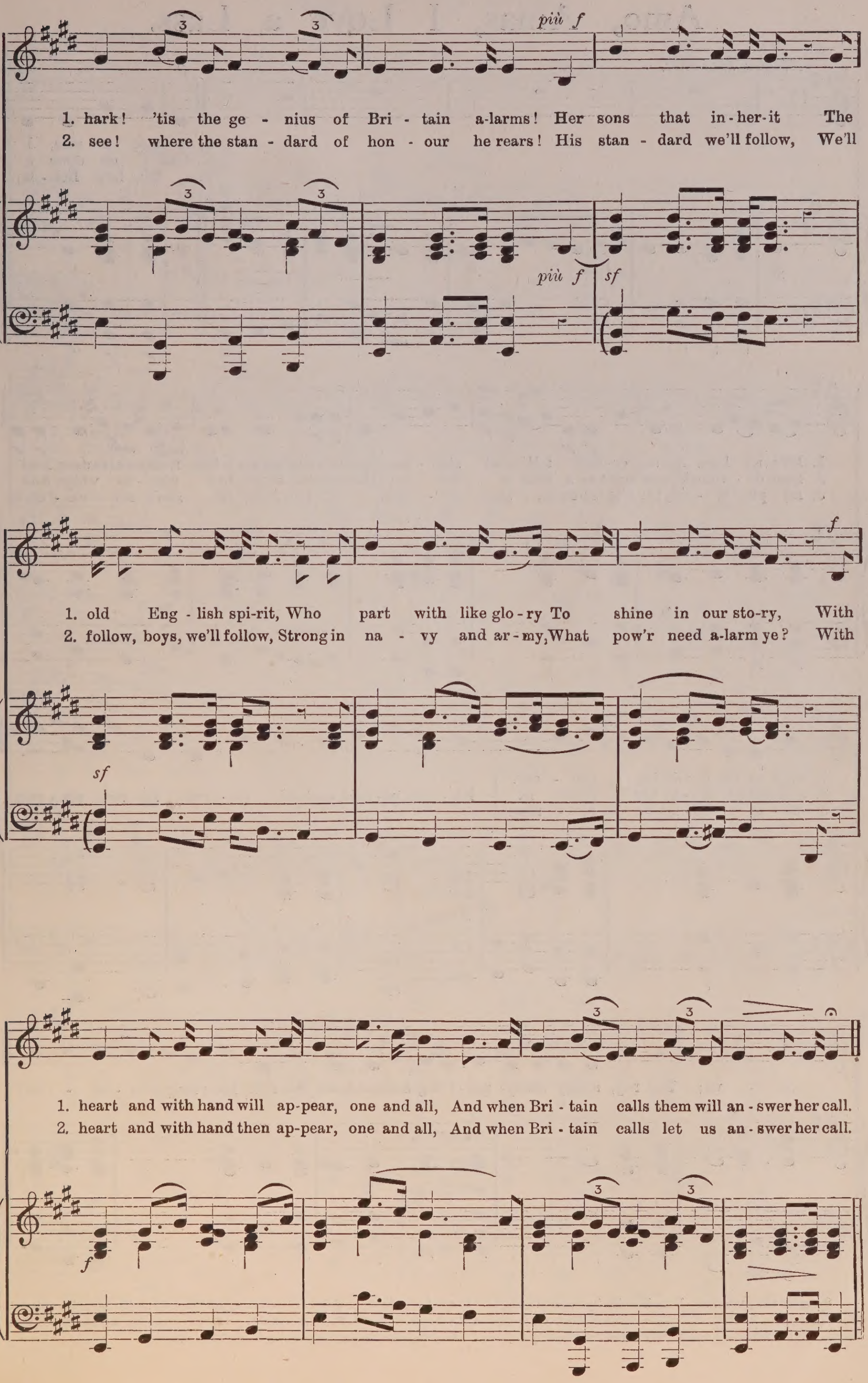

Moderato.
mf
f
sf p
mf
1. Oh, who sae like my Johnny, Sae
2. He has nae mair o' learning Than
1. leish, sae blithe, sae bon - ny, He's foremost 'mang the mon-y Keel lads o' coal - y Tyne. He'll set or row sae
2. tells his week - ly earn-ing, Yet right frae wrang dis-cern-ing, Tho' brave, nae bruis-er he. Tho' he no worth a
1. tight - ly, Or in the dance sae sprightly, He'll cut and shuffle sight - ly, 'Tis true, were he not mine.
2. plack is, His ain coat on his back is, And nane can say that black is The white o' Johnny's e'e.
CHORUS.
Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Weel may the keel row, that my lad's in.

For note to this song see Appendix.

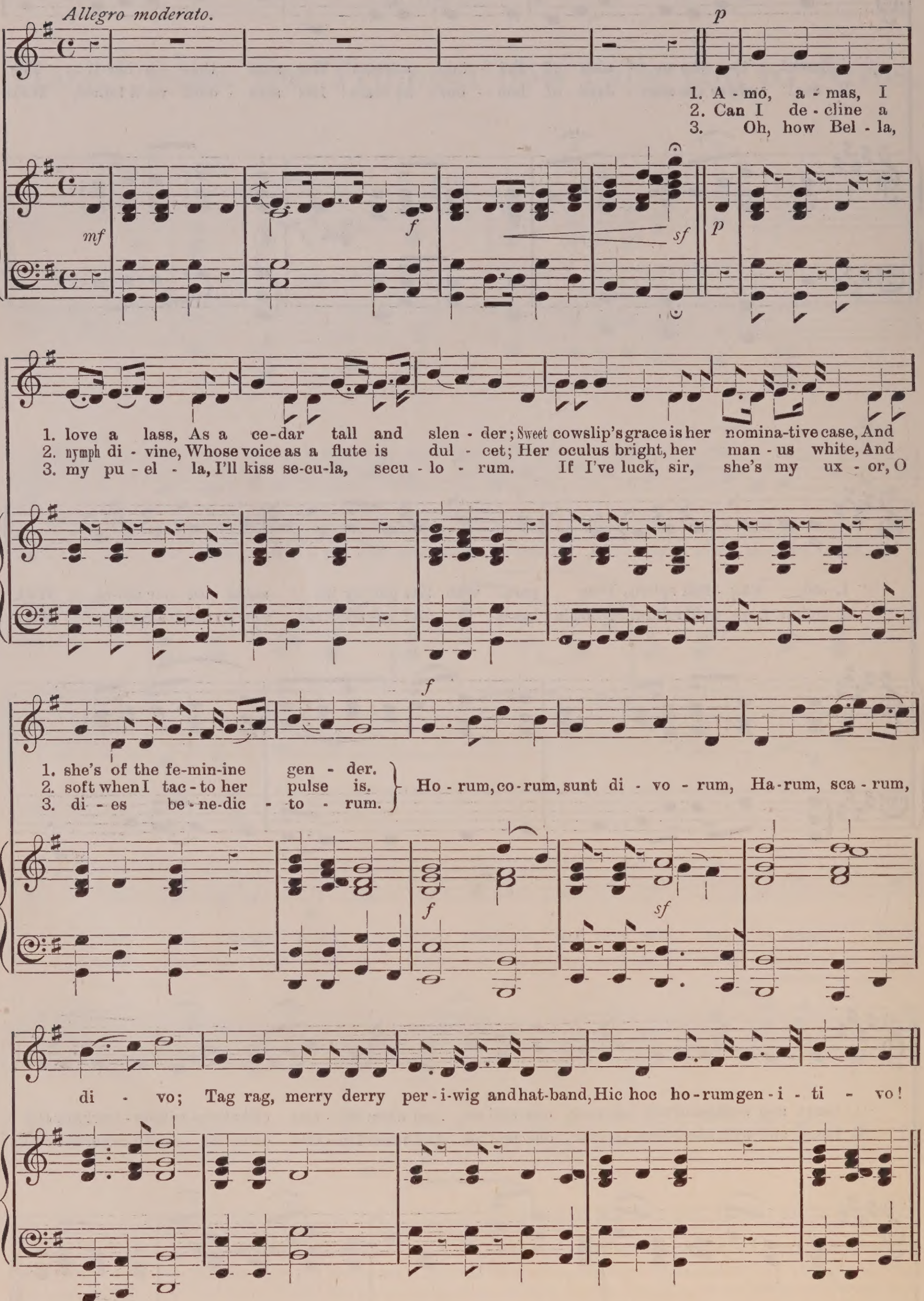
Hark! when the Trumpet now calls you to Arms.


Alla marcia.
mf
f
sf
1. Hark! hark! when the trum - pet now calls you to arms! Hark! hark! 'tis the ge - nius of
2. See! see! where our mas - ter and mon - arch ap-pears! See! see! where the stan - dard of
1. Bri - tain a-larms! Hark! hark! when the trum - pet now calls you to arms! Hark!
2. hon - our he rears! See! see! where our mas - ter and mon - arch ap-pears! See!

Taken from a little pantomime entitled, *The Genius of Nonsense,* written by George Colman the younger, with the music provided by Dr. Samuel Arnold. It was produced at the Haymarket in 1780, and the score was published by Harrison & Co. in 1784. On the stage the song was sung by an actor named Wood. The air is a fine specimen of sturdy English melody, and it is unlikely that Arnold wrote it, more probably in this case doing as he did with others in the same piece, "selecting" instead of composing. The tune bears some degree of resemblance to "Lovely Nancy," much in favour at the middle of the 18th century, to which it was the fashion to adapt variations.

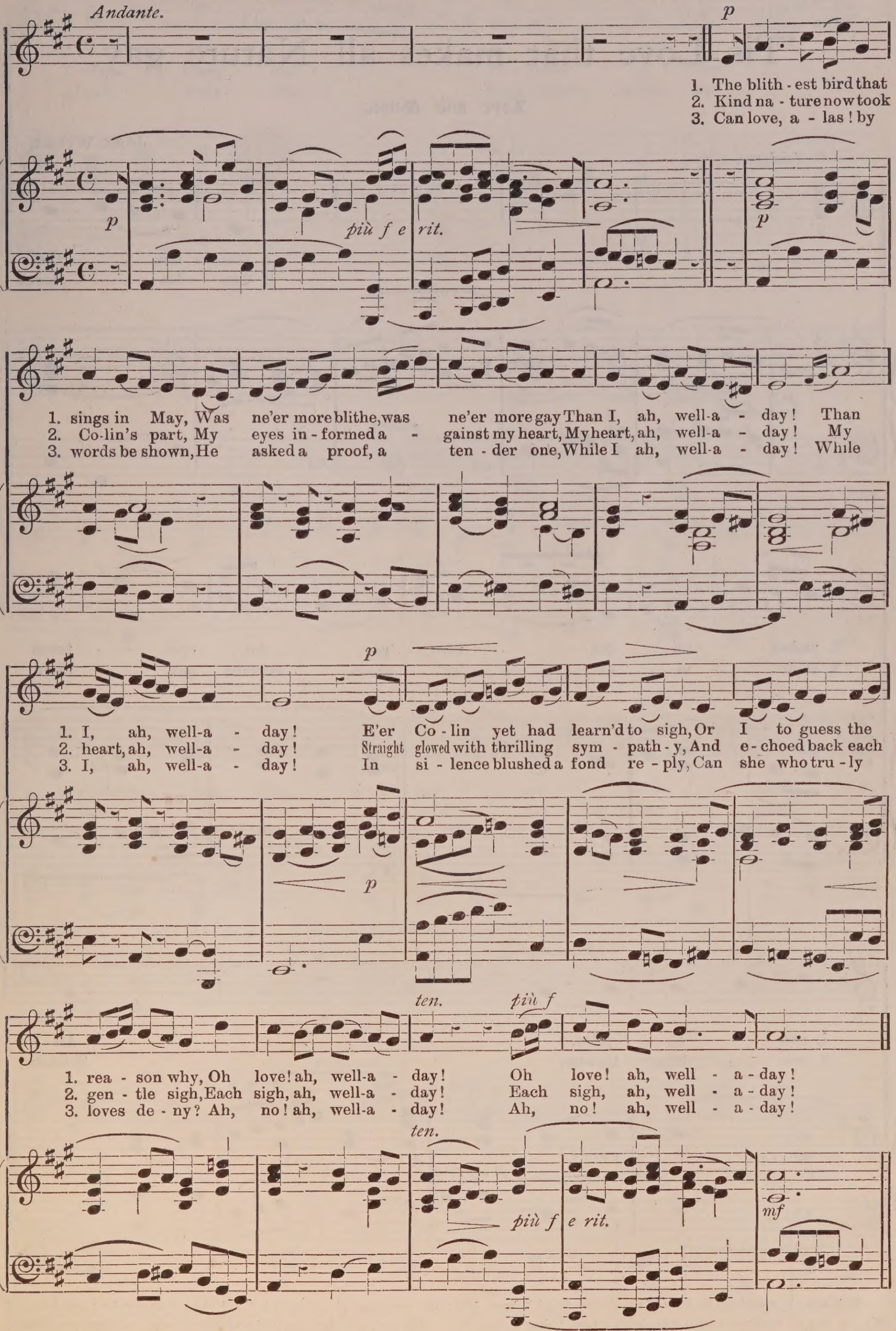

più f
1. hark! 'tis the ge - nius of Bri - tain a-larms! Her sons that in-her-it The
2. see! where the stan - dard of hon - our he rears! His stan - dard we'll follow, We'll
più f
sf
1. old Eng - lish spi-rit, Who part with like glo - ry To shine in our sto-ry, With
2. follow, boys, we'll follow, Strong in na - vy and ar - my, What pow'r need a-larm ye? With
sf
f
1. heart and with hand will ap-pear, one and all, And when Bri - tain calls them will an - swer her call.
2. heart and with hand then ap-pear, one and all, And when Bri - tain calls let us an - swer her call.
f

Amo, Amas, I Love a Lass.


Allegro moderato.
p
mf
f
sf
1. A - mo, a - mas, I love a lass, As a ce-dar tall and slen - der; Sweet cowslip's grace is her nomina-tive case, And she's of the fe-min-ine gen - der.
2. Can I de - cline a nymph di - vine, Whose voice as a flute is dul - cet; Her oculus bright, her man - us white, And soft when I tac - to her pulse is.
3. Oh, how Bel - la, my pu - el - la, I'll kiss se-cu-la, secu - lo - rum. If I've luck, sir, she's my ux - or, O di - es be - ne-dic - to - rum.
Ho - rum, co - rum, sunt di - vo - rum, Ha-rum, sca - rum, di - vo; Tag rag, merry derry per - i - wig and hat-band, Hic hoc ho - rum gen - i - ti - vo!

Sung by the comedian, John Edwin, in the character of "Lingo," a pedant, in John O'Keeffe's opera, *The Agreeable Surprise*, acted at the Haymarket in 1781. It was a musical farce concocted and composed by Dr. Samuel Arnold. The air used by Arnold for "Amo, Amas," is a traditional one to which the old nursery rhyme, "The Frog and Mouse," was sung in the 18th century.

Ah, Well-a-day!

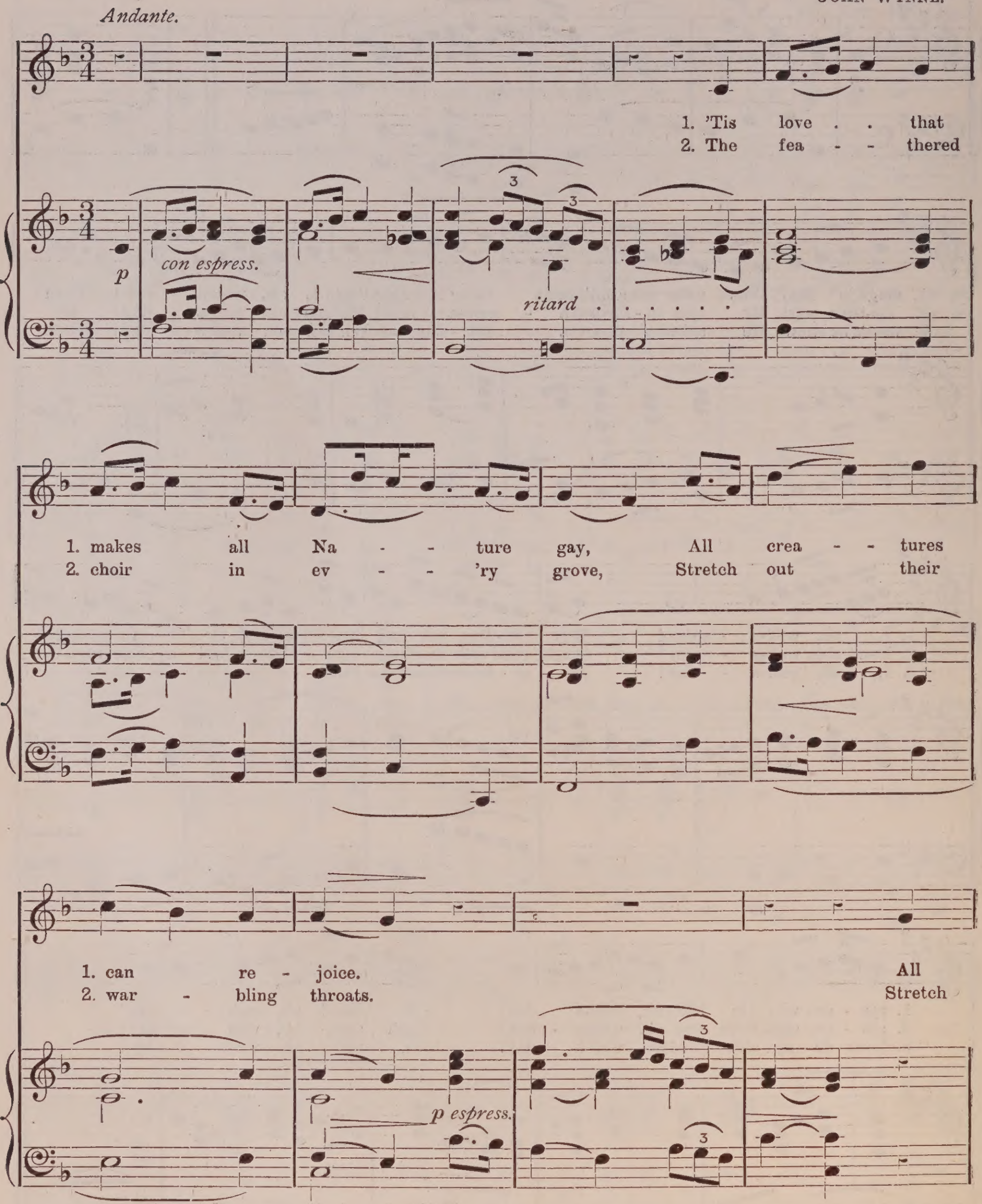

Andante.
p
1. The blith - est bird that
2. Kind na - ture now took
3. Can love, a - las! by
p
più f e rit.
p
1. sings in May, Was ne'er more blithe, was ne'er more gay Than I, ah, well-a - day! Than
2. Co-lin's part, My eyes in - formed a - gainst my heart, My heart, ah, well-a - day! My
3. words be shown, He asked a proof, a ten - der one, While I ah, well-a - day! While
p
1. I, ah, well-a - day! E'er Co - lin yet had learn'd to sigh, Or I to guess the
2. heart, ah, well-a - day! Straight glowed with thrilling sym - path - y, And e - choed back each
3. I, ah, well-a - day! In si - lence blushed a fond re - ply, Can she who tru - ly
p
ten.
più f
1. rea - son why, Oh love! ah, well-a - day! Oh love! ah, well - a - day!
2. gen - tle sigh, Each sigh, ah, well-a - day! Each sigh, ah, well - a - day!
3. loves de - ny? Ah, no! ah, well-a - day! Ah, no! ah, well - a - day!
ten.
più f e rit.
mf

For note to this song see Appendix.

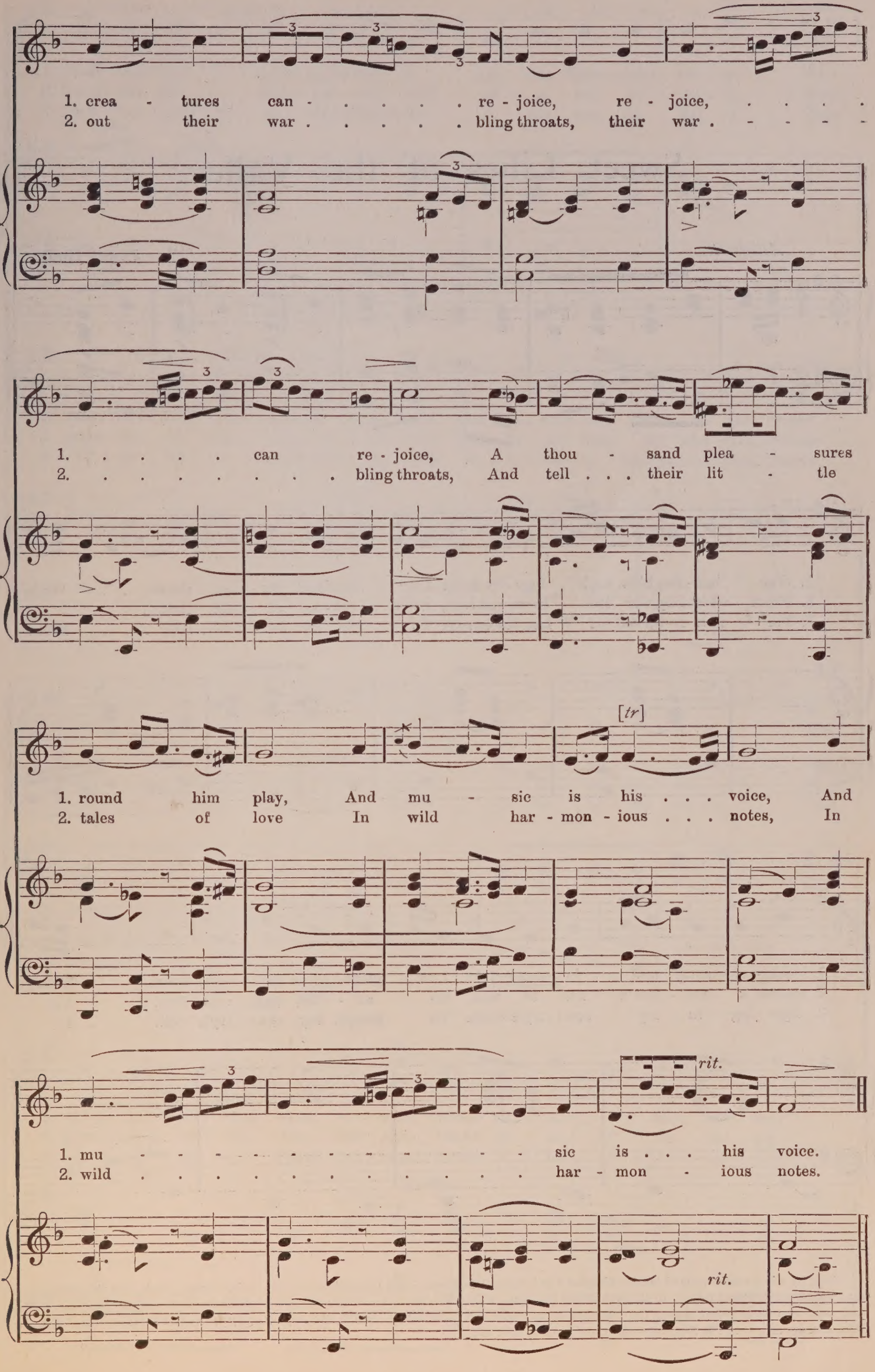
'Tis Love that makes all Nature gay.

Love and Music.

JOHN WYNNE.

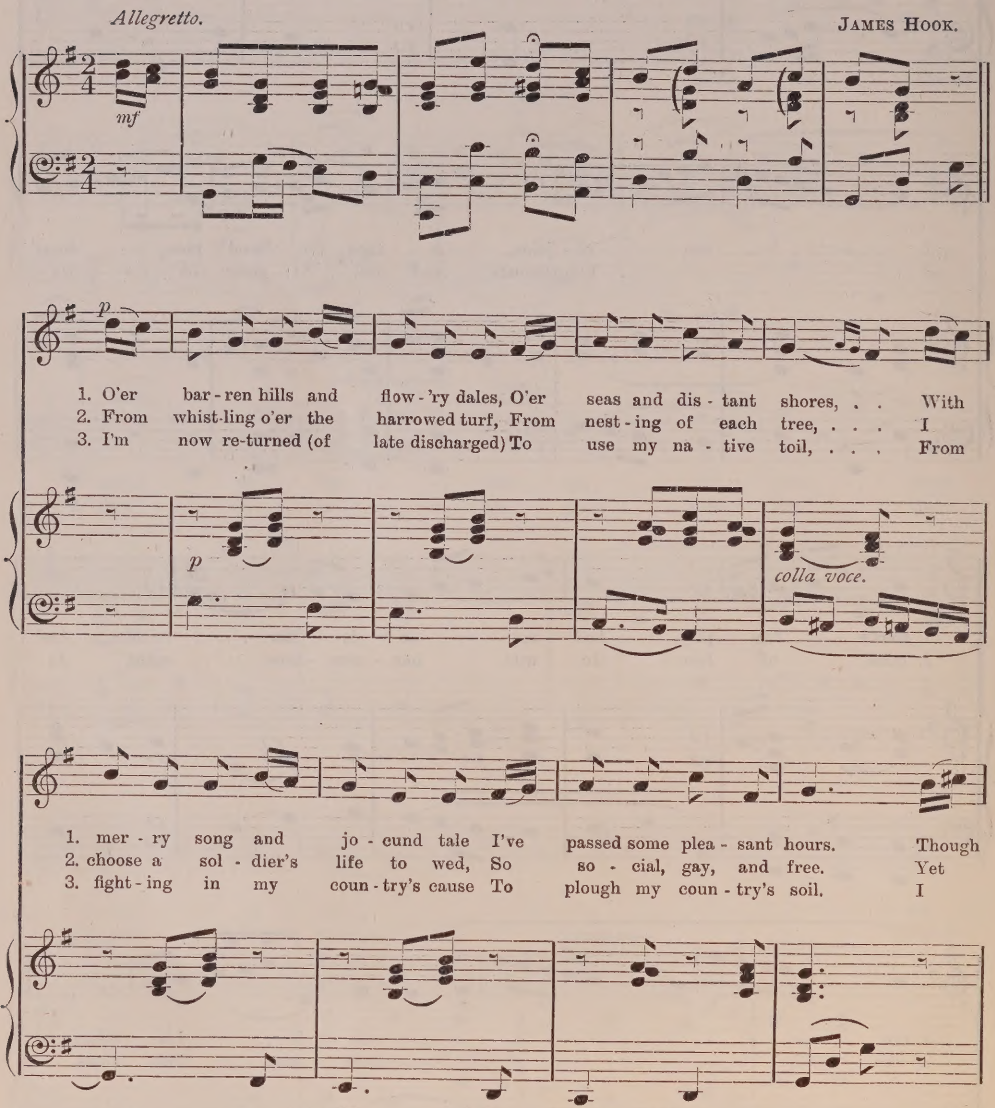

Andante.
1. 'Tis love . . that makes all Na - - ture gay, All crea - - tures can re - joice. All
2. The fea - - thered choir in ev - - 'ry grove, Stretch out their war - bling throats. Stretch
p
con espress.
3
ritard . . . .
p espress.

This song is contained in John Wynne's *Ten English Songs*, 1754; the words are given there as "written extempore by a gentleman." Wynne was a Cambridge man who kept a music shop in that city. His music is vigorous, and stands well with contemporary work. Nothing appears to be known biographically of him.

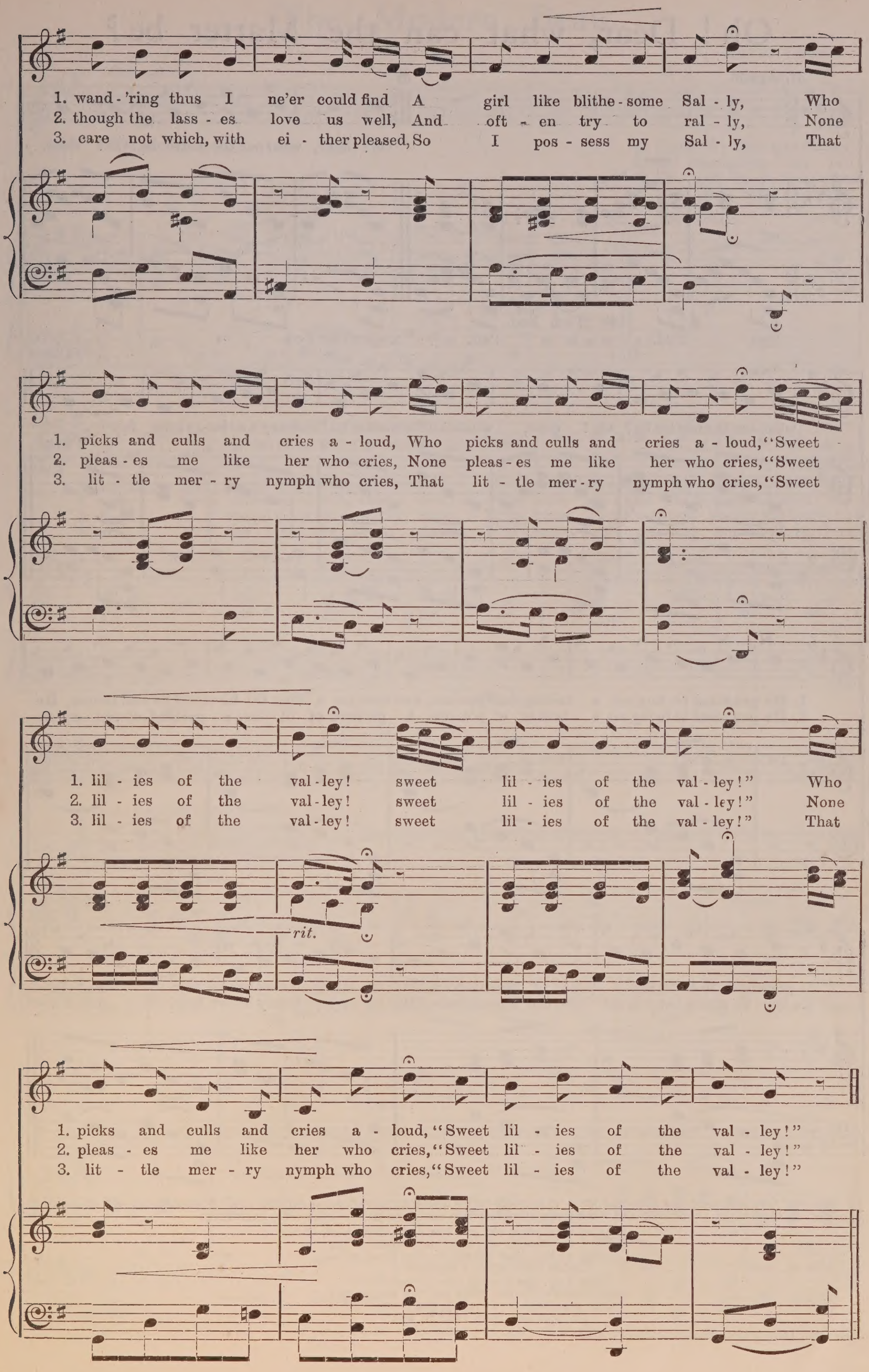

1. crea - tures can . . . . . . re - joice, re - joice, ...
2. out their war . . . . . . bling throats, their war . - - - - -
1. . . . . . . can re - joice, A thou - sand plea - sures
2. . . . . bling throats, And tell . . . their lit - tle
[tr]
1. round him play, And mu - sic is his . . . voice, And
2. tales of love In wild har - mon - ious . . . notes, In
rit.
1. mu - - - - - - - - - - - - - - sic is . . . his voice.
2. wild . . . . har - mon - ious notes.
rit.

Sweet Lilies of the Valley.

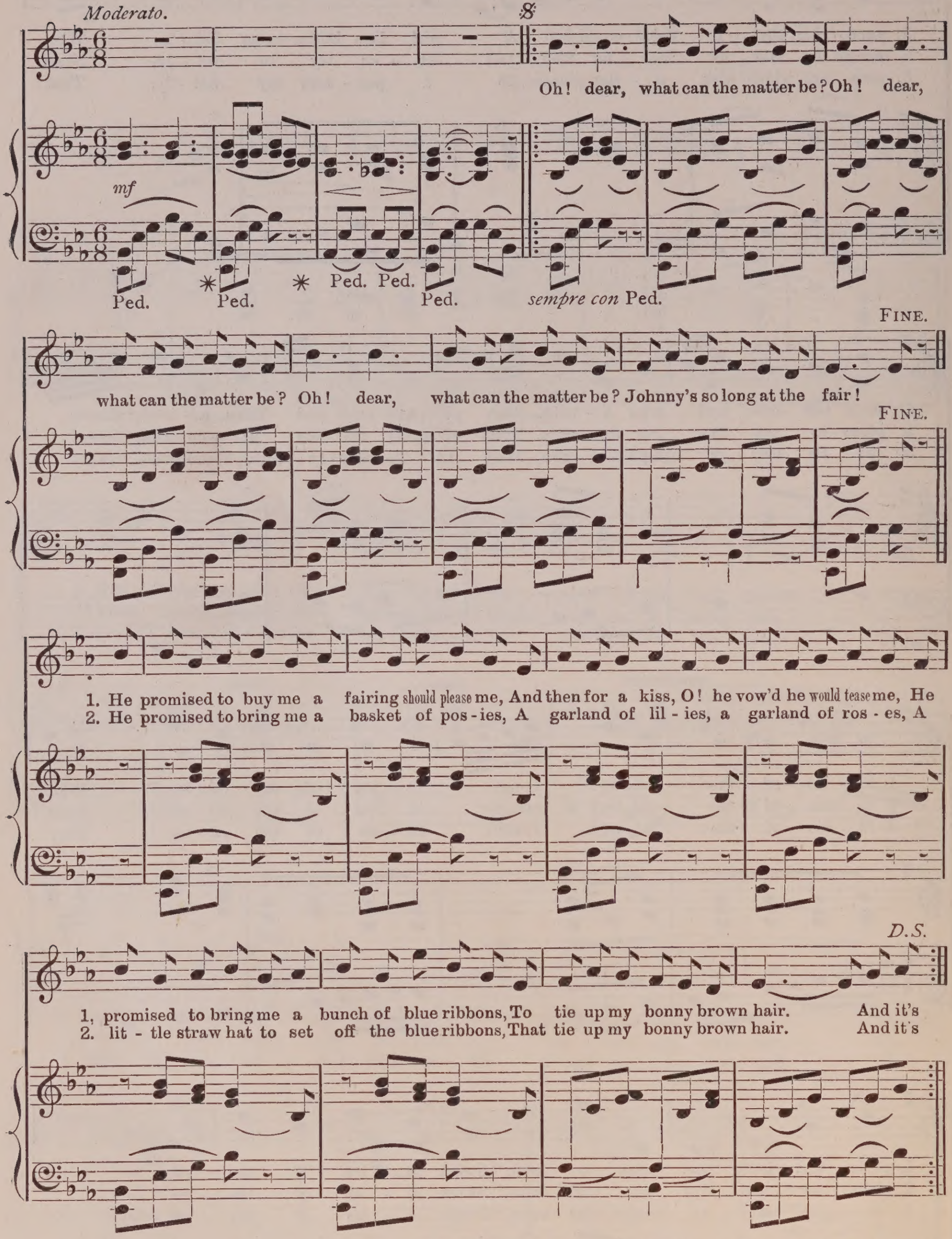
JAMES HOOK.


Allegretto.
mf
p
1. O'er bar-ren hills and flow-'ry dales, O'er seas and dis-tant shores, . . With
2. From whist-ling o'er the harrowed turf, From nest-ing of each tree, . . . I
3. I'm now re-turned (of late discharged) To use my na-tive toil, . . . From
p
colla voce.
1. mer-ry song and jo-cund tale I've passed some plea-sant hours. Though
2. choose a sol-dier's life to wed, So so-cial, gay, and free. Yet
3. fight-ing in my coun-try's cause To plough my coun-try's soil. I

Sung by a boy singer named Master Shepherd at Vauxhall Gardens about 1790. The melody is by James Hook, and the words by a song writer named Richardson, in all probability the same who wrote the song, "Fair Rosalie," included in the present volume. The song and air are included among the contents of an American publication called *The Nightingale*, printed at Portsmouth, U.S.A., in 1804, and are also found in English song books prior to that date.


1. wand - 'ring thus I ne'er could find A girl like blithe - some Sal - ly, Who
2. though the lass - es love us well, And oft - en try to ral - ly, None
3. care not which, with ei - ther pleased, So I pos - sess my Sal - ly, That
1. picks and culls and cries a - loud, Who picks and culls and cries a - loud, "Sweet
2. pleas - es me like her who cries, None pleas - es me like her who cries, "Sweet
3. lit - tle mer - ry nymph who cries, That lit - tle mer - ry nymph who cries, "Sweet
1. lil - ies of the val - ley! sweet lil - ies of the val - ley!" Who
2. lil - ies of the val - ley! sweet lil - ies of the val - ley!" None
3. lil - ies of the val - ley! sweet lil - ies of the val - ley!" That
rit.
1. picks and culls and cries a - loud, "Sweet lil - ies of the val - ley!"
2. pleas - es me like her who cries, "Sweet lil - ies of the val - ley!"
3. lit - tle mer - ry nymph who cries, "Sweet lil - ies of the val - ley!"

Oh! Dear, what can the Matter be?


Moderato.
mf
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
sempre con Ped.
Oh! dear, what can the matter be? Oh! dear, what can the matter be? Oh! dear, what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair!
FINE.
FINE.
1. He promised to buy me a fairing should please me, And then for a kiss, O! he vow'd he would tease me, He
2. He promised to bring me a basket of pos-ies, A garland of lil-ies, a garland of ros-es, A
1. promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbons, To tie up my bonny brown hair. And it's
2. lit-tle straw hat to set off the blue ribbons, That tie up my bonny brown hair. And it's
D.S.

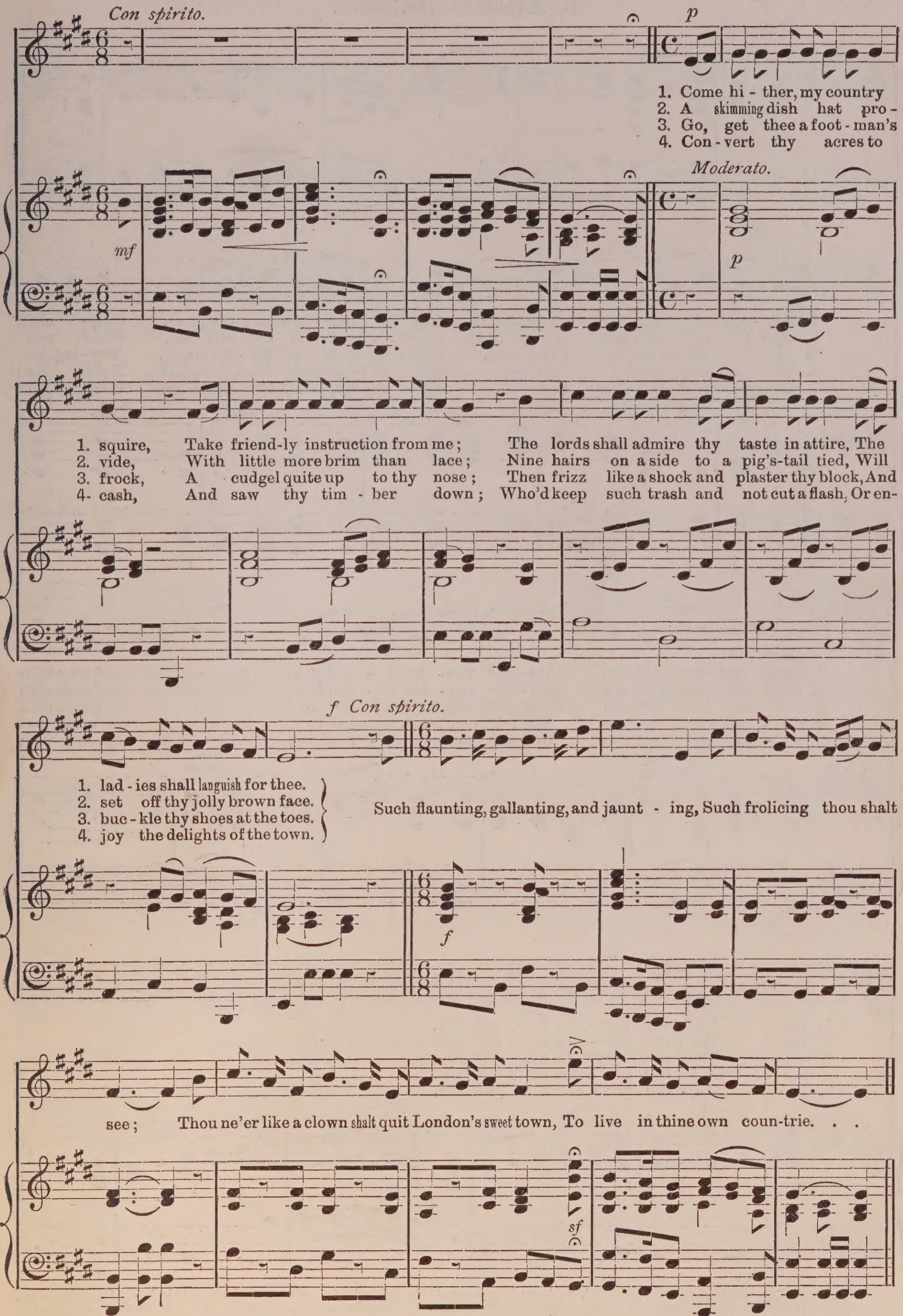
This old favourite song has a capital tune. The melody, no doubt, is a traditional English one. With different sets of verses, it appeared on sheet-music about 1780, and was shortly after this date used for a pseudo-Irish song, beginning:—

> "At sixteen years old you could get little good of me,
> Till I saw Norah who soon understood of me;
> I was in love, but myself for the blood of me,
> Couldn't tell what I did ail.
> 'Twas dear, dear, what can the matter be?
> Och, tare-and-ouns, what can the matter be?
> Och, gramachree, what can the matter be?
> I'm bothered from head to tail."

This latter song is from the *Mountaineers*, 1795.

The Modern Beau.

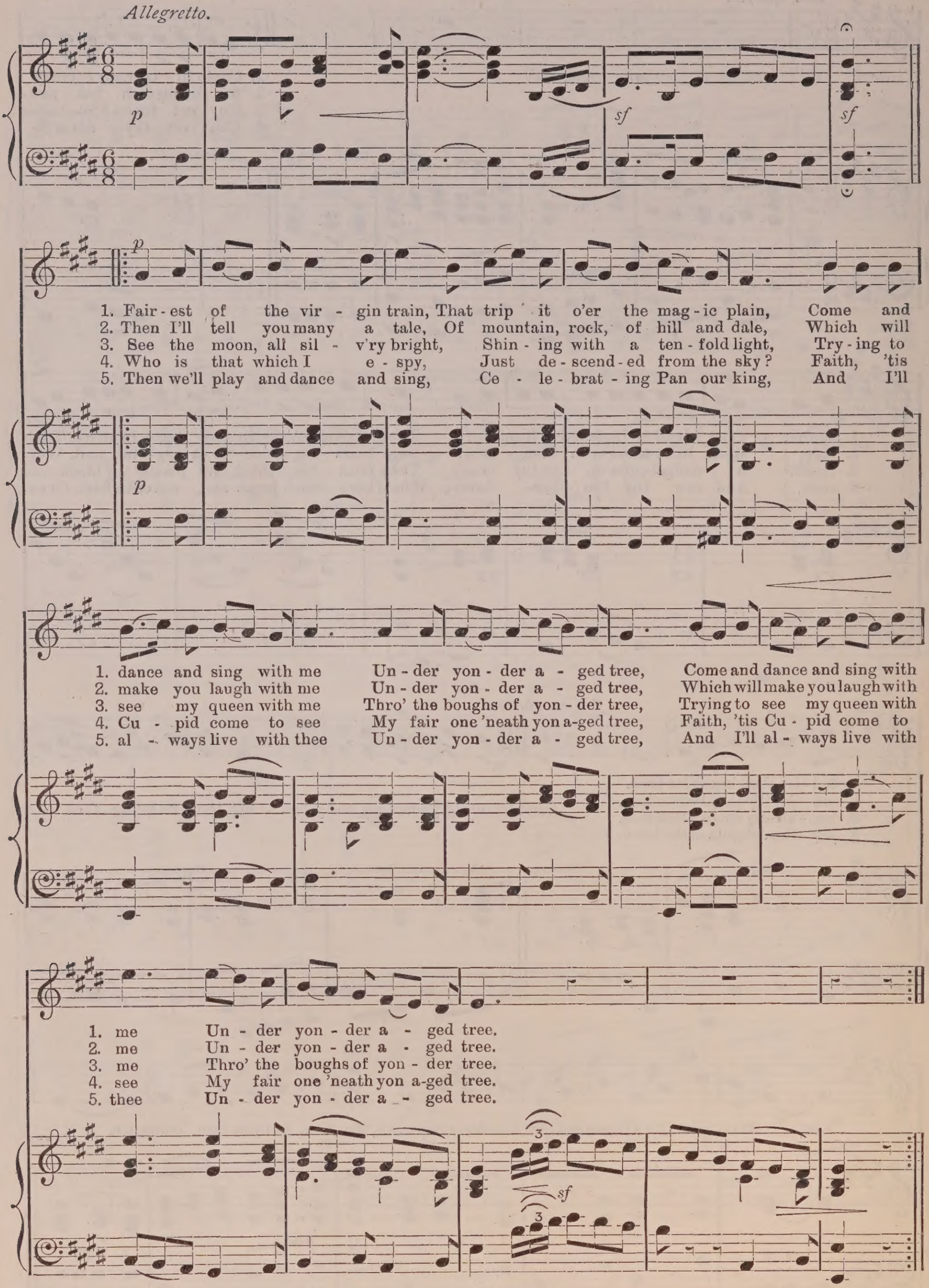
Henry Carey.


Con spirito.
p
1. Come hi - ther, my country
2. A skimming dish hat pro -
3. Go, get thee a foot - man's
4. Con - vert thy acres to
mf
Moderato.
p
1. squire, Take friend-ly instruction from me; The lords shall admire thy taste in attire, The
2. vide, With little more brim than lace; Nine hairs on a side to a pig's-tail tied, Will
3. frock, A cudgel quite up to thy nose; Then frizz like a shock and plaster thy block, And
4. cash, And saw thy tim - ber down; Who'd keep such trash and not cut a flash, Or en-
1. lad - ies shall languish for thee.
2. set off thy jolly brown face.
3. buc - kle thy shoes at the toes.
4. joy the delights of the town.
f Con spirito.
Such flaunting, gallanting, and jaunt - ing, Such frolicing thou shalt
f
see; Thou ne'er like a clown shalt quit London's sweet town, To live in thine own coun-trie. . .
sf

For note to this song see Appendix.

The Fairy.

A Midnight Madrigal.

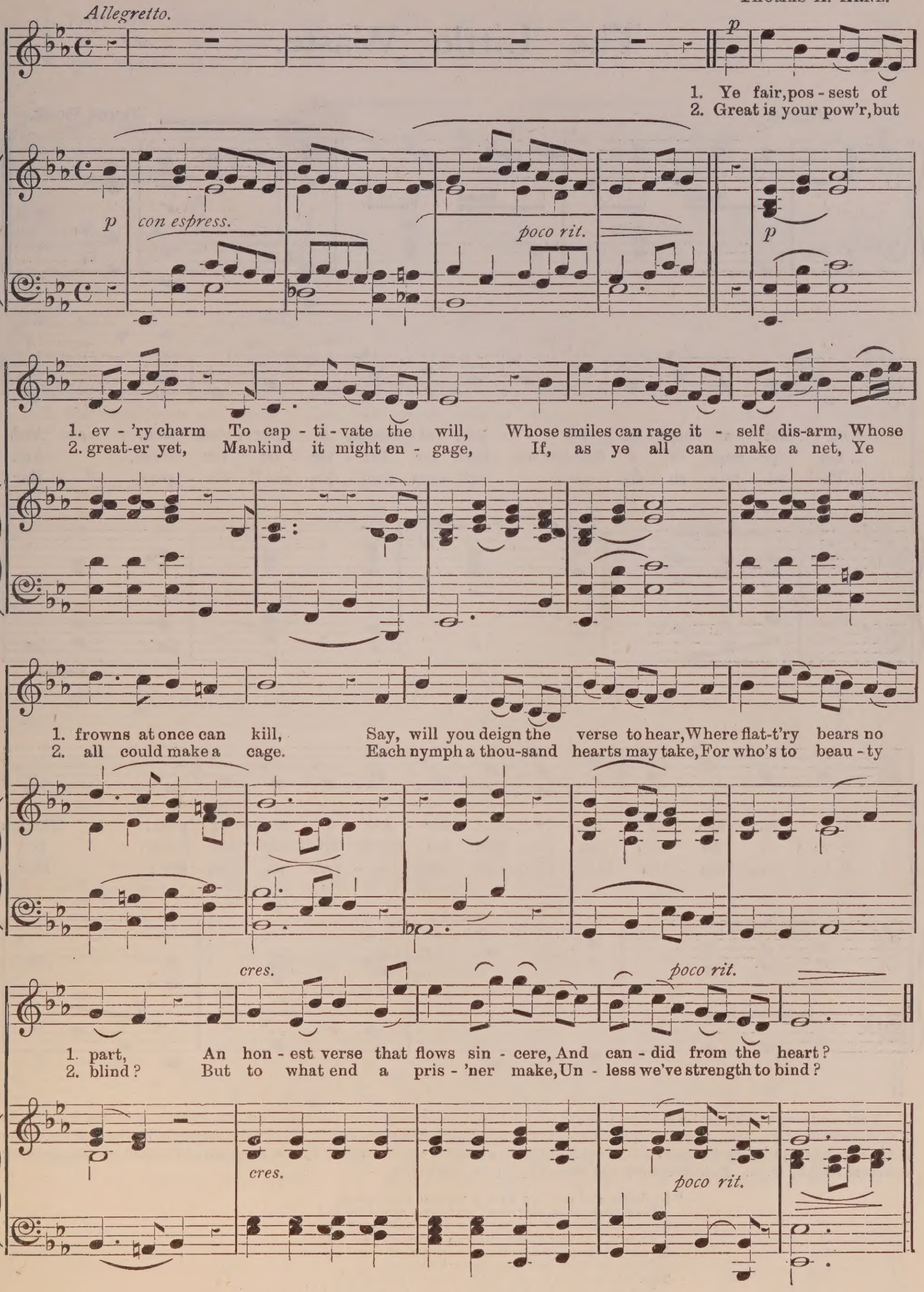

Allegretto.
p
sf
sf
p
p
1. Fair-est of the vir - gin train, That trip it o'er the mag-ic plain, Come and
2. Then I'll tell you many a tale, Of mountain, rock, of hill and dale, Which will
3. See the moon, all sil - v'ry bright, Shin - ing with a ten-fold light, Try-ing to
4. Who is that which I e - spy, Just de-scend-ed from the sky? Faith, 'tis
5. Then we'll play and dance and sing, Ce - le-brat - ing Pan our king, And I'll
1. dance and sing with me Un-der yon-der a - ged tree, Come and dance and sing with
2. make you laugh with me Un-der yon-der a - ged tree, Which will make you laugh with
3. see my queen with me Thro' the boughs of yon-der tree, Trying to see my queen with
4. Cu - pid come to see My fair one 'neath yon a-ged tree, Faith, 'tis Cu - pid come to
5. al - ways live with thee Un-der yon-der a - ged tree, And I'll al - ways live with
1. me Un - der yon - der a - ged tree.
2. me Un - der yon - der a - ged tree.
3. me Thro' the boughs of yon - der tree.
4. see My fair one 'neath yon a-ged tree.
5. thee Un - der yon - der a - ged tree.
3
sf
3

From *The Edinburgh Musical Miscellany*, vol. ii., 1793; it appears also in one or two other song books near this date. The same song, "set by Mr. Thomas Smart, the words by a lady," under the heading, "The Fairy in Love," is printed in *The New Musical and Universal Magazine*, vol. ii., 1776. There is no indication as to the composer of the melody we use, which is different from that by Smart. The song must not be confused with "Fairest of the virgin throng," in Dr. Boyce's *Solomon*.

Ye Fair, possest of ev'ry Charm.

The way to keep him.

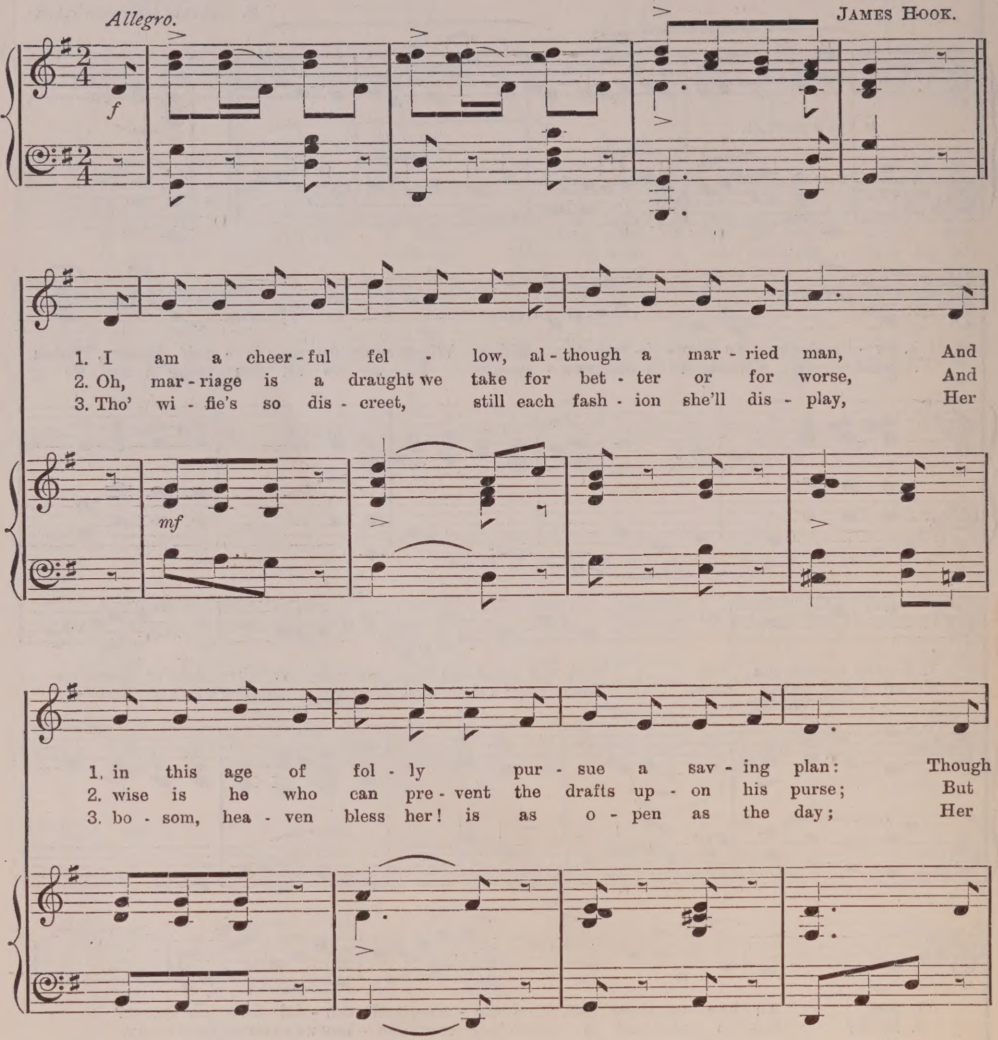
THOMAS A. ARNE.


Allegretto.
p
1. Ye fair, pos - sest of
2. Great is your pow'r, but
p
con espress.
poco rit.
p
1. ev - 'ry charm To cap - ti - vate the will, Whose smiles can rage it - self dis-arm, Whose
2. great-er yet, Mankind it might en - gage, If, as ye all can make a net, Ye
1. frowns at once can kill, Say, will you deign the verse to hear, Where flat-t'ry bears no
2. all could make a cage. Each nymph a thou-sand hearts may take, For who's to beau - ty
cres.
poco rit.
1. part, An hon - est verse that flows sin - cere, And can - did from the heart?
2. blind? But to what end a pris - 'ner make, Un - less we've strength to bind?
cres.
poco rit.

Another of Dr. Arne's beautiful melodies. It first appeared in a folio publication, entitled, *The Monthly Melody, or, Polite Amusement for Gentlemen and Ladies*, London, printed by G. Kearsley, vol. i., 1760. The song was written no doubt for the comedy named, *The Way to Keep Him*, by Arthur Murphy, produced in 1760, and again as altered in 1761. Dr. Arne wrote another melody and a song (similar, but not the same), which was sung by his sister, Mrs. Cibber, in one of the versions of the comedy; this commences, "Ye fair, married dames," and it is printed at the end of Arne's edition of his opera, *Thomas and Sally*, dated 1761.

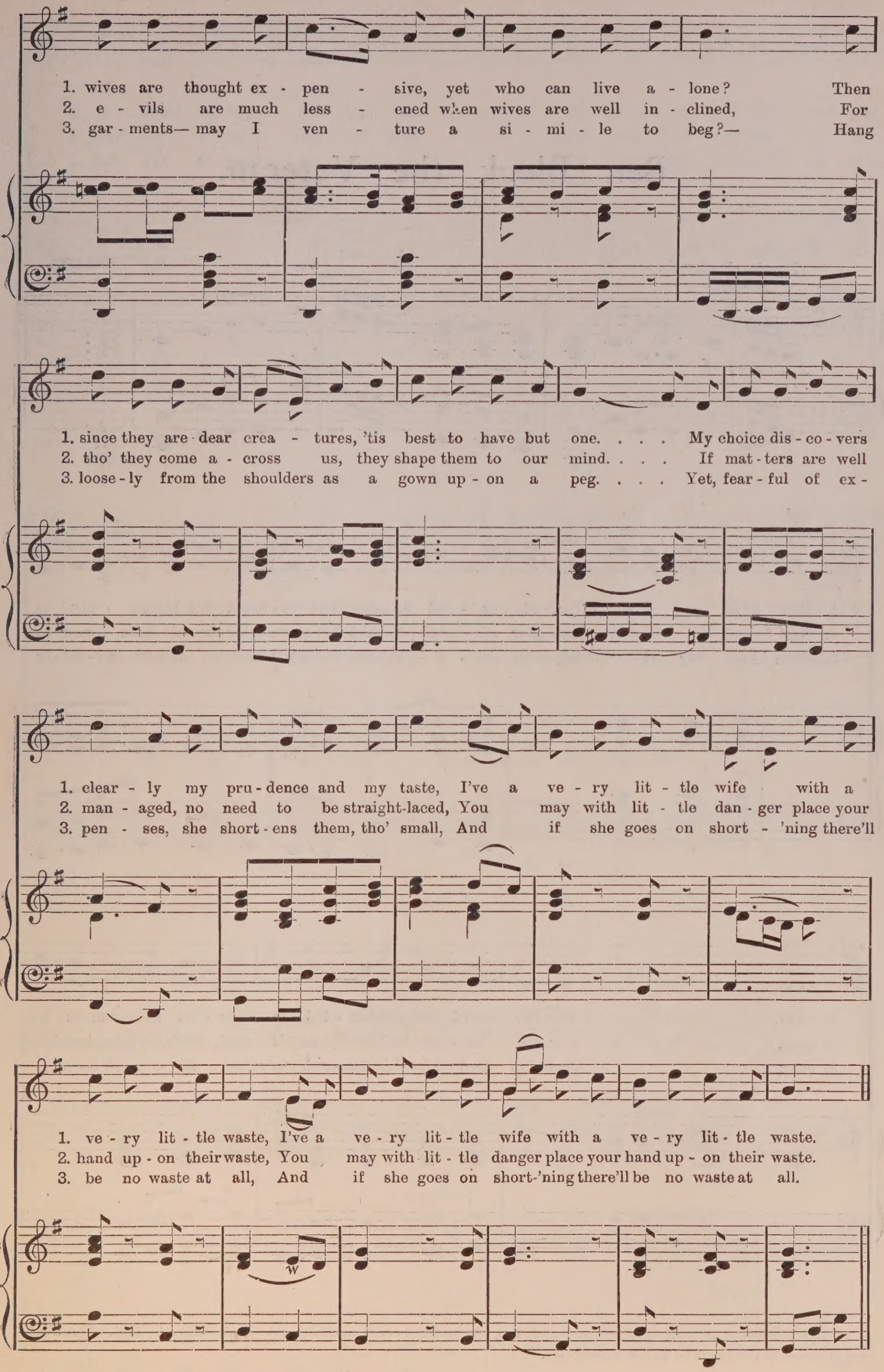
The Little Waste.

JAMES HOOK.


Allegro.
f
mf
1. I am a cheer-ful fel - low, al-though a mar-ried man, And
2. Oh, mar-riage is a draught we take for bet-ter or for worse, And
3. Tho' wi-fie's so dis-creet, still each fash-ion she'll dis-play, Her
1. in this age of fol-ly pur-sue a sav-ing plan: Though
2. wise is he who can pre-vent the drafts up-on his purse; But
3. bo-som, hea-ven bless her! is as o-pen as the day; Her

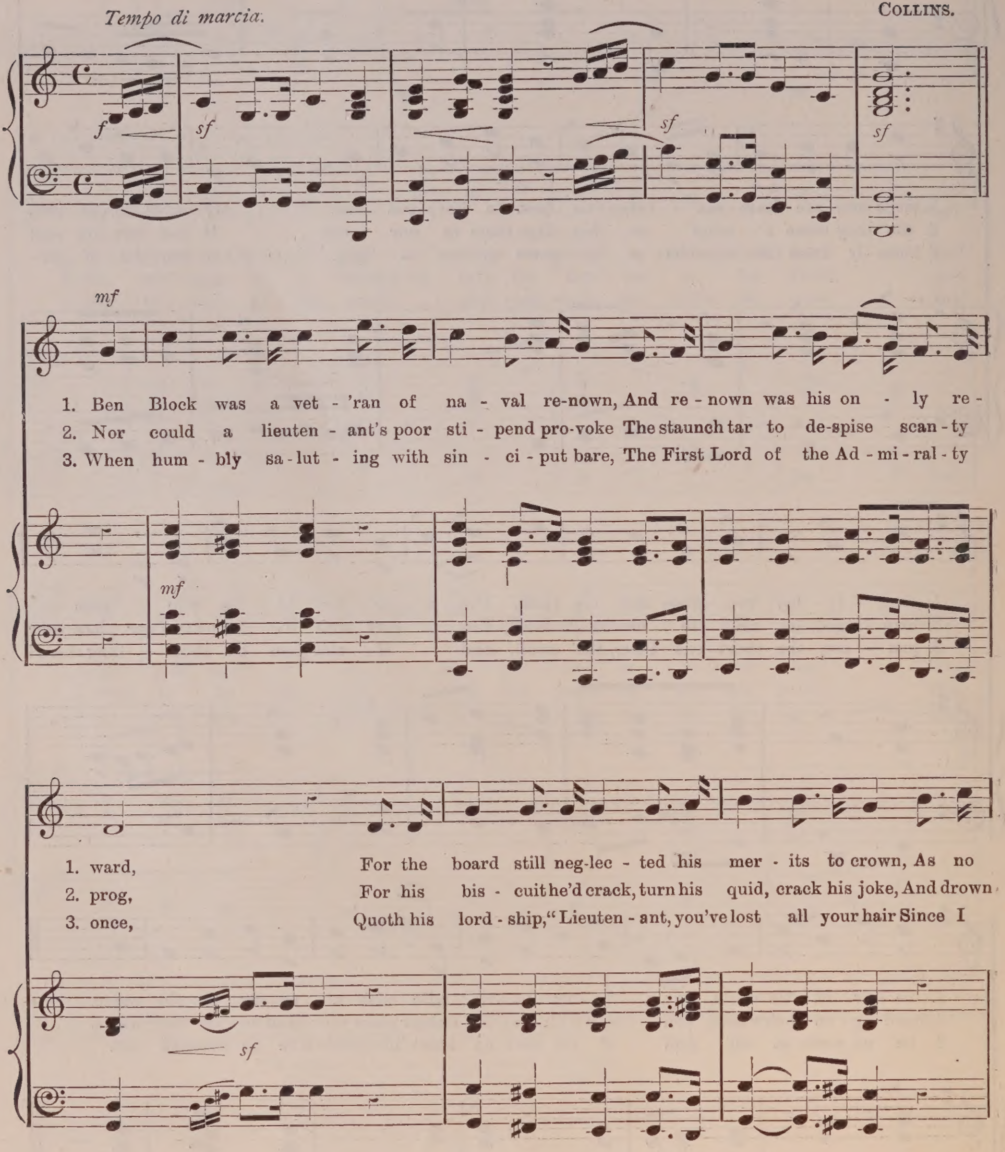
A punning song written partly in ridicule of the fashion which ladies adopted at the end of the 18th century, of having their waists almost under their armpits. It was sung by Charles Dignum at Vauxhall Gardens about 1797, and the melody is by James Hook. The song produced another composition called, "The Little Waist Defended," which was sung by Mrs. Mountain at Vauxhall, another air being composed for it by Hook. This latter ditty was written by Upton, and begins:—

> "In defence of her sex sure a woman may speak,
> Pray what is it now that you men would be at?
> Do you think that we mind each occasion you seek
> To laugh at our dress—little waists—and all that?
> No doubt, sirs, believe it, such nonsense must fall,
> When we look but a moment about us,
> That whether we're all waist, or no waist at all,
> You can't for the life of you, men, do without us!
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Then, prithee, dear sirs, leave our short waists alone,
> 'Tis the whim of the day and we'll have it, don't doubt us,
> So give o'er your jesting and candidly own
> You can't for the life of you, men, do without us!"

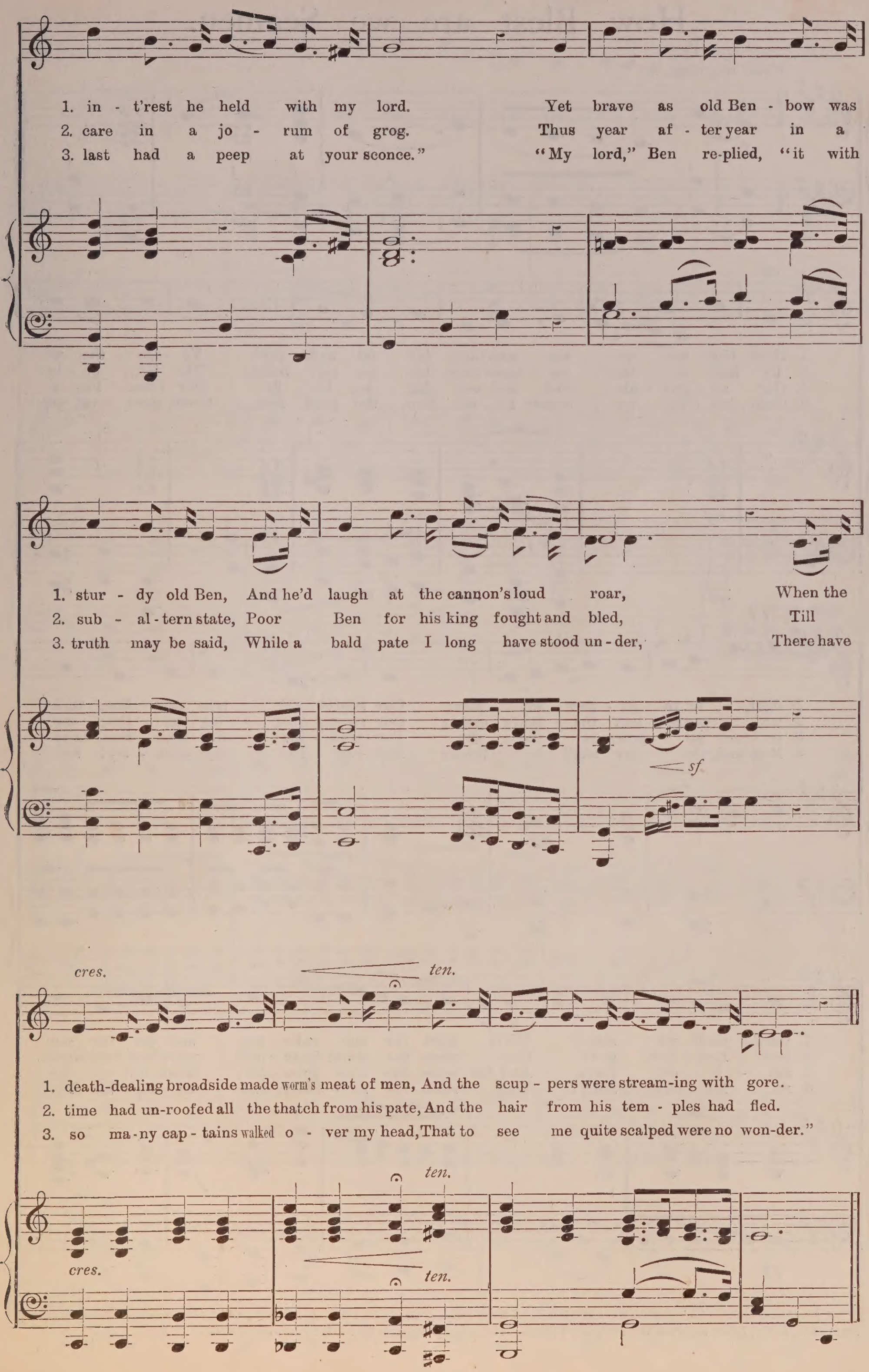

1. wives are thought ex - pen - sive, yet who can live a - lone? Then
2. e - vils are much less - ened when wives are well in - clined, For
3. gar - ments— may I ven - ture a si - mi - le to beg?— Hang
1. since they are dear crea - tures, 'tis best to have but one. . . . My choice dis - co - vers
2. tho' they come a - cross us, they shape them to our mind. . . . If mat - ters are well
3. loose - ly from the shoulders as a gown up - on a peg. . . . Yet, fear - ful of ex -
1. clear - ly my pru - dence and my taste, I've a ve - ry lit - tle wife with a
2. man - aged, no need to be straight-laced, You may with lit - tle dan - ger place your
3. pen - ses, she short - ens them, tho' small, And if she goes on short - 'ning there'll
1. ve - ry lit - tle waste, I've a ve - ry lit - tle wife with a ve - ry lit - tle waste.
2. hand up - on their waste, You may with lit - tle danger place your hand up - on their waste.
3. be no waste at all, And if she goes on short-'ning there'll be no waste at all.
W

Ben Block the Veteran.

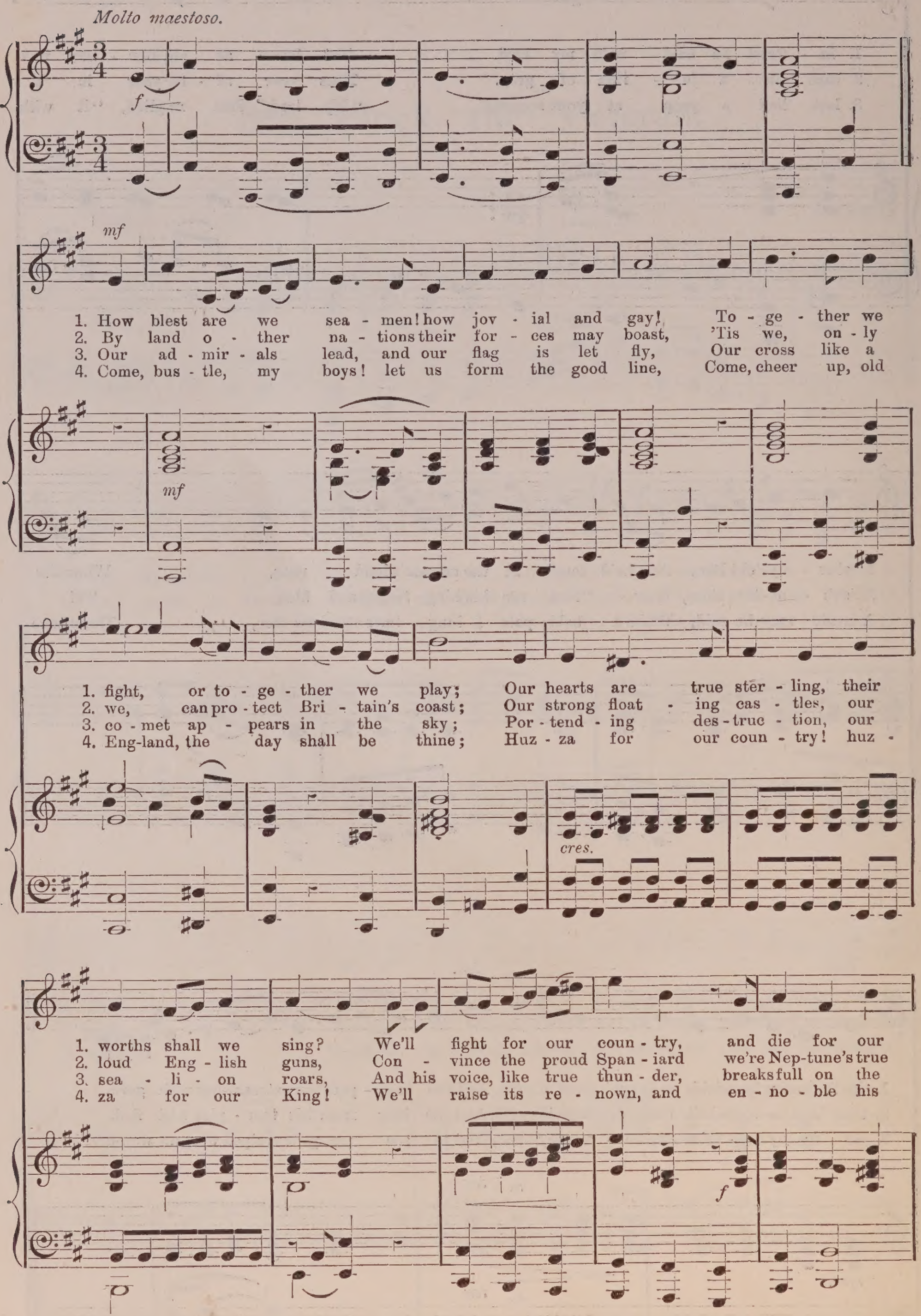
COLLINS.


Tempo di marcia.
f
sf
sf
sf
mf
mf
1. Ben Block was a vet - 'ran of na - val re-nown, And re - nown was his on - ly re -
2. Nor could a lieuten - ant's poor sti - pend pro-voke The staunch tar to de-spise scan - ty
3. When hum - bly sa - lut - ing with sin - ci - put bare, The First Lord of the Ad - mi - ral - ty
1. ward, For the board still neg-lec - ted his mer - its to crown, As no
2. prog, For his bis - cuit he'd crack, turn his quid, crack his joke, And drown
3. once, Quoth his lord - ship, "Lieuten - ant, you've lost all your hair Since I
sf

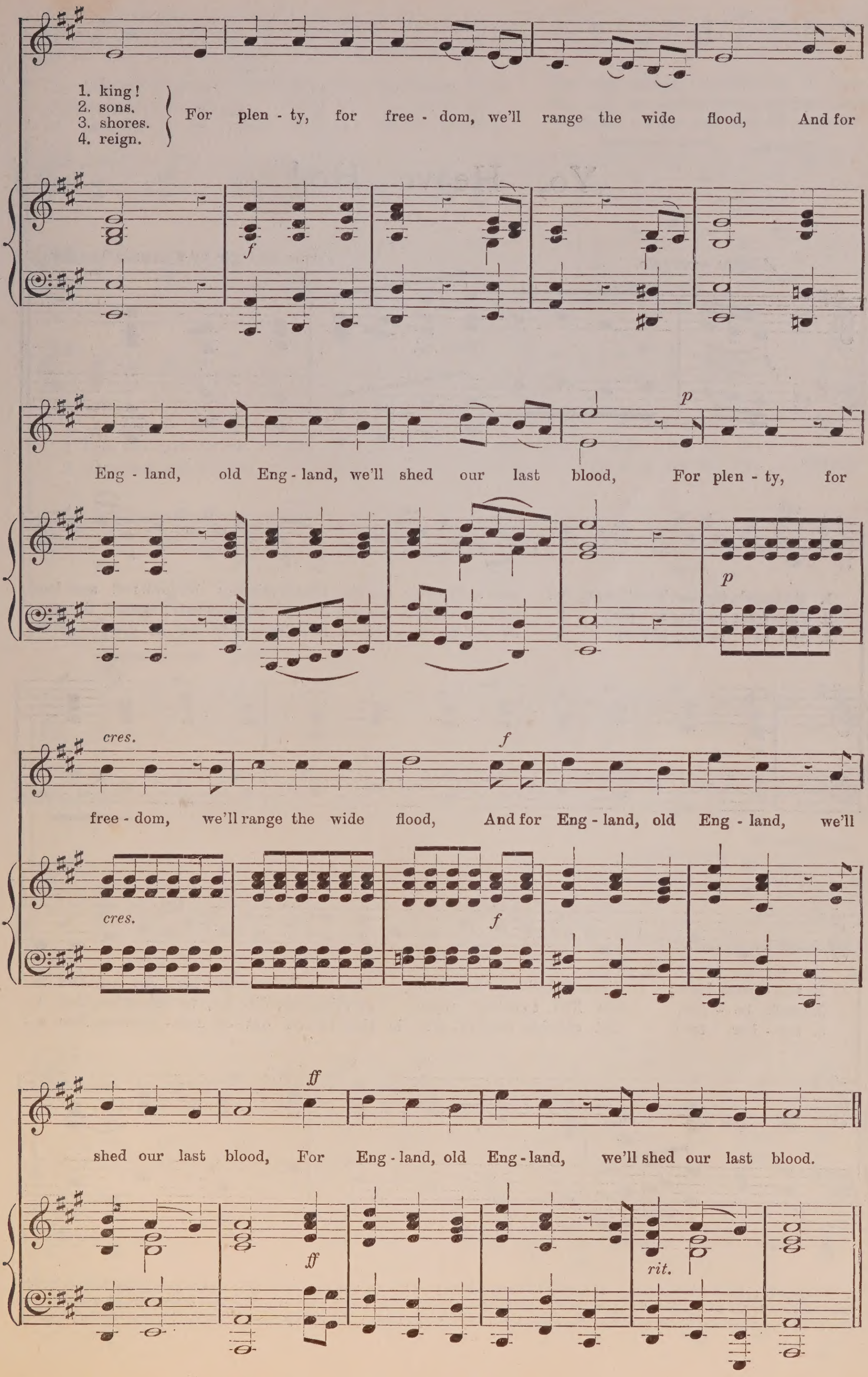
Written, composed, and sung by an actor named Collins, who produced a table entertainment, called, *The Evening Bush.* "Ben Block" was published in sheet form by W. Sibley about 1816.


1. in - t'rest he held with my lord. Yet brave as old Ben - bow was
2. care in a jo - rum of grog. Thus year af - ter year in a
3. last had a peep at your sconce." "My lord," Ben re-plied, "it with
sf
1. stur - dy old Ben, And he'd laugh at the cannon's loud roar, When the
2. sub - al - tern state, Poor Ben for his king fought and bled, Till
3. truth may be said, While a bald pate I long have stood un - der, There have
cres.
ten.
1. death-dealing broadside made worm's meat of men, And the scup - pers were stream-ing with gore.
2. time had un-roofed all the thatch from his pate, And the hair from his tem - ples had fled.
3. so ma - ny cap - tains walked o - ver my head, That to see me quite scalped were no won-der."
ten.
cres.
ten.

How Blest are we Seamen.


Molto maestoso.
f
mf
1. How blest are we sea - men! how jov - ial and gay! To - ge - ther we
2. By land o - ther na - tions their for - ces may boast, 'Tis we, on - ly
3. Our ad - mir - als lead, and our flag is let fly, Our cross like a
4. Come, bus - tle, my boys! let us form the good line, Come, cheer up, old
mf
1. fight, or to - ge - ther we play; Our hearts are true ster - ling, their
2. we, can pro - tect Bri - tain's coast; Our strong float - ing cas - tles, our
3. co - met ap - pears in the sky; Por - tend - ing des - truc - tion, our
4. Eng - land, the day shall be thine; Huz - za for our coun - try! huz -
cres.
1. worths shall we sing? We'll fight for our coun - try, and die for our
2. loud Eng - lish guns, Con - vince the proud Span - iard we're Nep - tune's true
3. sea - li - on roars, And his voice, like true thun - der, breaks full on the
4. za for our King! We'll raise its re - nown, and en - no - ble his
f

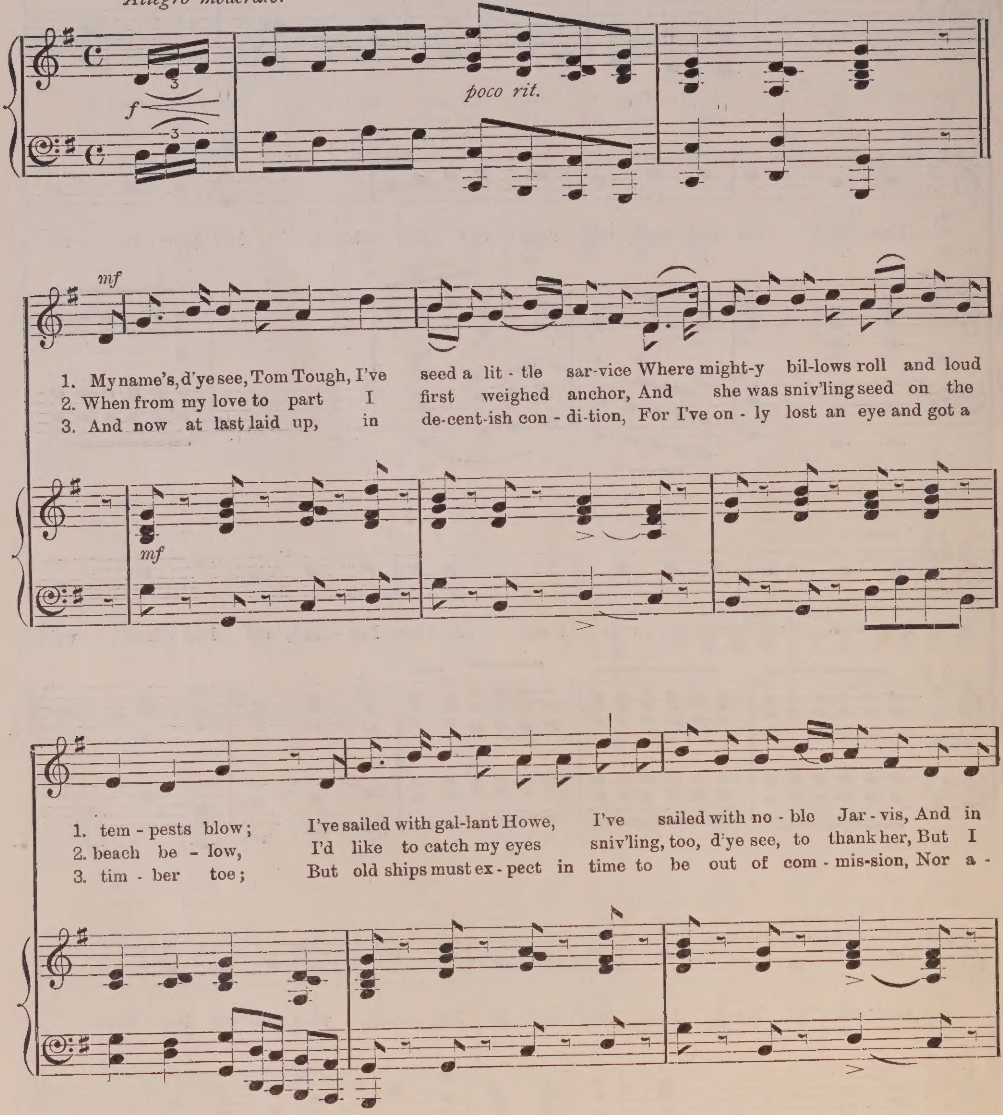
A fine composition which is printed in Dr. Kitchiner's *Sea Songs of England*, 1823. It is there published as an anonymous piece, and search has, so far, failed to reveal the composer's name. The melody suggests that it is in date about 1740 or 1750.


1. king!
2. sons.
3. shores.
4. reign.
For plen - ty, for free - dom, we'll range the wide flood, And for
Eng - land, old Eng - land, we'll shed our last blood, For plen - ty, for
free - dom, we'll range the wide flood, And for Eng - land, old Eng - land, we'll
shed our last blood, For Eng - land, old Eng - land, we'll shed our last blood.
f
p
cres.
ff
rit.

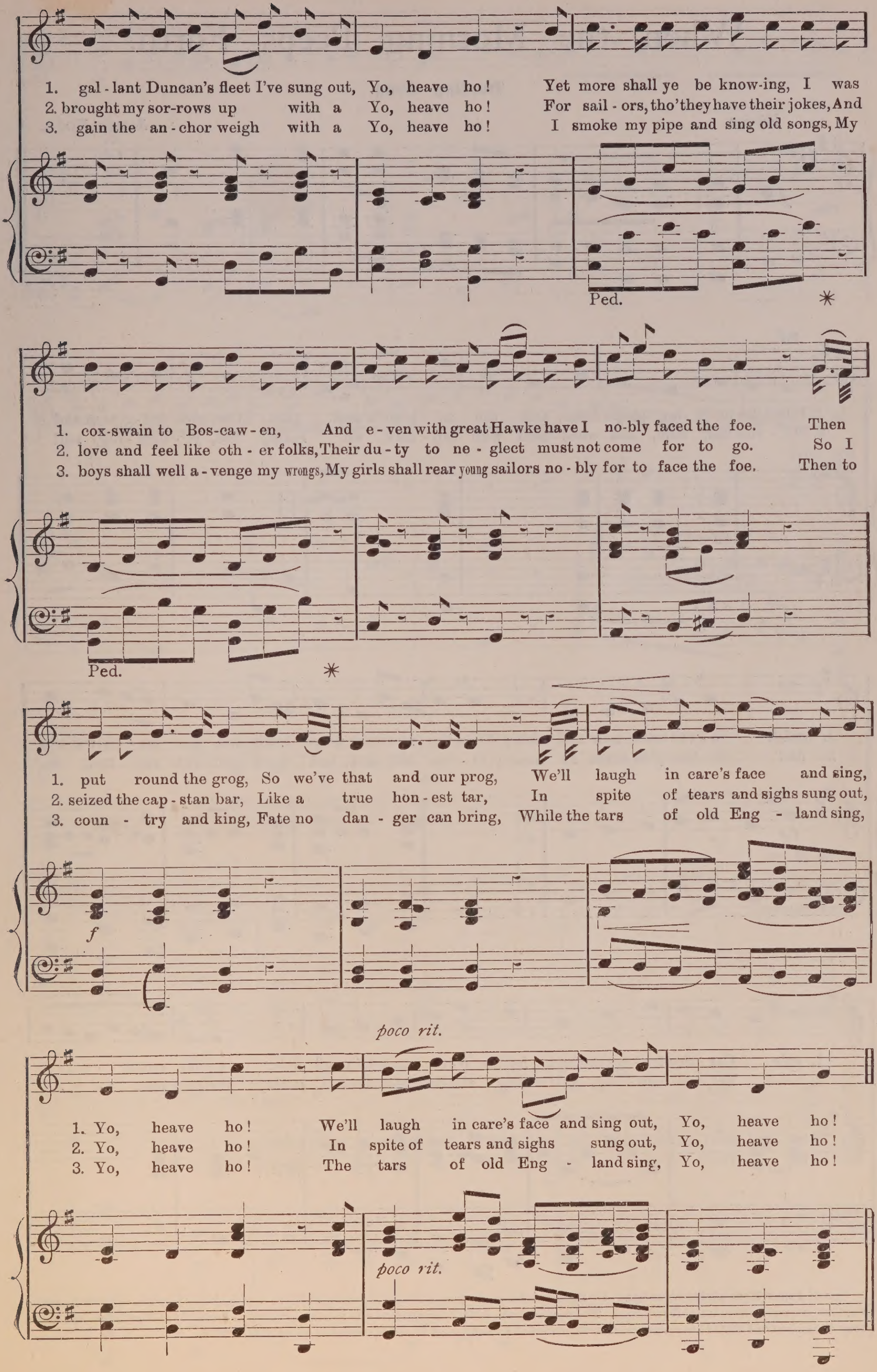
Yo, Heave Ho!

Allegro moderato.

Verses and air by **CHARLES DIBDIN.**


f
poco rit.
mf
1. My name's, d'ye see, Tom Tough, I've seed a lit - tle sar-vice Where might-y bil-lows roll and loud
2. When from my love to part I first weighed anchor, And she was sniv'ling seed on the
3. And now at last laid up, in de-cent-ish con - di-tion, For I've on - ly lost an eye and got a
mf
1. tem - pests blow; I've sailed with gal-lant Howe, I've sailed with no - ble Jar - vis, And in
2. beach be - low, I'd like to catch my eyes sniv'ling, too, d'ye see, to thank her, But I
3. tim - ber toe; But old ships must ex - pect in time to be out of com - mis-sion, Nor a -

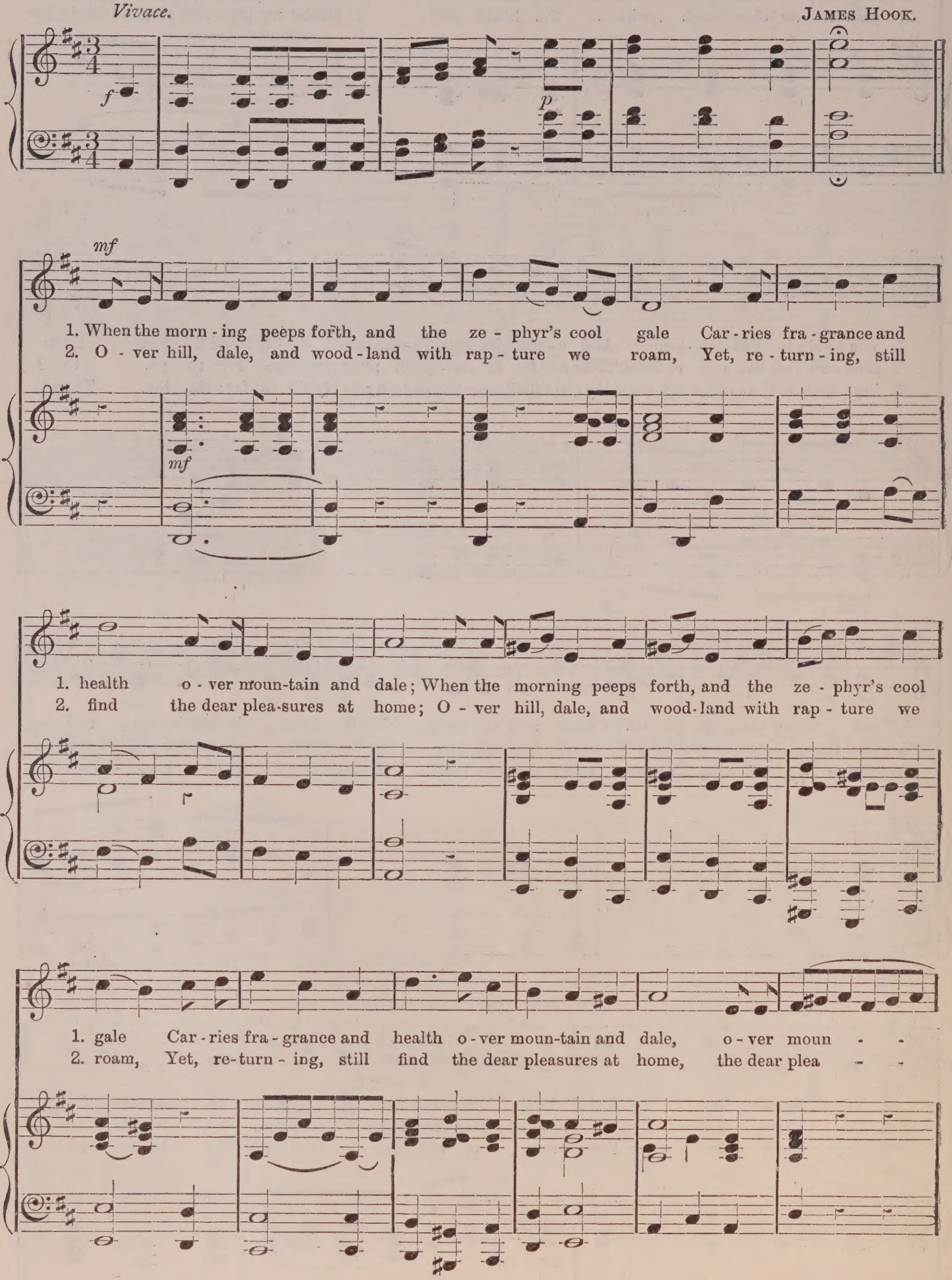
Frequently entitled "Tom Tough." It is one of Dibdin's later productions, and was one of the songs he gave in his table-entertainment, *A Tour to the Land's End*, first performed at his theatre, "Sans Souci," on 6th October, 1798. This entertainment was the result of a tour in Cornwall and the West of England which Dibdin took for pleasure, and for the purpose of singing his songs in the provinces.


1. gal-lant Duncan's fleet I've sung out, Yo, heave ho! Yet more shall ye be know-ing, I was
2. brought my sor-rows up with a Yo, heave ho! For sail-ors, tho' they have their jokes, And
3. gain the an-chor weigh with a Yo, heave ho! I smoke my pipe and sing old songs, My
Ped.
*
1. cox-swain to Bos-caw-en, And e-ven with great Hawke have I no-bly faced the foe. Then
2. love and feel like oth-er folks, Their du-ty to ne-glect must not come for to go. So I
3. boys shall well a-venge my wrongs, My girls shall rear young sailors no-bly for to face the foe. Then to
Ped.
*
1. put round the grog, So we've that and our prog, We'll laugh in care's face and sing,
2. seized the cap-stan bar, Like a true hon-est tar, In spite of tears and sighs sung out,
3. coun-try and king, Fate no dan-ger can bring, While the tars of old Eng-land sing,
f
poco rit.
1. Yo, heave ho! We'll laugh in care's face and sing out, Yo, heave ho!
2. Yo, heave ho! In spite of tears and sighs sung out, Yo, heave ho!
3. Yo, heave ho! The tars of old Eng-land sing, Yo, heave ho!
poco rit.

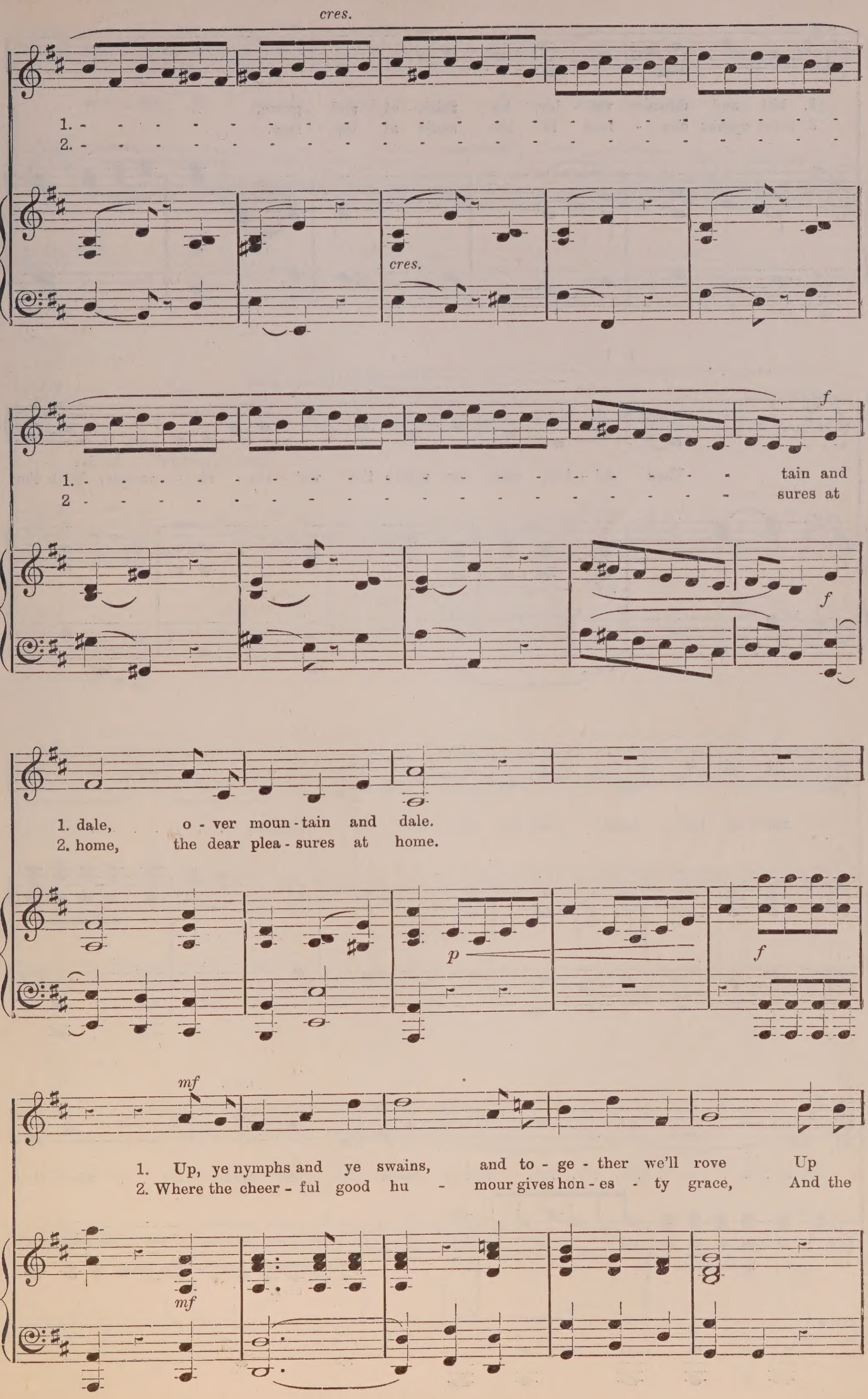
When the Morning Peeps Forth.

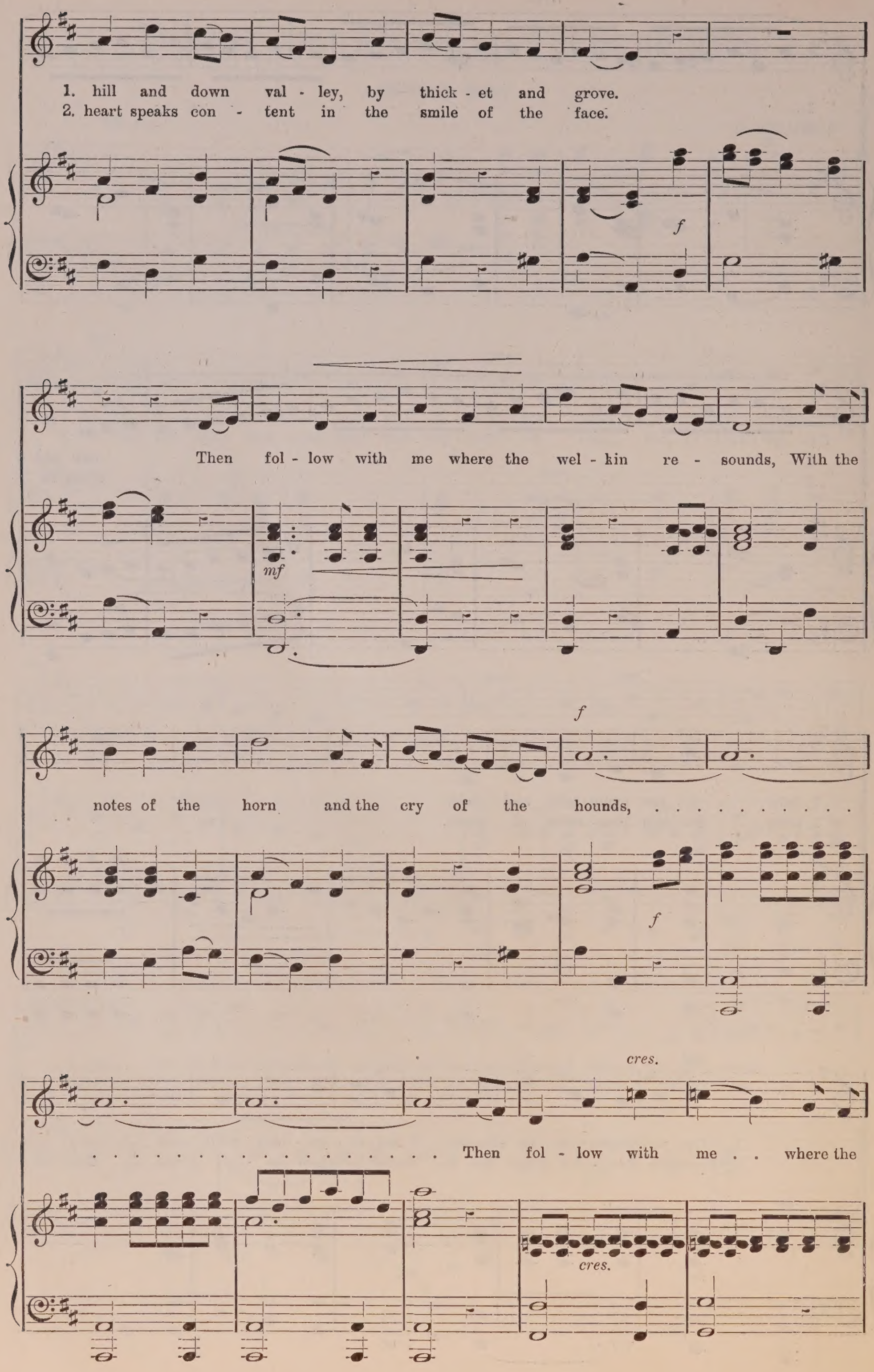
Hunting Song.

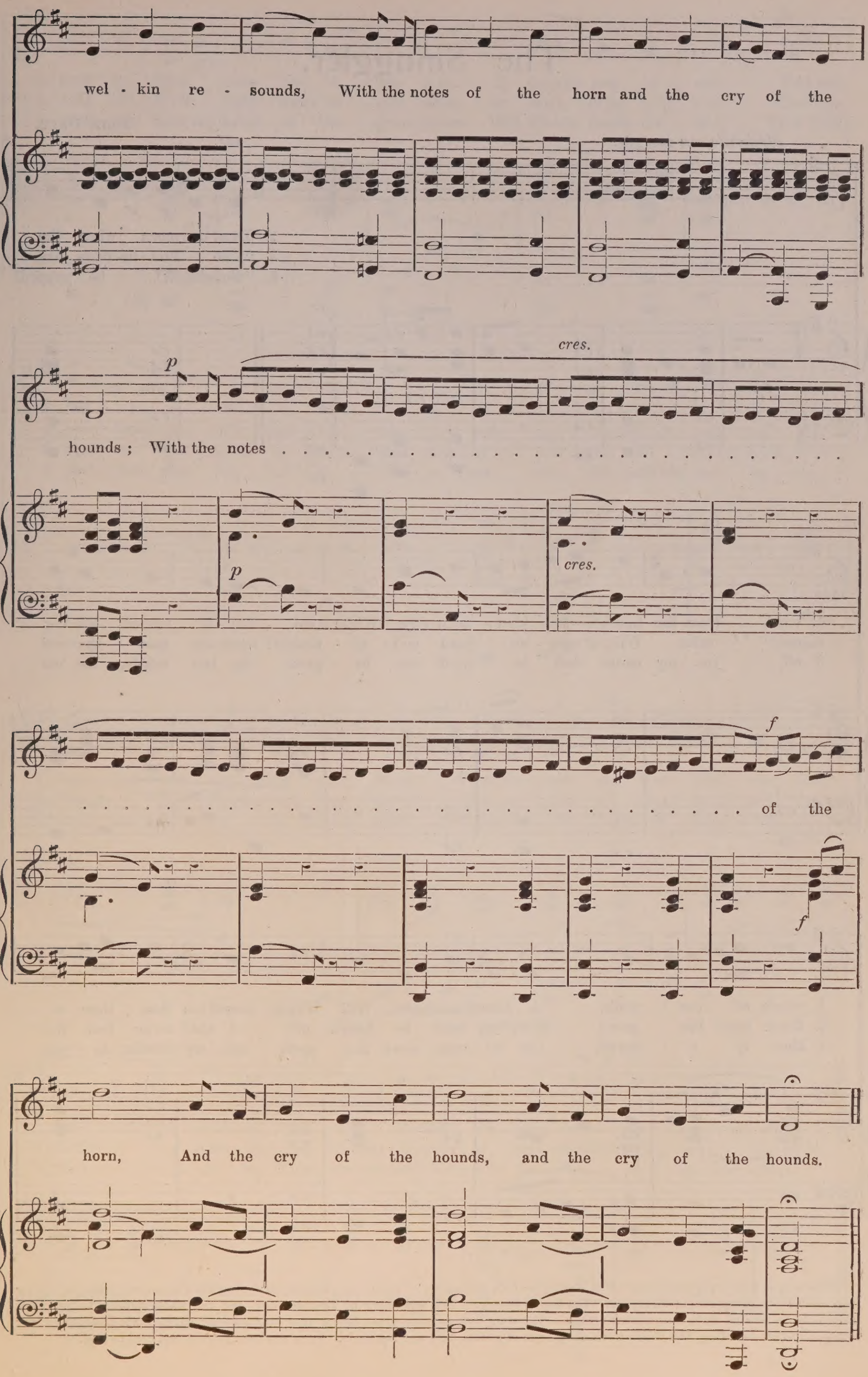
JAMES HOOK.


Vivace.
f
p
mf
1. When the morn - ing peeps forth, and the ze - phyr's cool gale Car - ries fra - grance and
2. O - ver hill, dale, and wood - land with rap - ture we roam, Yet, re - turn - ing, still
mf
1. health o - ver moun-tain and dale; When the morning peeps forth, and the ze - phyr's cool
2. find the dear plea-sures at home; O - ver hill, dale, and wood-land with rap - ture we
1. gale Car - ries fra - grance and health o - ver moun-tain and dale, o - ver moun - -
2. roam, Yet, re-turn - ing, still find the dear pleasures at home, the dear plea - -

One of James Hook's hunting-songs. Of this class he wrote many, the greater proportion of which, judged by the type of hunting song then common, were tuneful and good. The present is an early composition sung by a singer named Reinhold at Marylebone Gardens about the season of 1769. It is contained in a collection of Hook's songs issued by Welcker about 1769 or 1770.

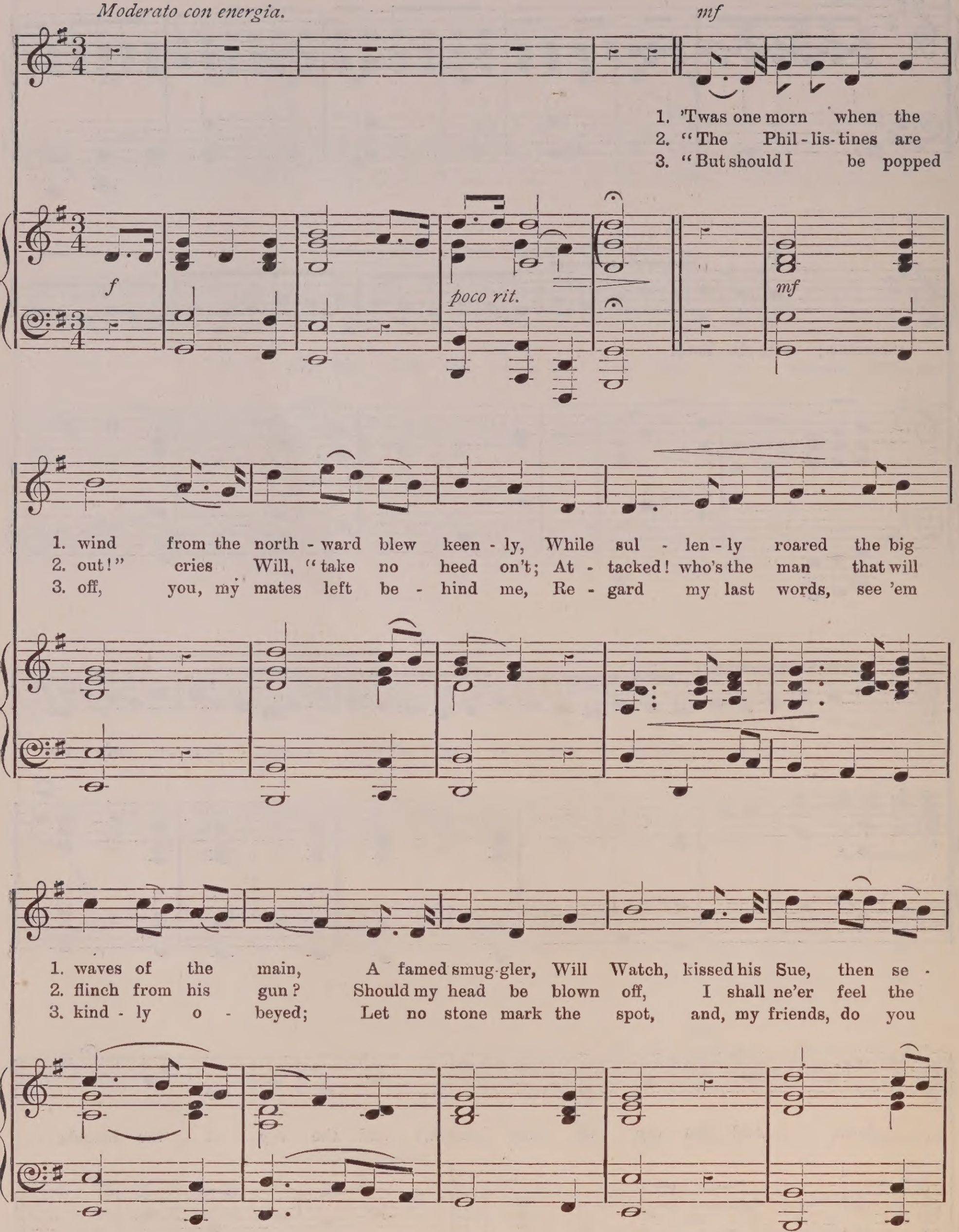

cres.
cres.
f
1. tain and
2. sures at
f
1. dale, o - ver moun - tain and dale.
2. home, the dear plea - sures at home.
p
f
mf
mf
1. Up, ye nymphs and ye swains, and to - ge - ther we'll rove Up
2. Where the cheer - ful good hu - mour gives hon - es - ty grace, And the


1. hill and down val - ley, by thick - et and grove.
2. heart speaks con - tent in the smile of the face.
f
Then fol - low with me where the wel - kin re - sounds, With the
mf
notes of the horn and the cry of the hounds, ...
f
f
. . . . Then fol - low with me . . where the
cres.
cres.

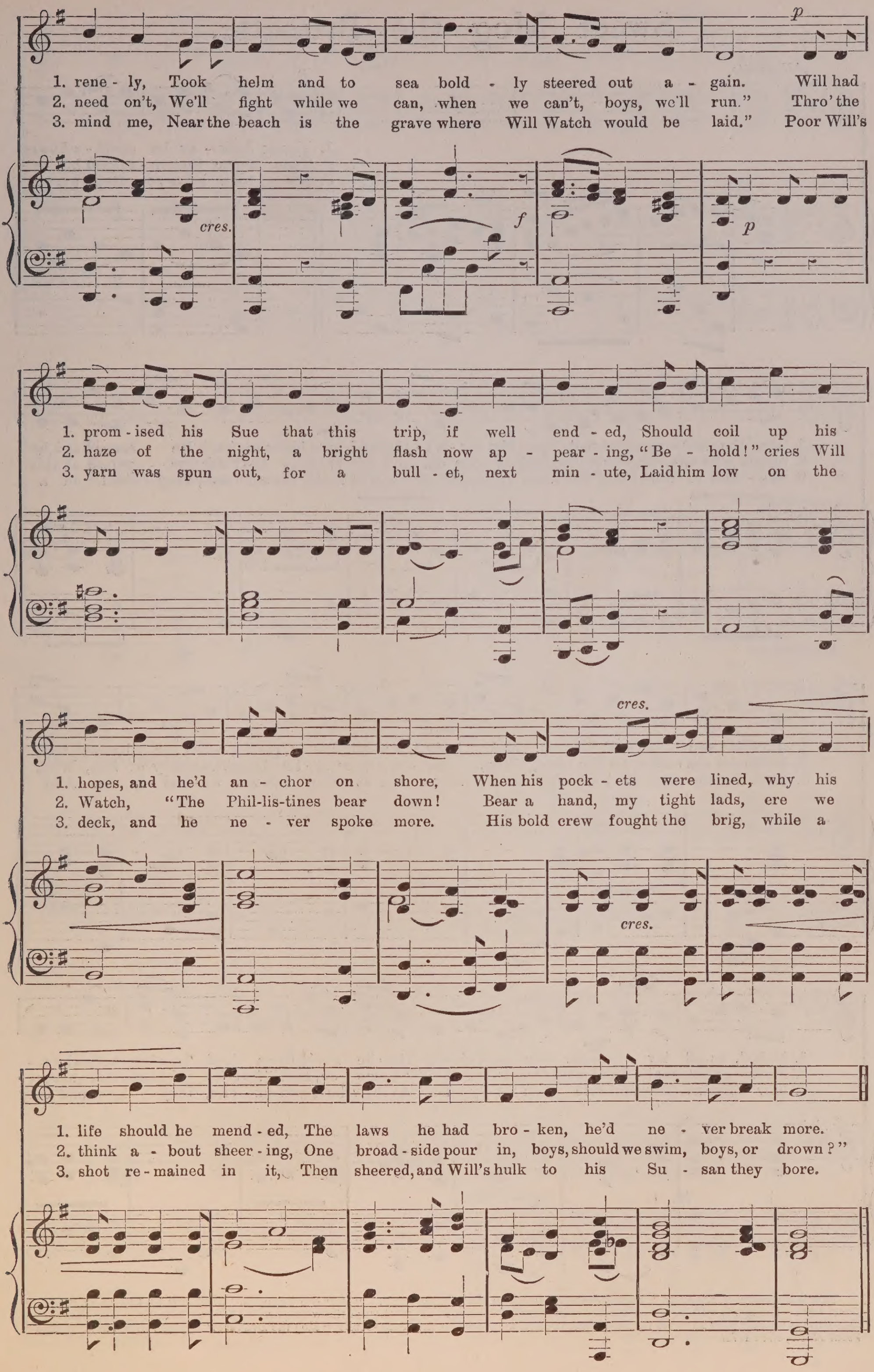

wel - kin re - sounds, With the notes of the horn and the cry of the
p
cres.
hounds ; With the notes . . . .
p
cres.
f
. . . . of the
f
horn, And the cry of the hounds, and the cry of the hounds.

The Smuggler.

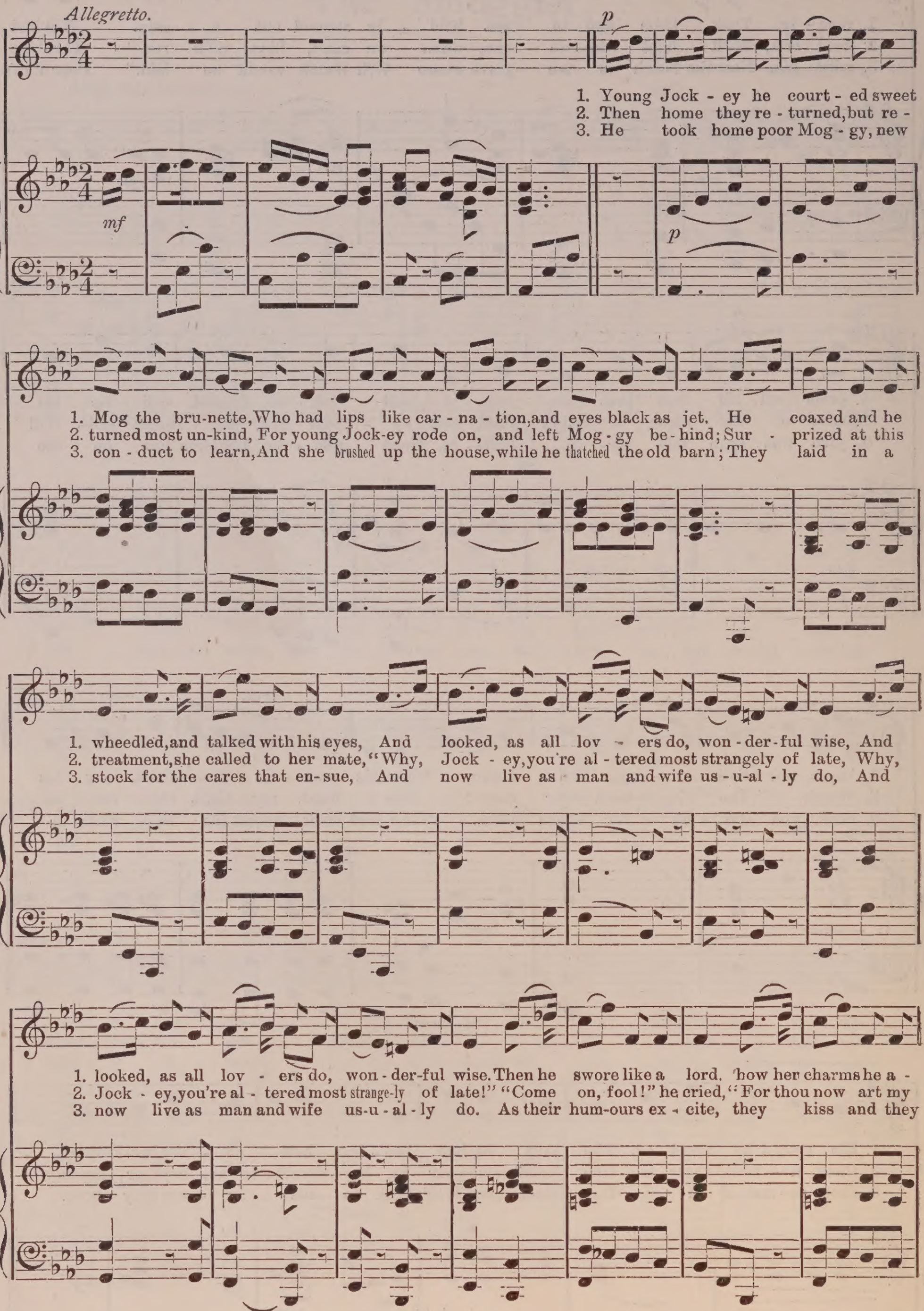
JOHN DAVY.


Moderato con energia.
mf
1. 'Twas one morn when the wind from the north-ward blew keen-ly, While sul-len-ly roared the big waves of the main, A famed smug-gler, Will Watch, kissed his Sue, then se-
2. "The Phil-lis-tines are out!" cries Will, "take no heed on't; At-tacked! who's the man that will flinch from his gun? Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the
3. "But should I be popped off, you, my mates left be-hind me, Re-gard my last words, see 'em kind-ly o-beyed; Let no stone mark the spot, and, my friends, do you
f
poco rit.
mf

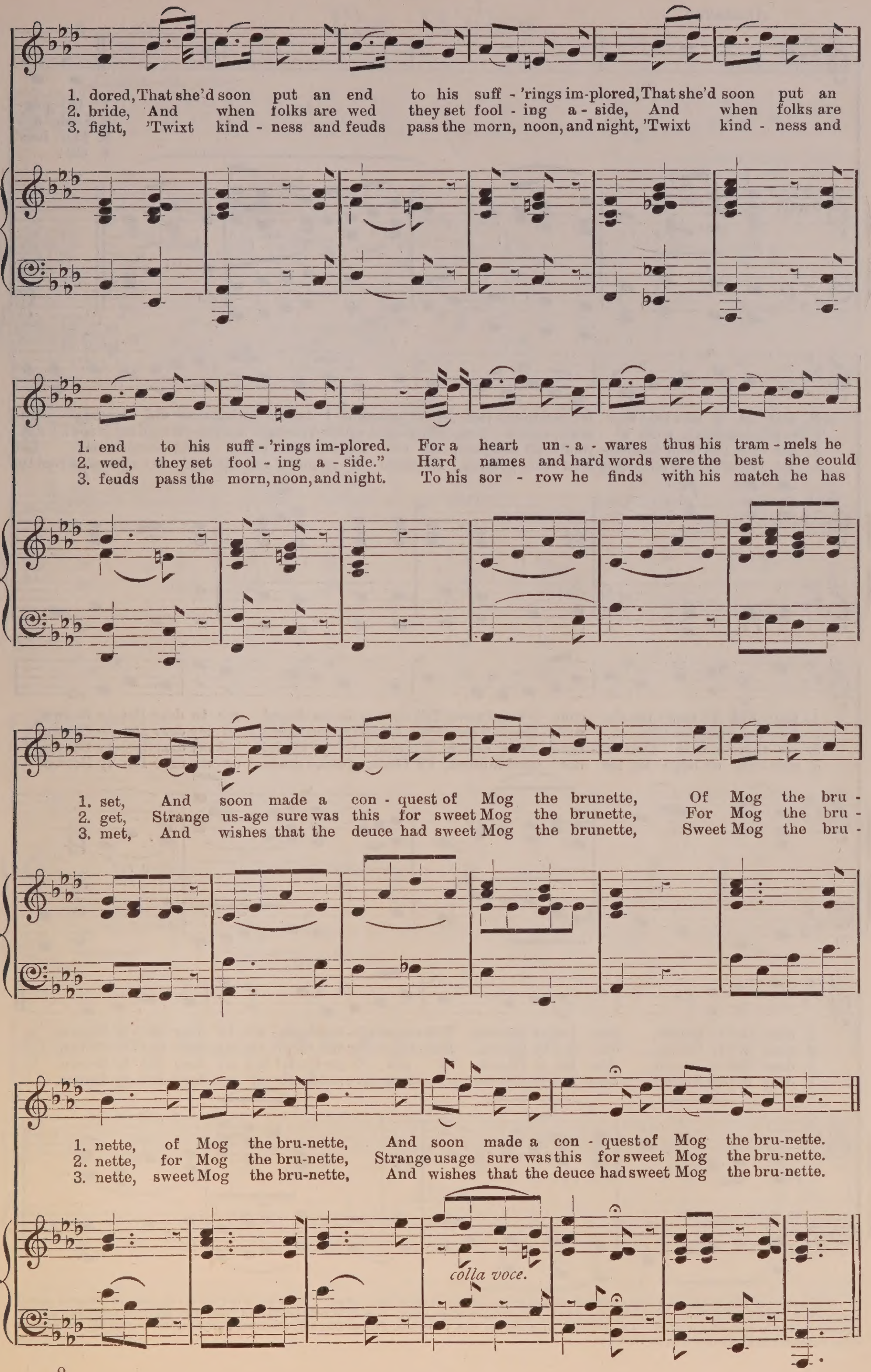
This song is frequently known as "Will Watch, the bold Smuggler." It was in great favour during the thirties and forties. The air is by John Davy, composer (or adapter) of "The Bay of Biscay." The words are by Thomas Cory, and the whole appears to have been introduced in one of Davy's numerous operas. The song was in such great favour that Staffordshire potters made an ornament for cottage firesides depicting Will Watch in all the glories of pistols, belt, and sea boots. Davy was born in 1763, and died in 1824.


p
1. rene - ly, Took helm and to sea bold - ly steered out a - gain. Will had
2. need on't, We'll fight while we can, when we can't, boys, we'll run." Thro' the
3. mind me, Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would be laid." Poor Will's
cres.
f
p
1. prom - ised his Sue that this trip, if well end - ed, Should coil up his
2. haze of the night, a bright flash now ap - pear - ing, "Be - hold!" cries Will
3. yarn was spun out, for a bull - et, next min - ute, Laid him low on the
cres.
1. hopes, and he'd an - chor on shore, When his pock - ets were lined, why his
2. Watch, "The Phil-lis-tines bear down! Bear a hand, my tight lads, ere we
3. deck, and he ne - ver spoke more. His bold crew fought the brig, while a
cres.
1. life should he mend - ed, The laws he had bro - ken, he'd ne - ver break more.
2. think a - bout sheer - ing, One broad - side pour in, boys, should we swim, boys, or drown?"
3. shot re - mained in it, Then sheered, and Will's hulk to his Su - san they bore.

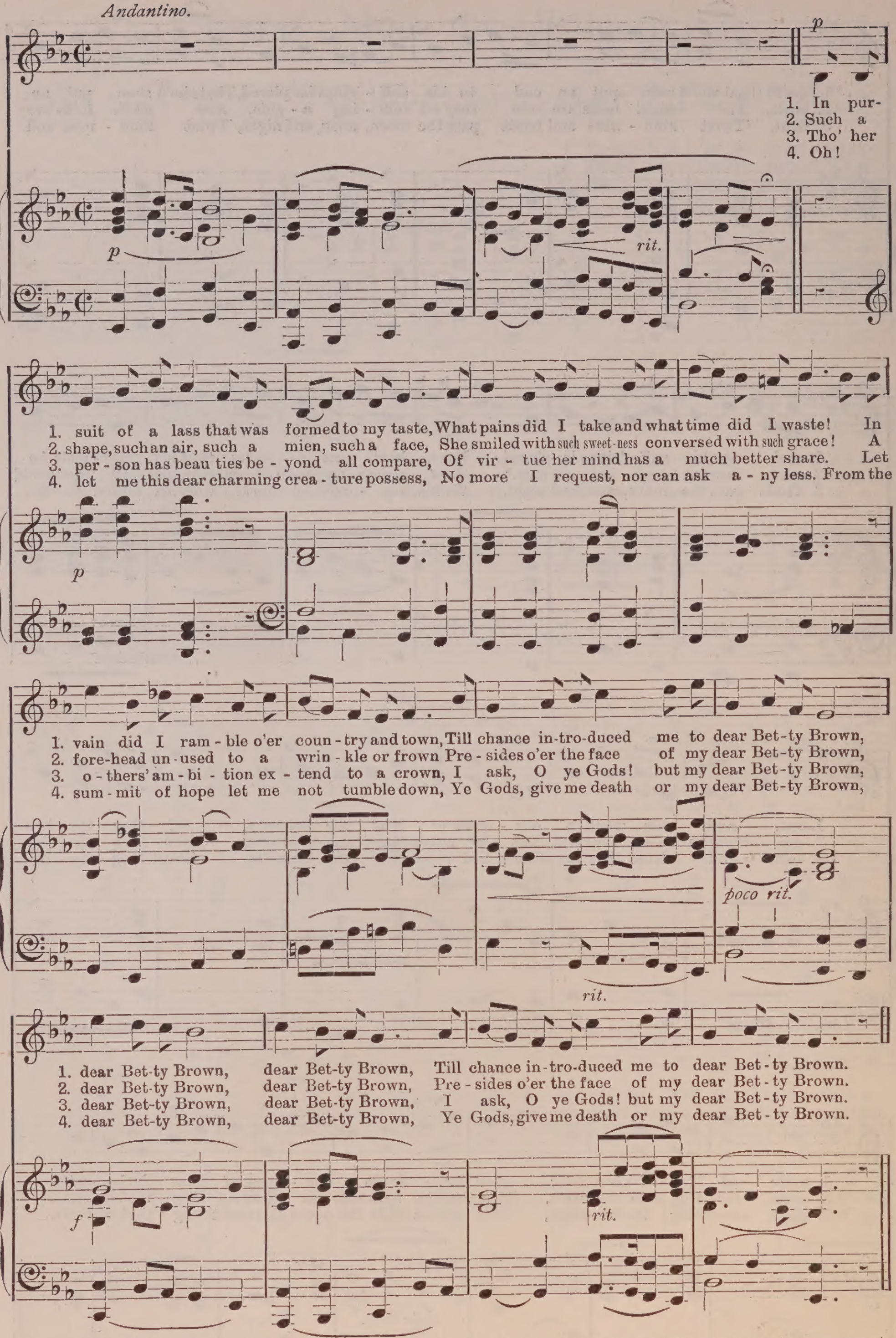
Sweet Mog the Brunette.


Allegretto.
p
mf
p
1. Young Jock - ey he court - ed sweet
2. Then home they re - turned, but re -
3. He took home poor Mog - gy, new
1. Mog the bru-nette, Who had lips like car - na - tion, and eyes black as jet. He coaxed and he
2. turned most un-kind, For young Jock-ey rode on, and left Mog - gy be - hind; Sur - prized at this
3. con - duct to learn, And she brushed up the house, while he thatched the old barn; They laid in a
1. wheedled, and talked with his eyes, And looked, as all lov - ers do, won - der-ful wise, And
2. treatment, she called to her mate, "Why, Jock - ey, you're al - tered most strangely of late, Why,
3. stock for the cares that en- sue, And now live as man and wife us - u-al - ly do, And
1. looked, as all lov - ers do, won - der-ful wise. Then he swore like a lord, how her charms he a -
2. Jock - ey, you're al - tered most strange-ly of late!" "Come on, fool!" he cried, "For thou now art my
3. now live as man and wife us-u - al - ly do. As their hum-ours ex - cite, they kiss and they

This is a version of the song, "Young Jockey," given in the present work. "Mog the Brunette" was sung by Dibdin at Ranelagh about 1769. The air, it will be perceived, is distinct from "Young Jockey," though the words are to the same purport. The chances are that Dibdin himself may have set the later song to music. Among other song-books, "Mog the Brunette" appears in the first volume of *Vocal Music, circa* 1772.


1. dored, That she'd soon put an end to his suff - 'rings im-plored, That she'd soon put an
2. bride, And when folks are wed they set fool - ing a - side, And when folks are
3. fight, 'Twixt kind - ness and feuds pass the morn, noon, and night, 'Twixt kind - ness and
1. end to his suff - 'rings im-plored. For a heart un - a - wares thus his tram - mels he
2. wed, they set fool - ing a - side." Hard names and hard words were the best she could
3. feuds pass the morn, noon, and night. To his sor - row he finds with his match he has
1. set, And soon made a con - quest of Mog the brunette, Of Mog the bru -
2. get, Strange us-age sure was this for sweet Mog the brunette, For Mog the bru -
3. met, And wishes that the deuce had sweet Mog the brunette, Sweet Mog the bru -
1. nette, of Mog the bru-nette, And soon made a con - quest of Mog the bru-nette.
2. nette, for Mog the bru-nette, Strange usage sure was this for sweet Mog the bru-nette.
3. nette, sweet Mog the bru-nette, And wishes that the deuce had sweet Mog the bru-nette.
colla voce.

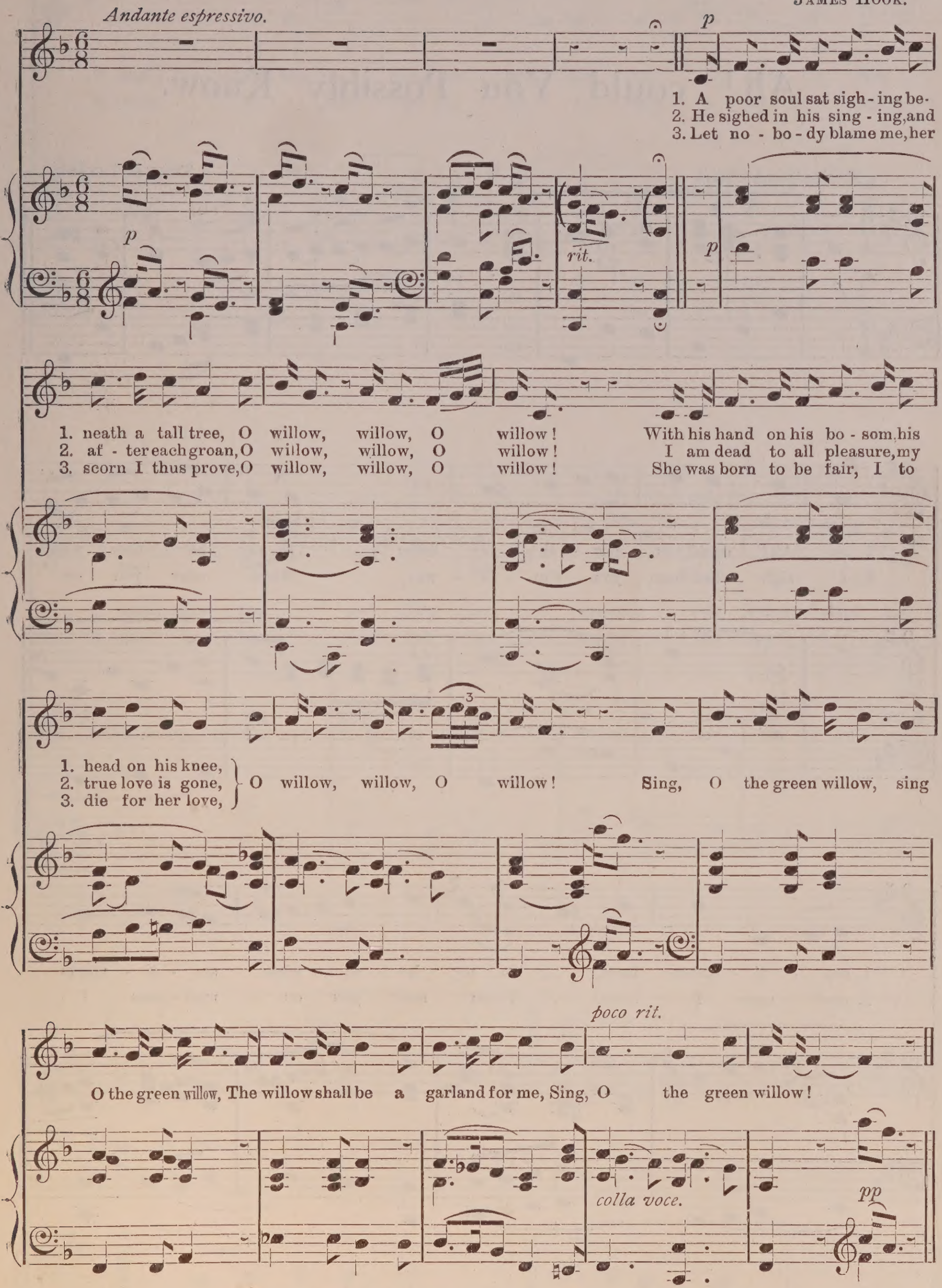
Betty Brown.


Andantino.
p
1. In pur-
2. Such a
3. Tho' her
4. Oh!
rit.
1. suit of a lass that was formed to my taste, What pains did I take and what time did I waste! In
2. shape, such an air, such a mien, such a face, She smiled with such sweet-ness conversed with such grace! A
3. per-son has beau ties be-yond all compare, Of vir-tue her mind has a much better share. Let
4. let me this dear charming crea-ture possess, No more I request, nor can ask a-ny less. From the
1. vain did I ram-ble o'er coun-try and town, Till chance in-tro-duced me to dear Bet-ty Brown,
2. fore-head un-used to a wrin-kle or frown Pre-sides o'er the face of my dear Bet-ty Brown,
3. o-thers' am-bi-tion ex-tend to a crown, I ask, O ye Gods! but my dear Bet-ty Brown,
4. sum-mit of hope let me not tumble down, Ye Gods, give me death or my dear Bet-ty Brown,
poco rit.
rit.
1. dear Bet-ty Brown, dear Bet-ty Brown, Till chance in-tro-duced me to dear Bet-ty Brown.
2. dear Bet-ty Brown, dear Bet-ty Brown, Pre-sides o'er the face of my dear Bet-ty Brown.
3. dear Bet-ty Brown, dear Bet-ty Brown, I ask, O ye Gods! but my dear Bet-ty Brown.
4. dear Bet-ty Brown, dear Bet-ty Brown, Ye Gods, give me death or my dear Bet-ty Brown.
f
rit.

The writer of the words and the composer of the music have not been discovered. The song with the air appears in a scarce quarto publication issued by J. Coote at the King's Arms, Paternoster Row, about 1761-2, which bears the title, *The Musical Magazine, by Mr. Oswald and other celebrated masters.* The Oswald in question was of course James Oswald, chamber-composer to George III., who came from Scotland in 1742, and died in 1769.

The Willow.

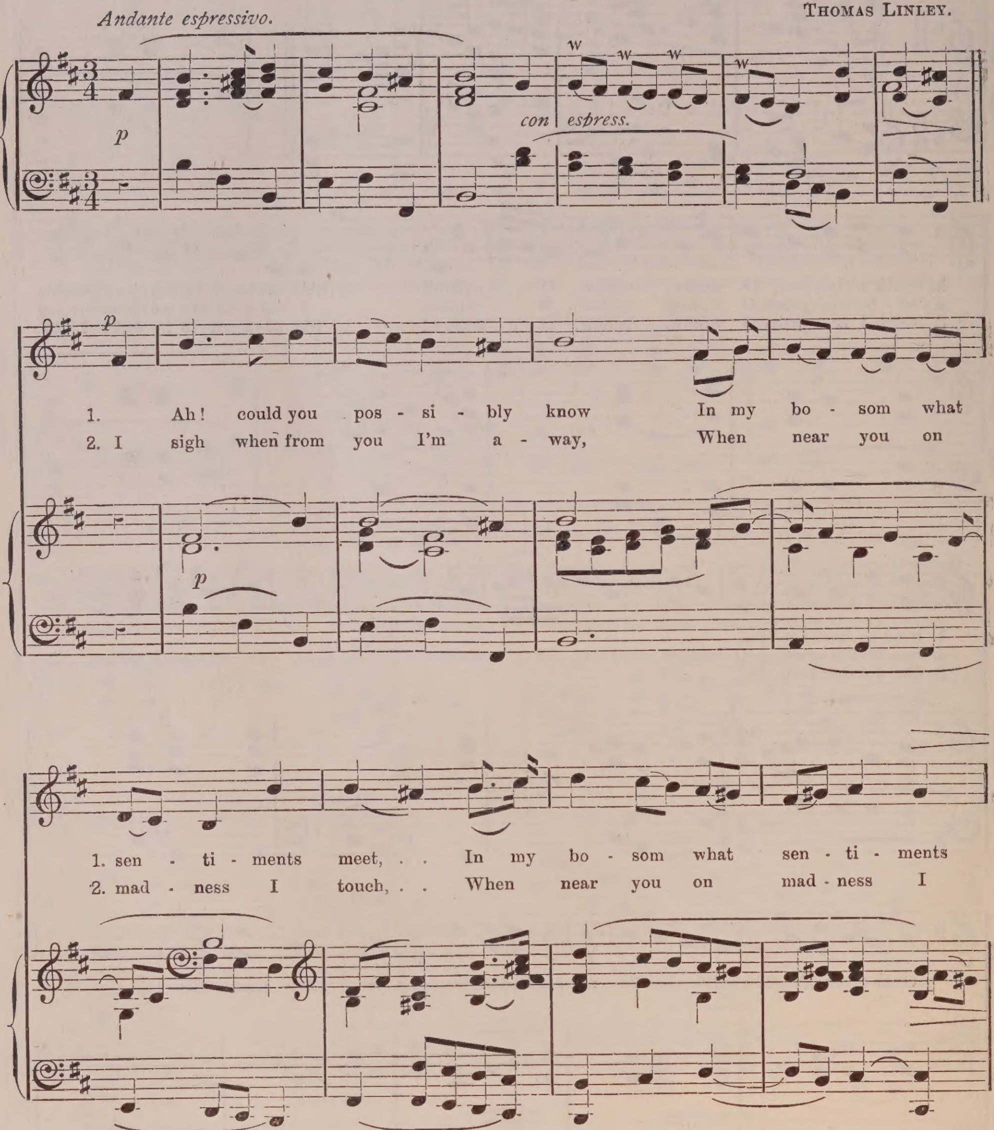
JAMES HOOK.


Andante espressivo.
p
1. A poor soul sat sigh - ing be-
2. He sighed in his sing - ing, and
3. Let no - bo - dy blame me, her
p
rit.
p
1. neath a tall tree, O willow, willow, O willow! With his hand on his bo - som, his
2. af - ter each groan, O willow, willow, O willow! I am dead to all pleasure, my
3. scorn I thus prove, O willow, willow, O willow! She was born to be fair, I to
1. head on his knee,
2. true love is gone,
3. die for her love,
O willow, willow, O willow! Sing, O the green willow, sing
3
poco rit.
O the green willow, The willow shall be a garland for me, Sing, O the green willow!
colla voce.
pp

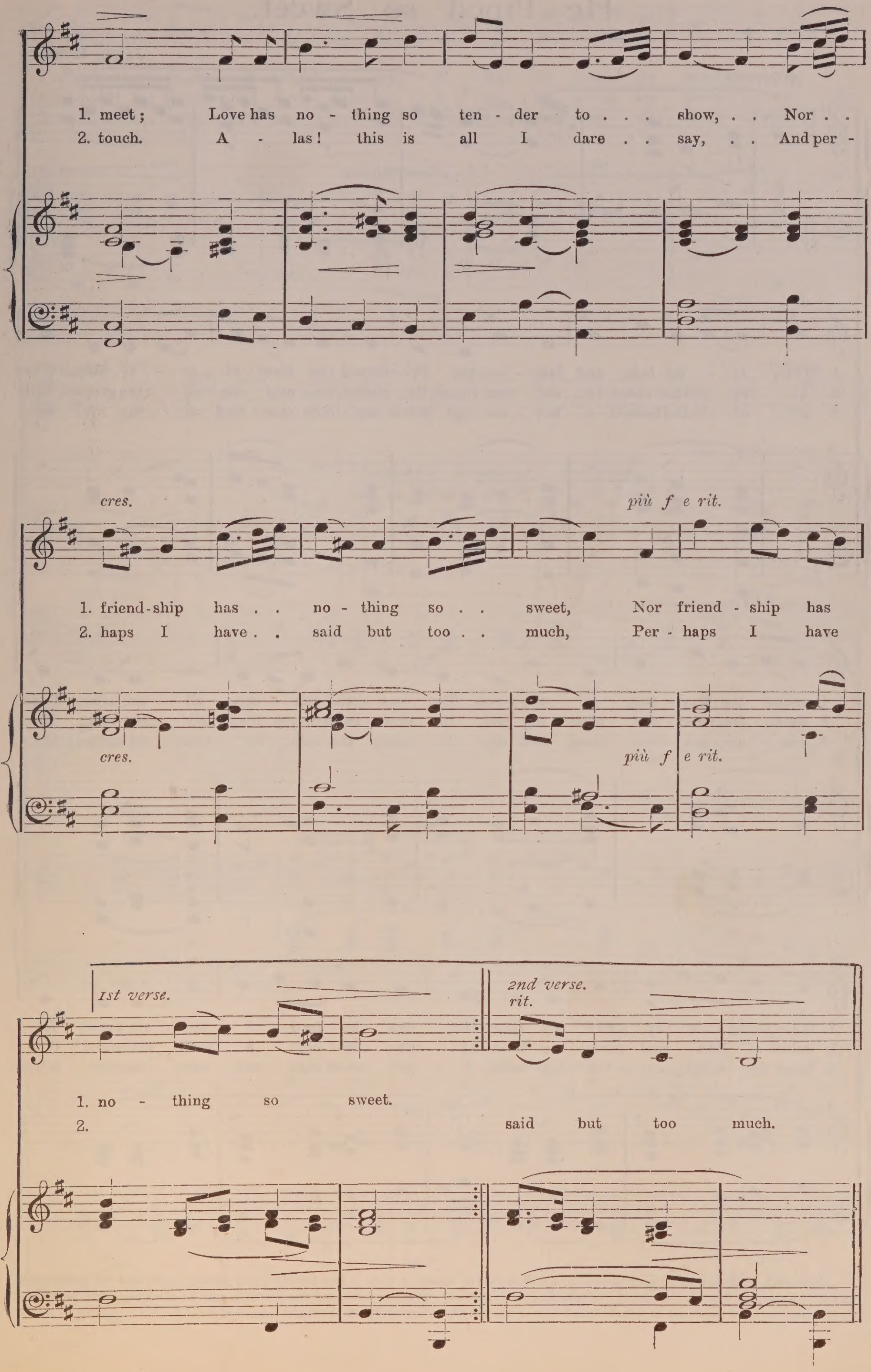
An early setting of Shakespeare's "Willow Song" from *Othello* is included in our first volume. The present setting is by James Hook and was sung at Drury Lane Theatre by Mrs. Jordan who accompanied herself on the lute. The song has always been a favourite for musical setting. Besides the earlier copies referred to in our previous volume, and the present setting by Hook, Giordani put music to the lyric, as did William Linley and Henry R. Bishop, and in 1865 Sir Arthur Sullivan added still another to the list of compositions attached to the song.

Ah! could You Possibly Know.

THOMAS LINLEY.

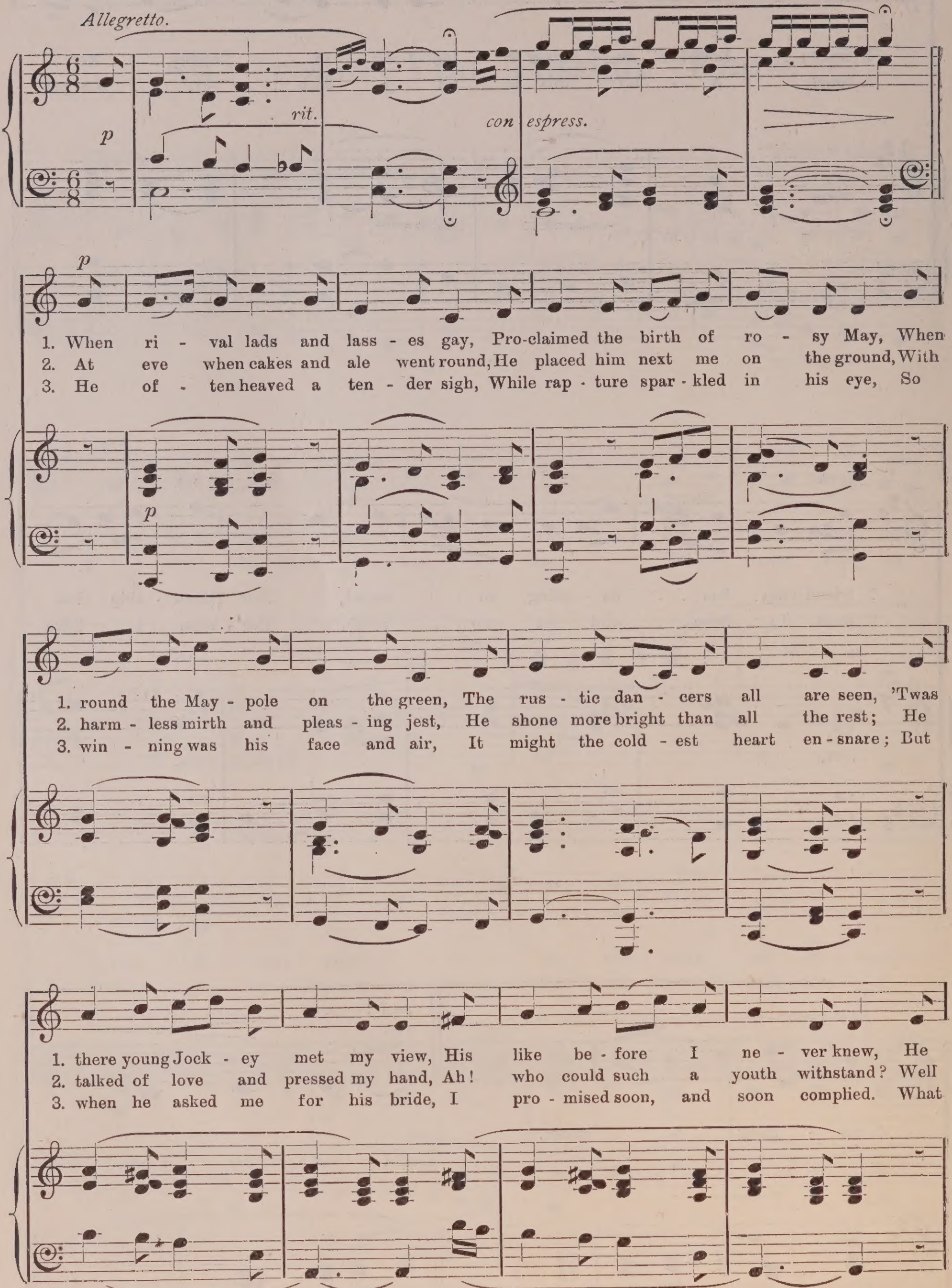

Andante espressivo.
p
con espress.
p
1. Ah! could you possibly know In my bosom what
2. I sigh when from you I'm away, When near you on
p
1. sentiments meet, . . In my bosom what sentiments
2. madness I touch, . . When near you on madness I

By Thomas Linley, senior, taken from his *Posthumous Vocal Works*, issued about 1796-8. Thomas Linley was a musician of great soundness, and his family were equally notable in the same art. Living at Bath in his earlier career, he had already made a name by his works, but his best opportunity came in 1776, when with Sheridan, his son-in-law, and Dr. Ford, he bought Garrick s share in Drury Lane for £37,000. For this theatre he wrote the music of many dramatic pieces.

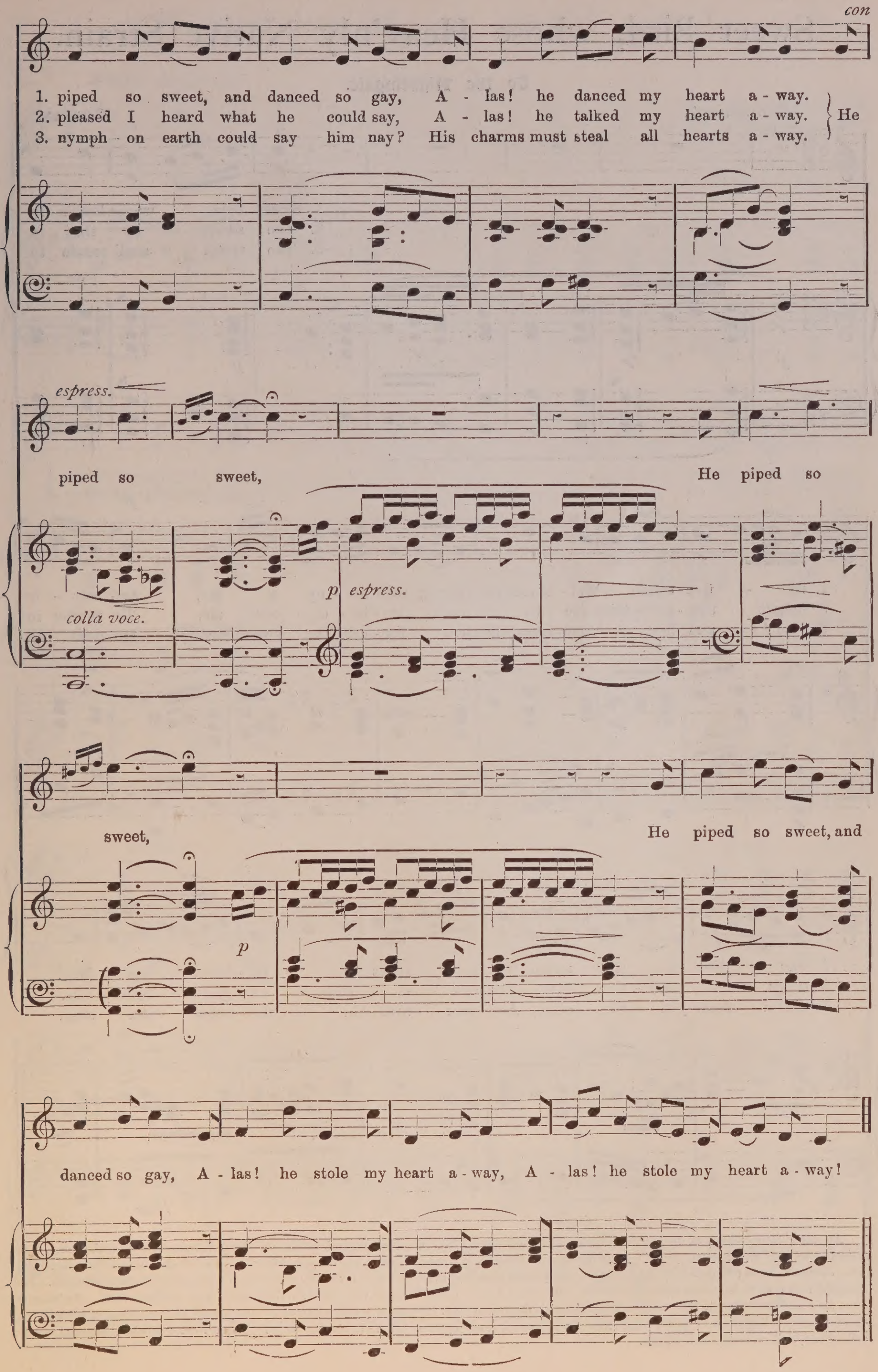

1. meet; Love has no - thing so ten - der to . . . show, . . Nor . .
2. touch. A - las! this is all I dare . . say, . . And per -
cres.
più f e rit.
1. friend-ship has . . no - thing so . . sweet, Nor friend - ship has
2. haps I have . . said but too . . much, Per - haps I have
1st verse.
2nd verse.
rit.
1. no - thing so sweet.
2. said but too much.

He Piped so Sweet.

James Hook.


Allegretto.
p
rit.
con espress.
p
p
1. When rival lads and lasses gay, Pro-claimed the birth of rosy May, When
2. At eve when cakes and ale went round, He placed him next me on the ground, With
3. He often heaved a tender sigh, While rapture sparkled in his eye, So
1. round the May-pole on the green, The rustic dancers all are seen, 'Twas
2. harmless mirth and pleasing jest, He shone more bright than all the rest; He
3. winning was his face and air, It might the coldest heart ensnare; But
1. there young Jockey met my view, His like before I never knew, He
2. talked of love and pressed my hand, Ah! who could such a youth withstand? Well
3. when he asked me for his bride, I promised soon, and soon complied. What

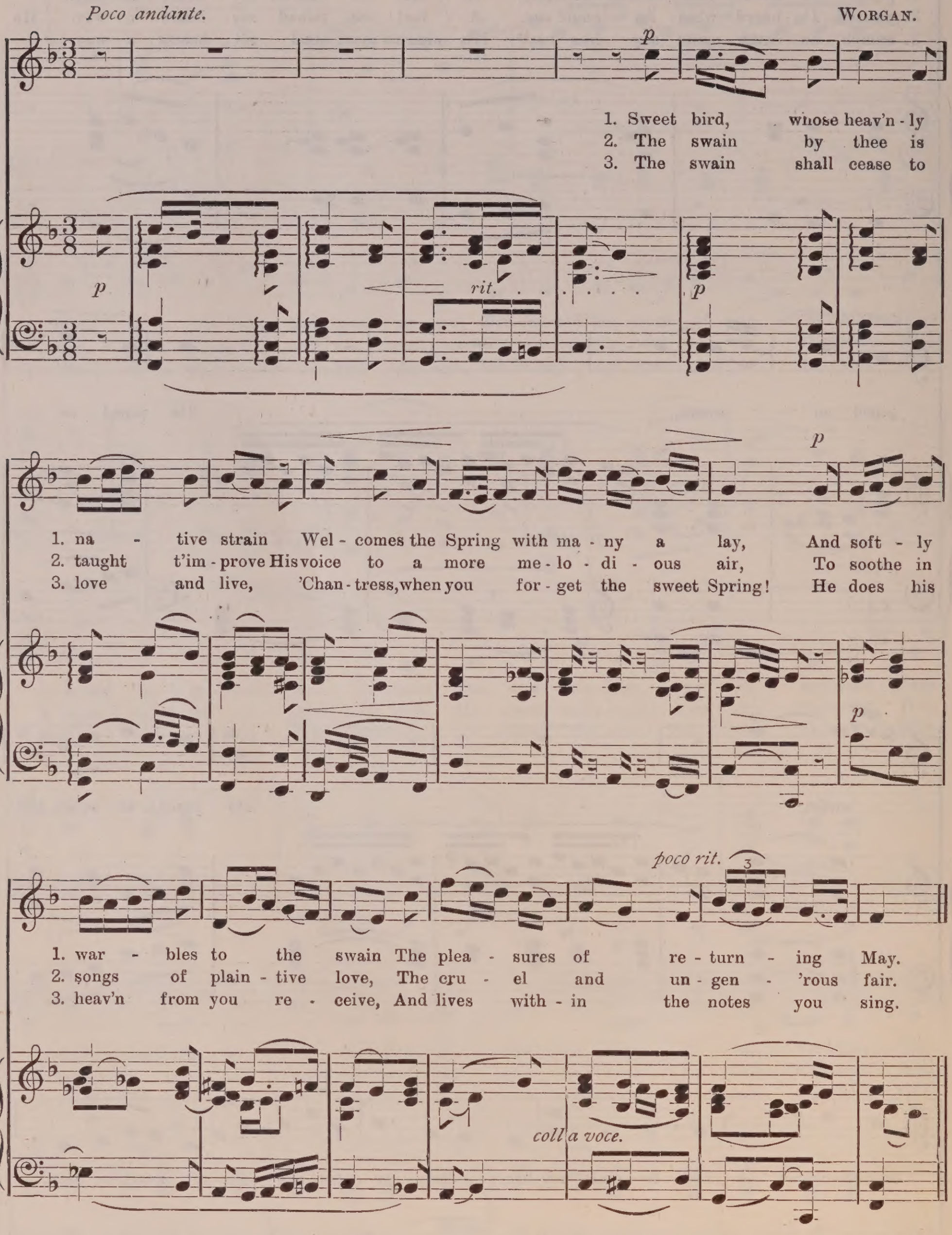
A Vauxhall song sung by a singer named Mrs. Iliff about the season of 1788. The melody is by James Hook, and his pretty little passage for the pipe towards the end of the song has been retained. Preston published the music in one of Hook's collections, and on sheet music, and the verses are in several song books of the period, including *The New Vocal Enchantress* for 1789.


con
1. piped so sweet, and danced so gay, A - las! he danced my heart a - way.
2. pleased I heard what he could say, A - las! he talked my heart a - way.
3. nymph on earth could say him nay? His charms must steal all hearts a - way.
He
espress.
piped so sweet,
He piped so
colla voce.
p espress.
sweet,
He piped so sweet, and
p
danced so gay, A - las! he stole my heart a - way, A - las! he stole my heart a - way!

Sweet Bird, whose Heav'nly Native Strain.

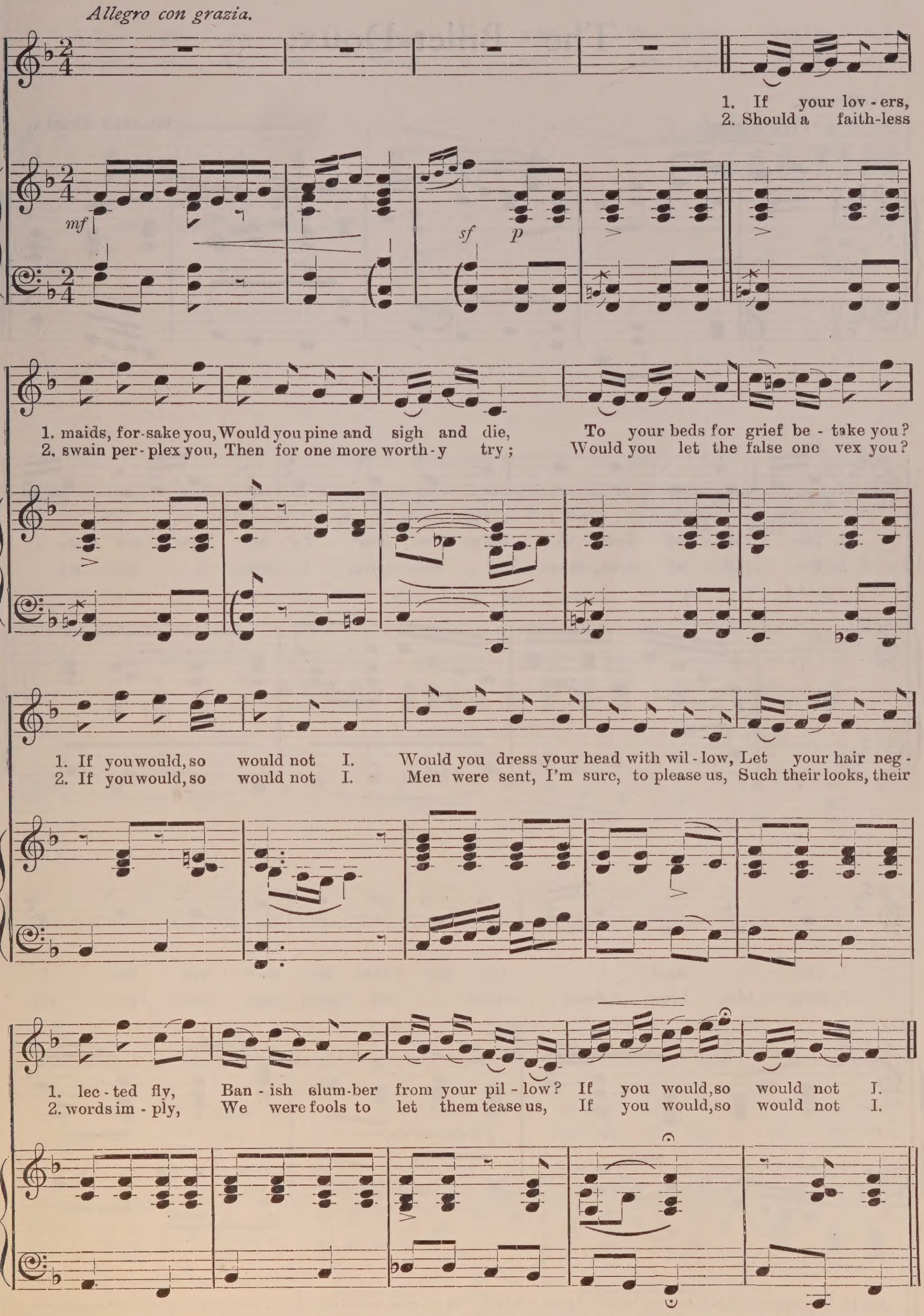
To the Nightingale.

WORGAN.


Poco andante.
p
1. Sweet bird, whose heav'n - ly
2. The swain by thee is
3. The swain shall cease to
p
rit.
p
1. na - tive strain Wel - comes the Spring with ma - ny a lay, And soft - ly
2. taught t'im - prove His voice to a more me - lo - di - ous air, To soothe in
3. love and live, 'Chan - tress, when you for - get the sweet Spring! He does his
p
p
poco rit.
3
1. war - bles to the swain The plea - sures of re - turn - ing May.
2. songs of plain - tive love, The cru - el and un - gen - 'rous fair.
3. heav'n from you re - ceive, And lives with - in the notes you sing.
colla voce.

An early composition of Dr. John Worgan, published about 1750. On the original half-sheet from whence we take the song, it is stated to be "by Mr. Worgan, junr." John Worgan was one of a musical family, his elder brother James giving him instructions in the art. James Worgan (born in 1715, died 1753), was a sound, practical musician who for many years was organist at Vauxhall Gardens. He resigned this post to his more talented brother John about 1751. John Worgan was born in 1724, dying 24th August, 1794. He became Mus. Bac. at Cambridge in 1748, and took his Doctor's degree in 1775. Though a composer of sacred music, and an organist both in the Church and at Vauxhall of great excellence, he is best known by his Vauxhall compositions. These were published in small yearly collections, and on music half-sheets.

If you would, so would not I.

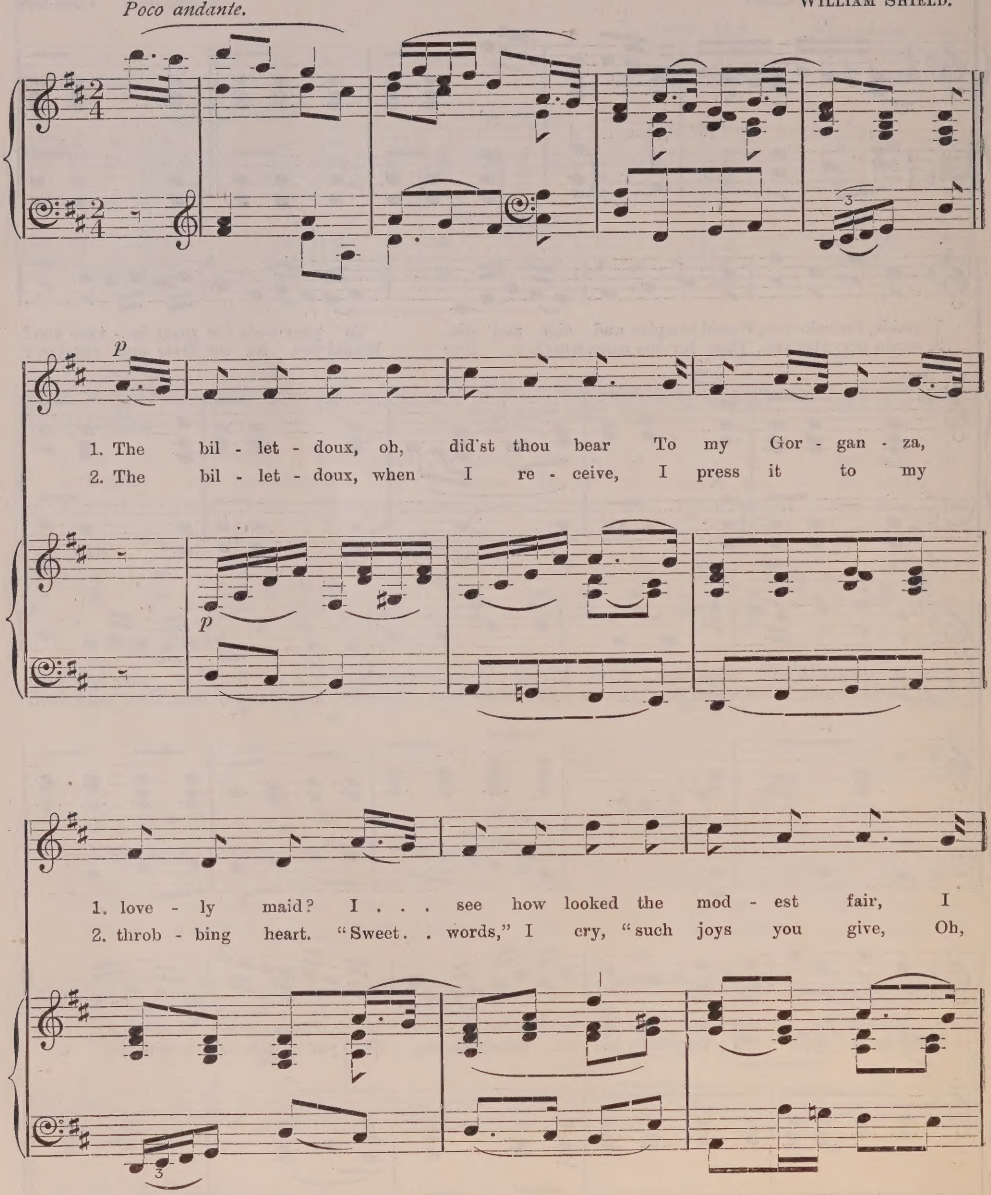

Allegro con grazia.
mf
sf
p
1. If your lov-ers, maids, for-sake you, Would you pine and sigh and die, To your beds for grief be-take you? If you would, so would not I. Would you dress your head with wil-low, Let your hair neg-lec-ted fly, Ban-ish slum-ber from your pil-low? If you would, so would not I.
2. Should a faith-less swain per-plex you, Then for one more worth-y try; Would you let the false one vex you? If you would, so would not I. Men were sent, I'm sure, to please us, Such their looks, their words im-ply, We were fools to let them tease us, If you would, so would not I.

Mrs. Dorothy Jordan sang this song with a lute accompaniment on the stage at Drury Lane about the beginning of the 19th century I do not know whether she claimed any part in the composition of the air, as, for instance, she did in "The Blue Bell of Scotland," but music sheet copies do not give any clue as to the author or composer.

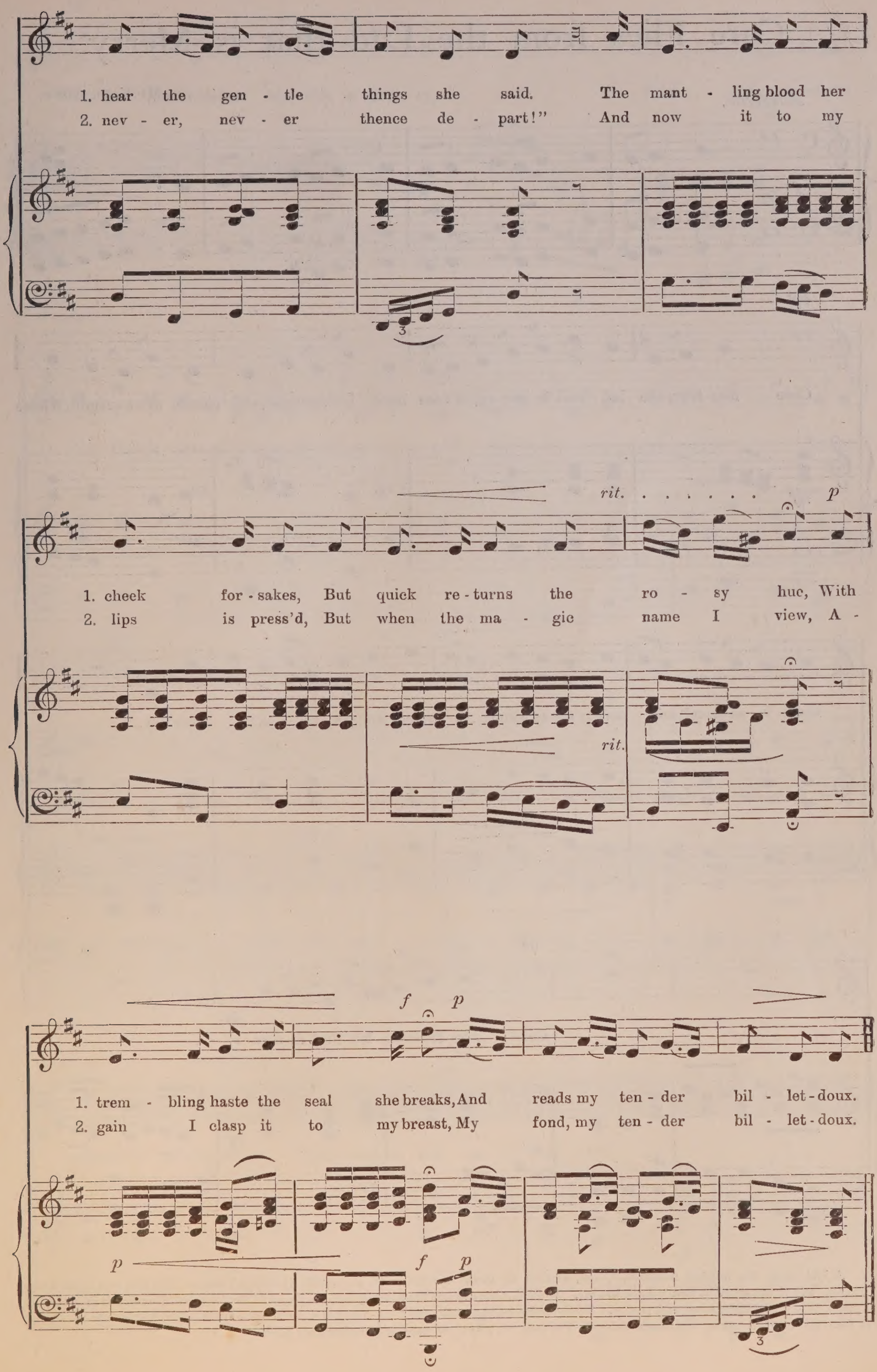
The Billet-Doux.

O'KEEFFE.

WILLIAM SHIELD.

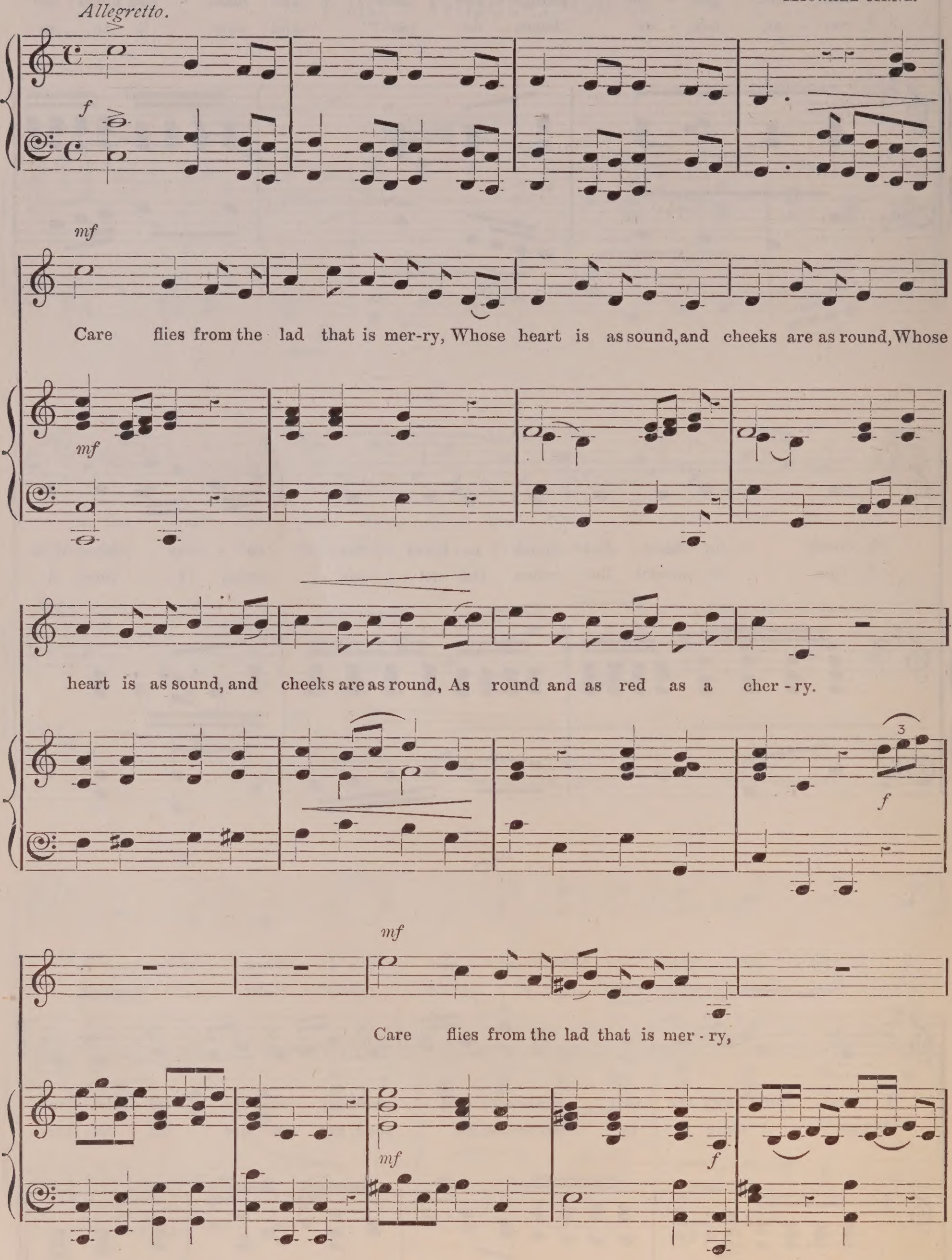

Poco andante.
p
1. The bil - let - doux, oh, did'st thou bear To my Gor - gan - za,
2. The bil - let - doux, when I re - ceive, I press it to my
p
1. love - ly maid? I . . . see how looked the mod - est fair, I
2. throb - bing heart. "Sweet. . words," I cry, "such joys you give, Oh,
3
3

The air is by William Shield, and the words by John O'Keeffe. It is in all probability taken from one of their joint operas prior to 1788, at which date it was published by Harrison & Co. in *The Lady's Musical Magazine*, a folio collection of then popular songs. In another work of a somewhat later date, the melody is erroneously attributed to Arne.

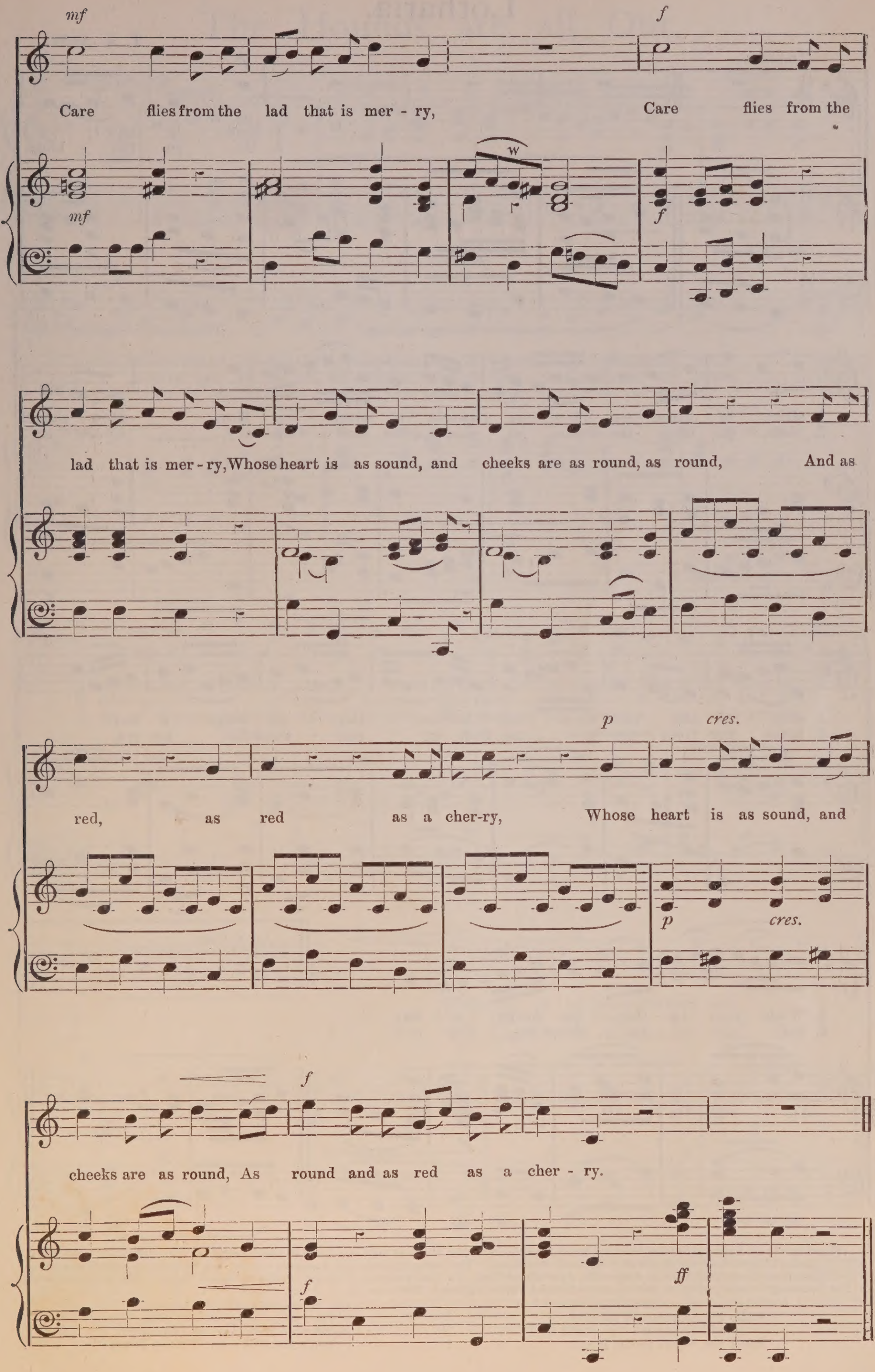

1. hear the gen - tle things she said. The mant - ling blood her
2. nev - er, nev - er thence de - part!" And now it to my
rit. . . . . . . p
1. cheek for - sakes, But quick re - turns the ro - sy hue, With
2. lips is press'd, But when the ma - gic name I view, A -
rit.
f p
1. trem - bling haste the seal she breaks, And reads my ten - der bil - let - doux.
2. gain I clasp it to my breast, My fond, my ten - der bil - let - doux.
p
f p

Care Flies from the Lad that is Merry.

MICHAEL ARNE.

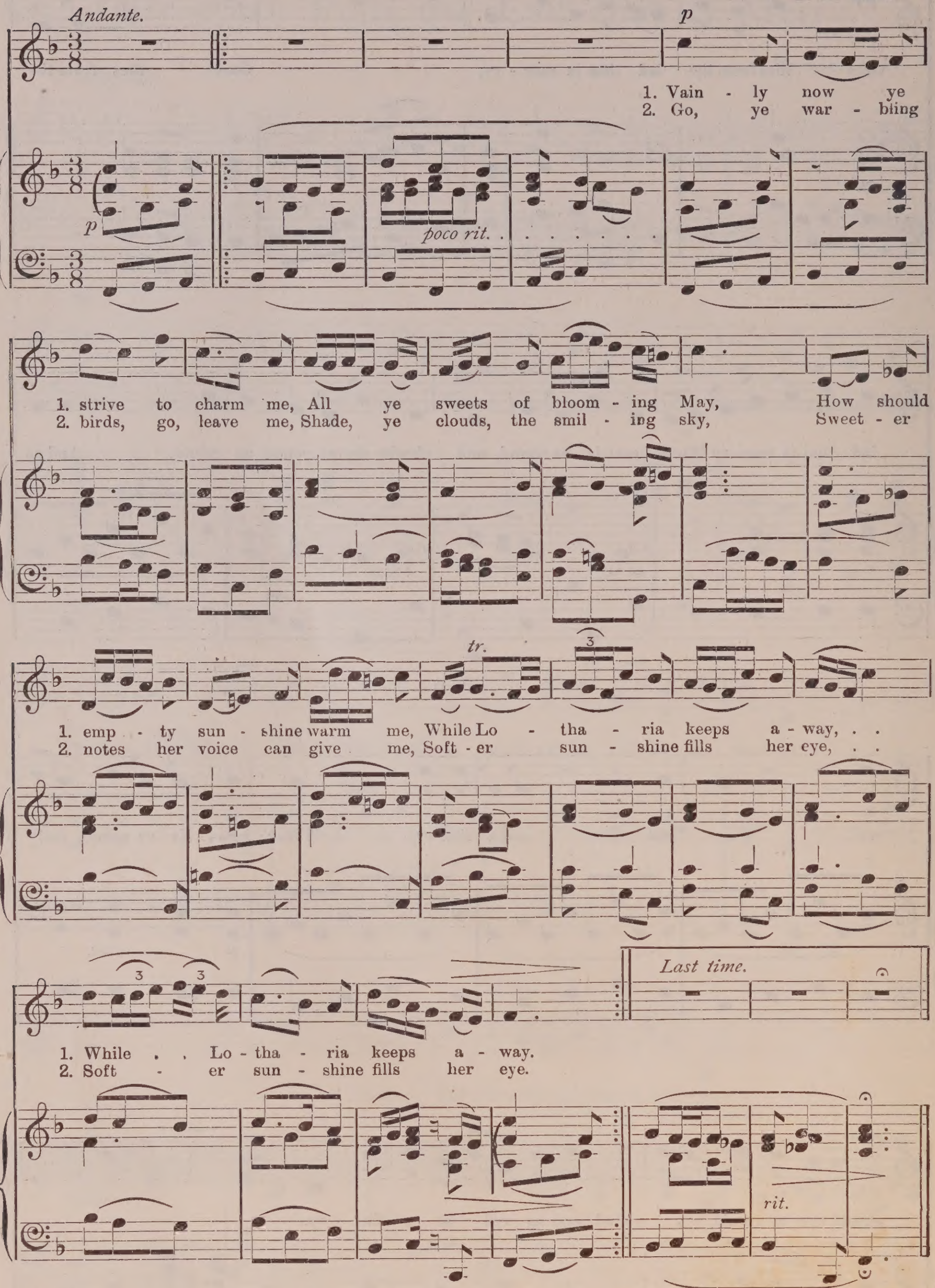

Allegretto.
f
mf
Care flies from the lad that is mer-ry, Whose heart is as sound, and cheeks are as round, Whose
heart is as sound, and cheeks are as round, As round and as red as a cher - ry.
3
f
mf
Care flies from the lad that is mer - ry,
f

A lyric from the musical romance, *Cymon*, written by David Garrick, with the music by Michael Arne. The plot was taken from Dryden, and it was acted at Drury Lane in 1767. Michael Arne's music made the piece, for we learn that it was "a wretched production, equally devoid of wit, humour, and poetry. To the scene painter and vocal performers it was indebted for its success, which to the shame of taste and common sense, was considerable." The song we print was sung by the character Linco.


mf
f
Care flies from the lad that is mer - ry,
Care flies from the
mf
w
f
lad that is mer - ry, Whose heart is as sound, and cheeks are as round, as round,
And as
p
cres.
red, as red as a cher-ry,
Whose heart is as sound, and
p
cres.
f
cheeks are as round, As round and as red as a cher - ry.
f
ff

Lotharia.

T. A. Arne.

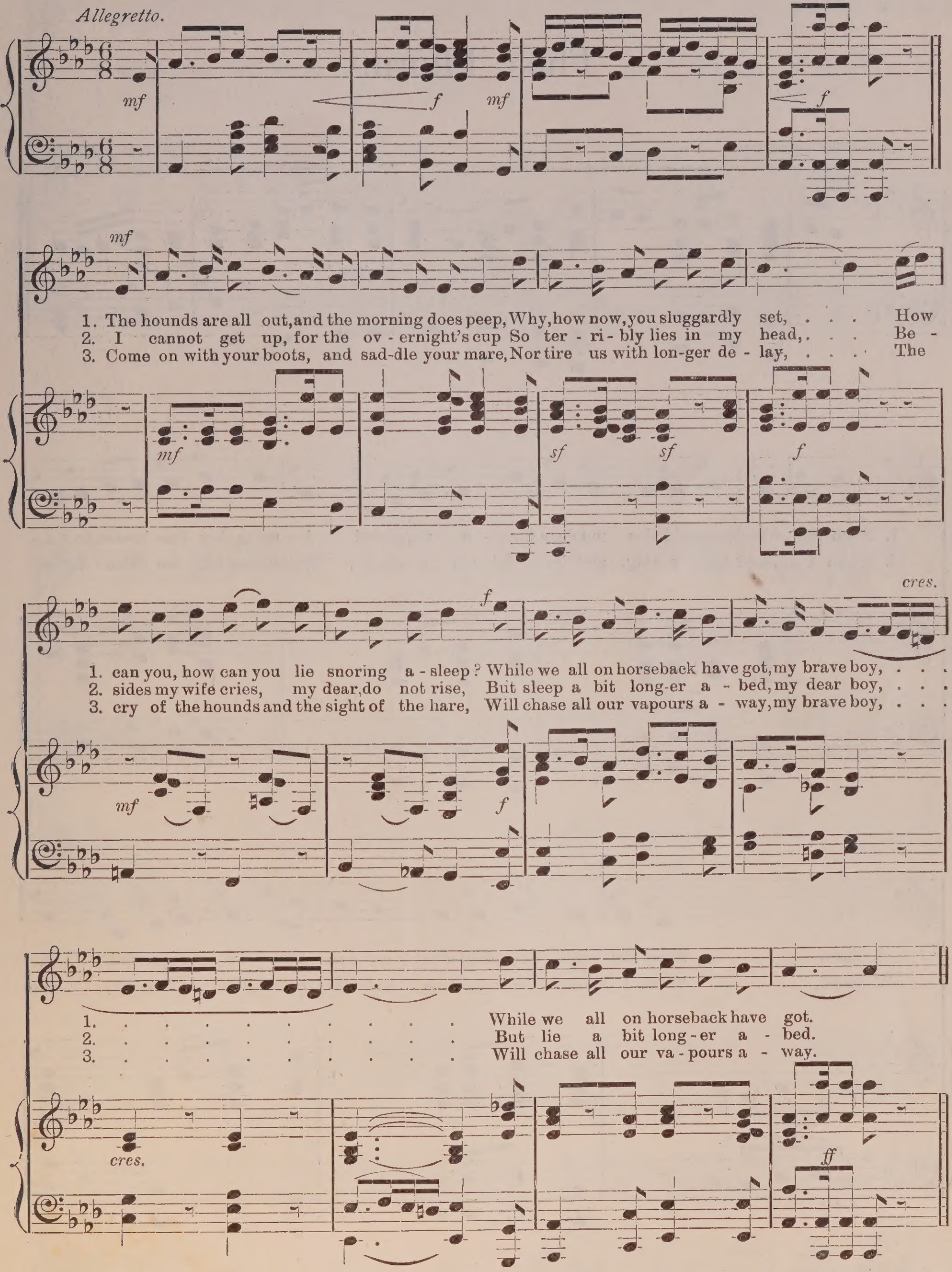

Andante.
p
1. Vain - ly now ye strive to charm me, All ye sweets of bloom - ing May, How should empty - ty sun - shine warm me, While Lo - tha - ria keeps a - way, . . While . . Lo - tha - ria keeps a - way.
2. Go, ye war - bling birds, go, leave me, Shade, ye clouds, the smil - ing sky, Sweet - er notes her voice can give me, Soft - er sun - shine fills her eye, . . Soft - er sun - shine fills her eye.
poco rit.
tr.
3
Last time.
rit.

These words by Aaron Hill have been set to music at least twice, the first air I can trace to them being by "Mr. Dieupart," published in 1731, in the fifth volume of John Watt's *Musical Miscellany*. This melody, however, was soon supplanted by the above musical setting which came from the pen of Thomas Augustine Arne about 1749. In that year it is included in *The Universal Magazine* for November, and in the following June a parody of the words by Samuel Foote is given. They run :—

"Vainly now ye strive to charm me,
While the breakfast is away;
How should empty tea-cups warm me?
Bring the water, Betty, pray!

Go, ye toasted cakes, go leave me,
Take away these butter'd rolls;
Softer transports muffins give me,
Don't you think so, Mistress Bowls?"

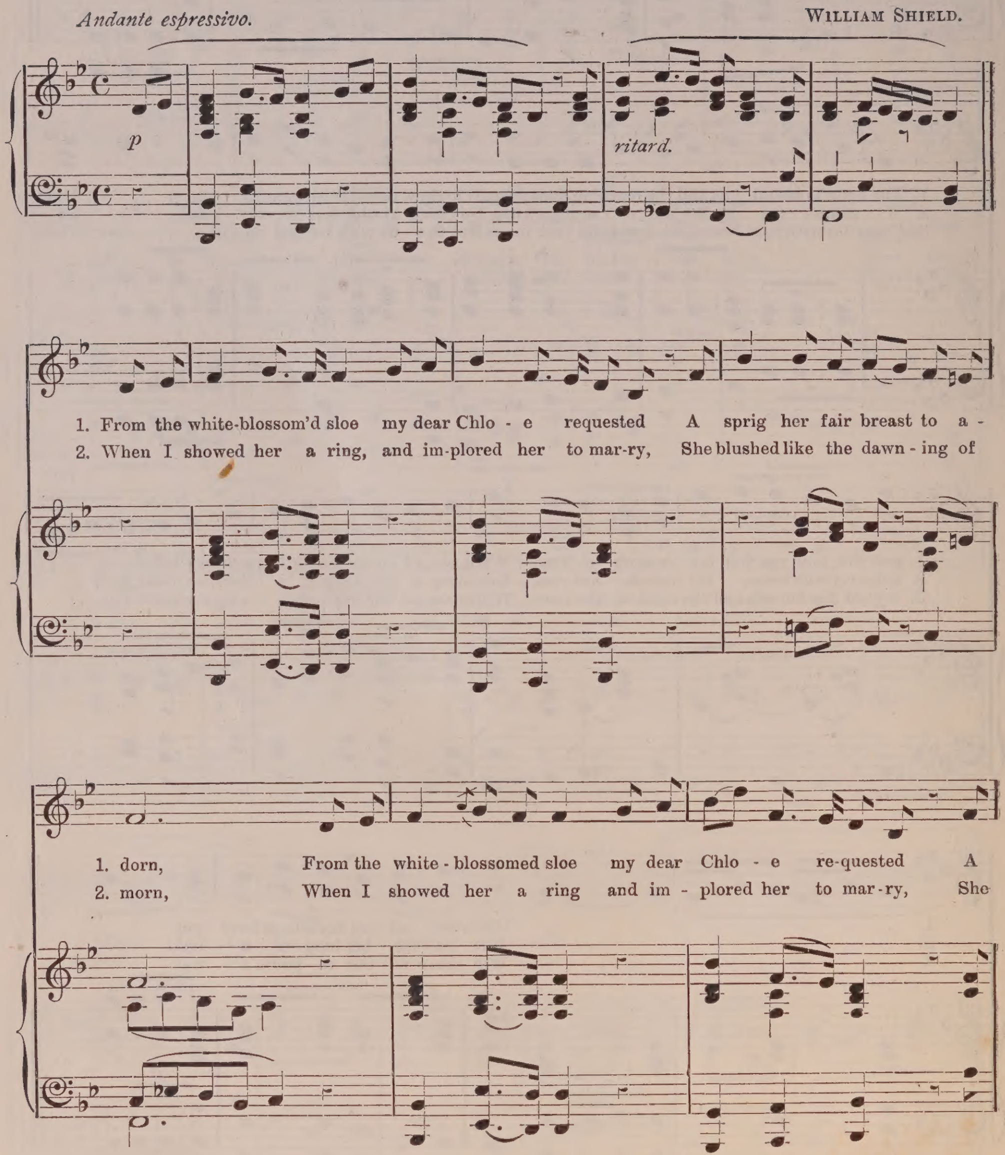
The Hounds are all Out.


Allegretto.
mf
f
mf
f
mf
1. The hounds are all out, and the morning does peep, Why, how now, you sluggardly set, . . . How
2. I cannot get up, for the ov - ernight's cup So ter - ri - bly lies in my head, . . . Be -
3. Come on with your boots, and sad-dle your mare, Nor tire us with lon-ger de - lay, . . . The
mf
sf
sf
f
f
cres.
1. can you, how can you lie snoring a - sleep? While we all on horseback have got, my brave boy, . . .
2. sides my wife cries, my dear, do not rise, But sleep a bit long-er a - bed, my dear boy, . . .
3. cry of the hounds and the sight of the hare, Will chase all our vapours a - way, my brave boy, . . .
mf
f
1. . . . . While we all on horseback have got.
2. . . . . But lie a bit long-er a - bed.
3. . . . . Will chase all our va - pours a - way.
cres.
ff

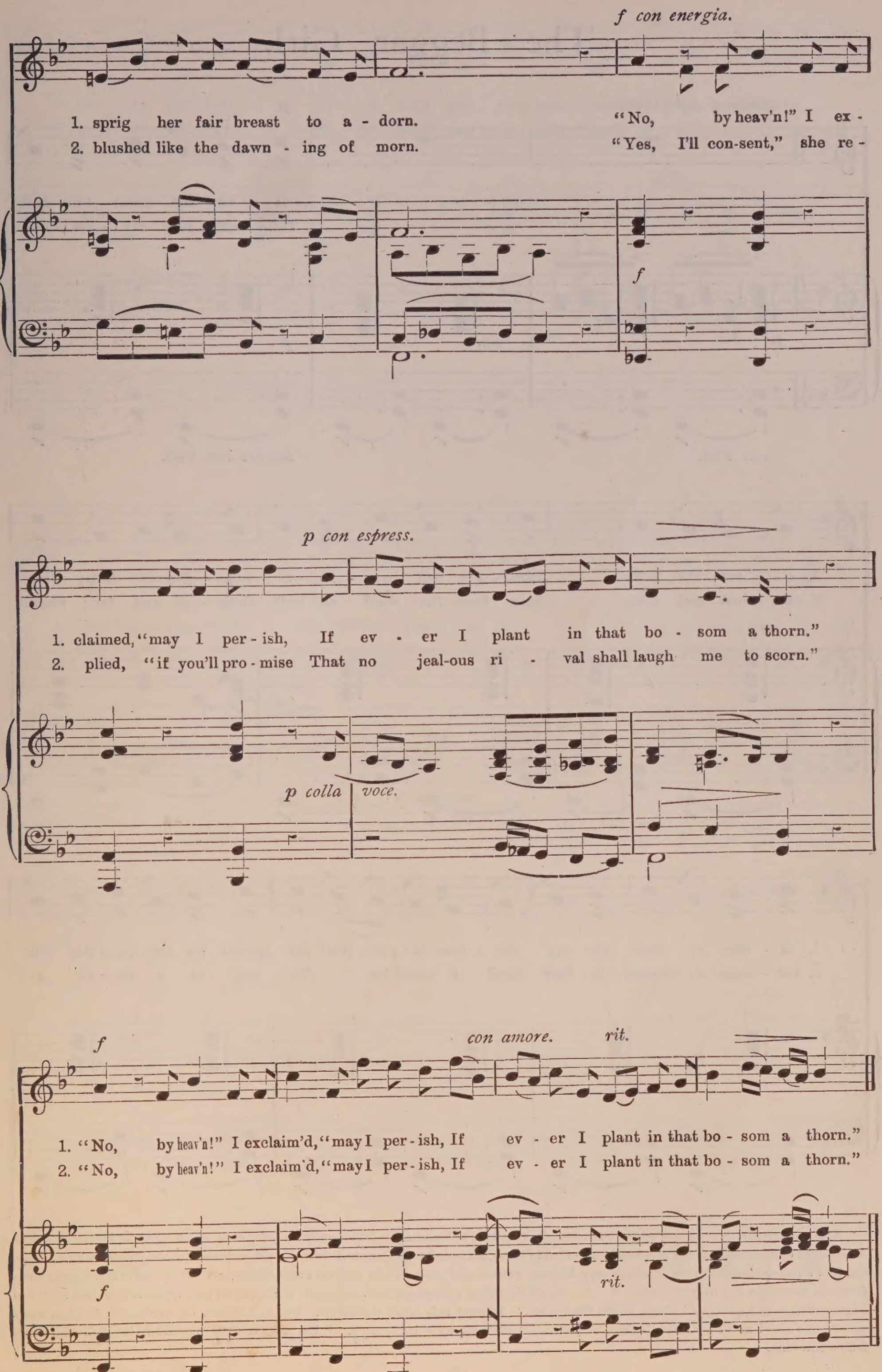
A hunting-song first printed on an engraved half sheet of music as "The Huntsman's Song to the Country Bumpkins, sung by Mr. Ellis Roberts at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane; the words and music by Mr. Carey." The date of the sheet is probably 1730, and shortly after this date the song with the music is given in Walsh s *British Musical Miscellany*, 1733-4, and H. Carey's *Musical Century*, 1740, etc. About the middle of the 18th century the tune sustained several alterations and became more elaborated, greatly, it must be said, to its benefit. The newer version, which we here use, appears in Fielding's *Vocal Enchantress*, 1783, *The Musical Miscellany*, Perth, 1786, etc. In this latter work the melody is used also for the song, "The Contented Fellow," given in another portion of the present work.

The Thorn.

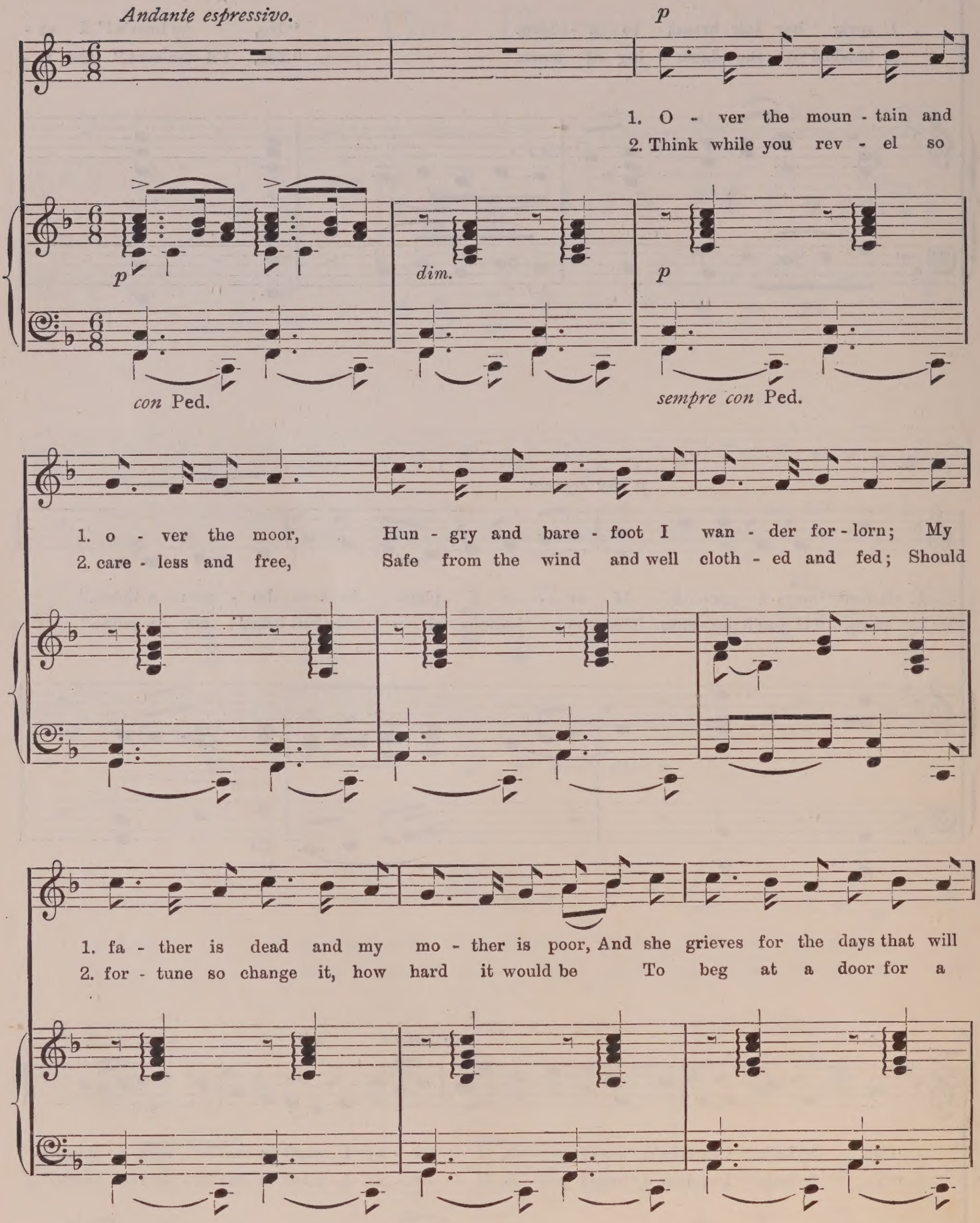
William Shield.


Andante espressivo.
p
ritard.
1. From the white-blossom'd sloe my dear Chlo - e requested A sprig her fair breast to a -
2. When I showed her a ring, and im-plored her to mar-ry, She blushed like the dawn - ing of
1. dorn, From the white - blossomed sloe my dear Chlo - e re-quested A
2. morn, When I showed her a ring and im - plored her to mar-ry, She

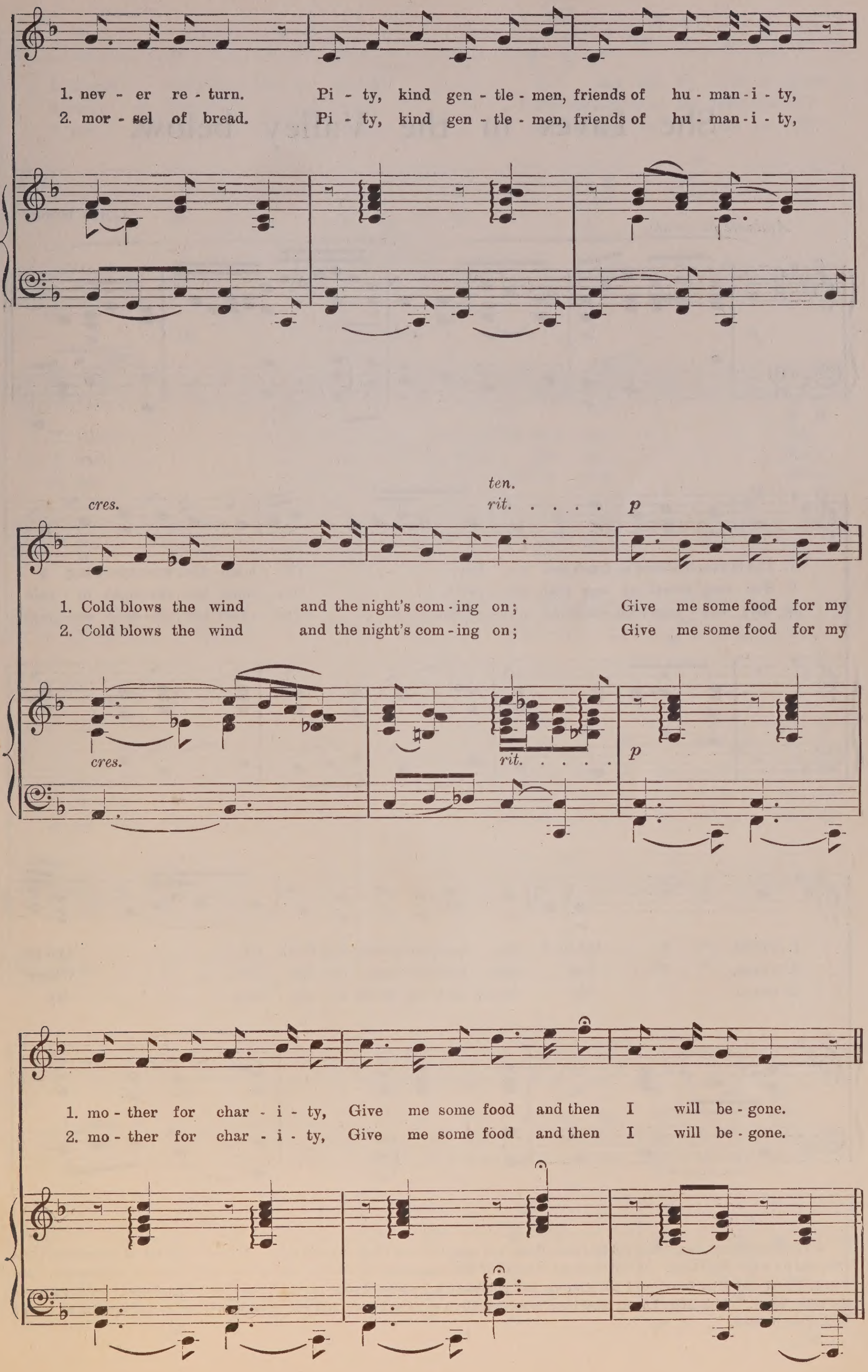
A very musical and charming song, the composition of William Shield. It has always been a favourite with old-fashioned singers, and very popular from the time of its production to within the last twenty years. The original engraved music sheets (bearing Shield's autograph), give the information that the words are by Robert Burns, and that the song was sung by Mr. Incledon in an entertainment called *Variety*. This, by the way, was a little vocal mélange given by Incledon of songs written for his singing. "The Thorn" made its first appearance about 1800; whether the words *are* by Robert Burns is an open question—they are not included in any authoritative edition of the poet's works.


f con energia.
1. sprig her fair breast to a - dorn. "No, by heav'n!" I ex -
2. blushed like the dawn - ing of morn. "Yes, I'll con-sent," she re -
f
p con espress.
1. claimed, "may I per - ish, If ev - er I plant in that bo - som a thorn."
2. plied, "if you'll pro - mise That no jeal-ous ri - val shall laugh me to scorn."
p colla voce.
f
con amore.
rit.
1. "No, by heav'n!" I exclaim'd, "may I per - ish, If ev - er I plant in that bo - som a thorn."
2. "No, by heav'n!" I exclaim'd, "may I per - ish, If ev - er I plant in that bo - som a thorn."
f
rit.

The Beggar Girl.

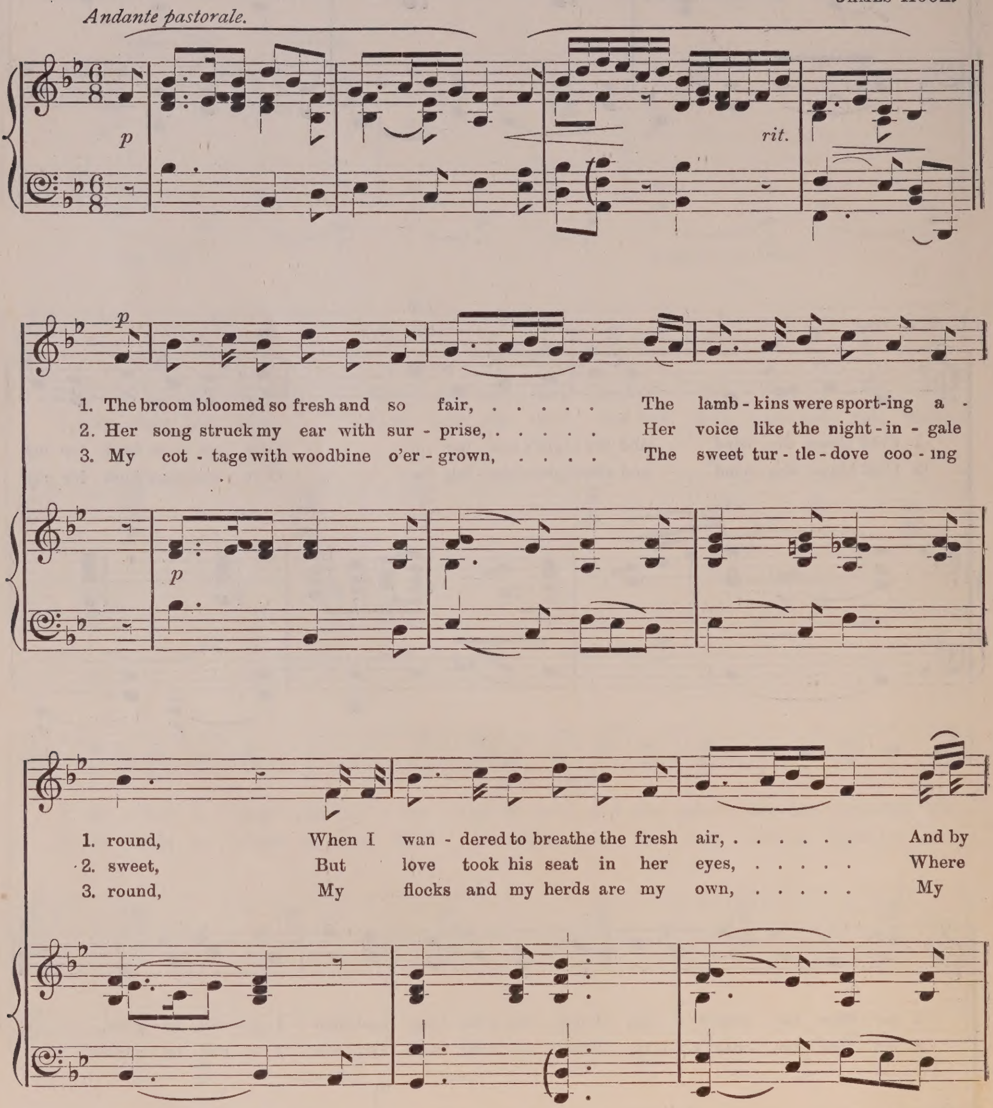

Andante espressivo.
p
1. O - ver the moun - tain and
2. Think while you rev - el so
p
dim.
p
con Ped.
sempre con Ped.
1. o - ver the moor, Hun - gry and bare - foot I wan - der for - lorn; My
2. care - less and free, Safe from the wind and well cloth - ed and fed; Should
1. fa - ther is dead and my mo - ther is poor, And she grieves for the days that will
2. for - tune so change it, how hard it would be To beg at a door for a

This plaintive little song was one of Mrs. Bland's successes at Vauxhall. It is invariably printed on sheet-music and elsewhere with no author's or composer's name attached, but a clue to these is given by a sheet-song with an air written by John Westbrook Chandler. On this an advertisement runs, "where may be had, written and composed by the same author, the favourite ballad, 'The Beggar Girl; Over the mountain and over the moor.'" In Cahusac's *Pocket Companion for the German Flute*, the air and words are printed as, "The Beggar Girl, sung in *Love and Magic*, an old French air." I doubt this latter statement. *Love and Magic; or, Harlequin's Holiday*, was a pantomime acted at Drury Lane in 1802, in which popular airs were introduced. "The Beggar Girl" appears in English song books before this date.

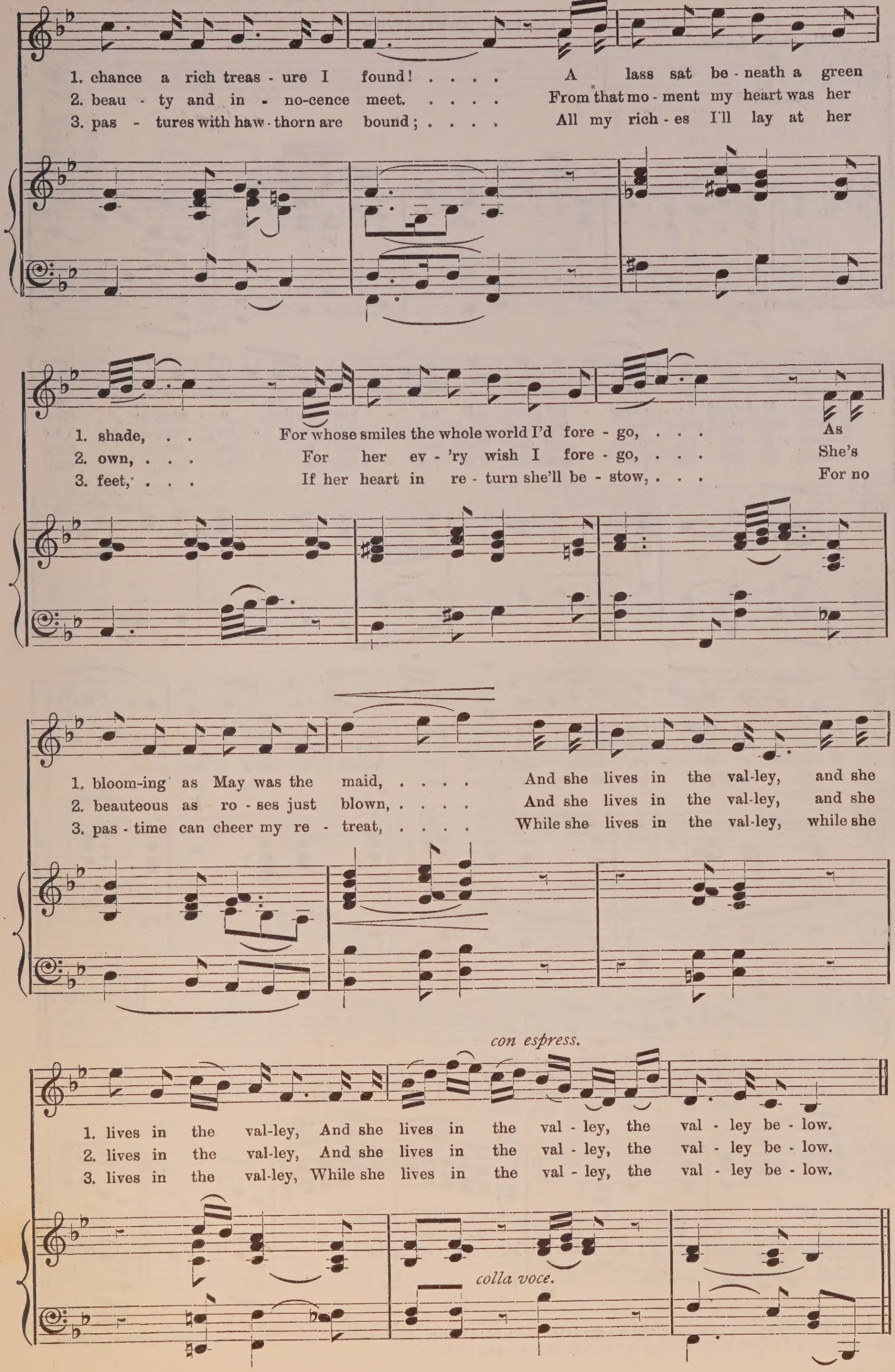

1. nev - er re - turn. Pi - ty, kind gen - tle - men, friends of hu - man - i - ty,
2. mor - sel of bread. Pi - ty, kind gen - tle - men, friends of hu - man - i - ty,
cres.
ten.
rit. . . . .
p
1. Cold blows the wind and the night's com - ing on; Give me some food for my
2. Cold blows the wind and the night's com - ing on; Give me some food for my
cres.
rit. . . . .
p
1. mo - ther for char - i - ty, Give me some food and then I will be - gone.
2. mo - ther for char - i - ty, Give me some food and then I will be - gone.

She Lives in the Valley below.

JAMES HOOK.

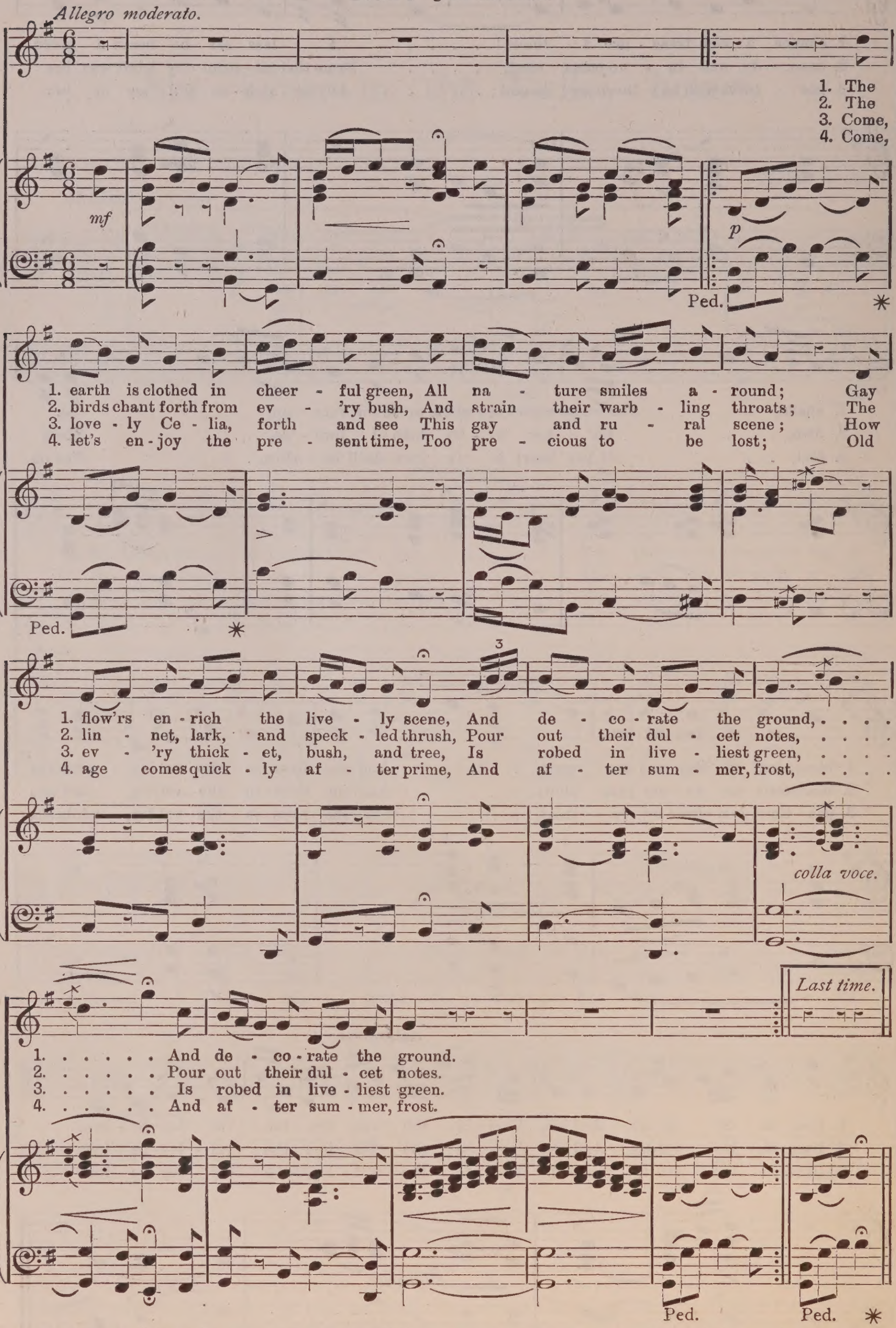

Andante pastorale.
p
rit.
p
p
1. The broom bloomed so fresh and so fair, ... The lamb - kins were sport-ing a -
2. Her song struck my ear with sur - prise, ... Her voice like the night - in - gale
3. My cot - tage with woodbine o'er - grown, ... The sweet tur - tle - dove coo - ing
1. round, When I wan - dered to breathe the fresh air, ... And by
2. sweet, But love took his seat in her eyes, ... Where
3. round, My flocks and my herds are my own, ... My

A Vauxhall Garden song, composed by James Hook, and sung by a boy singer named Gray. It was somewhat of a favourite about 1795, and for a few years later. It will be found in many of the song collections of the period, and was printed on sheet music. Mr. Baring Gould and Miss Broadwood noted down and published a traditional song named "The Sweet Nightingale; or, She lives in the valley below." This latter I fancy must have been originally a published piece, and was probably written as a companion to, or as a rival of the present.


1. chance a rich treas - ure I found! . . . . A lass sat be - neath a green
2. beau - ty and in - no-cence meet. . . . . From that mo - ment my heart was her
3. pas - tures with haw - thorn are bound; . . . . All my rich - es I'll lay at her
1. shade, . . For whose smiles the whole world I'd fore - go, . . . As
2. own, . . . For her ev - 'ry wish I fore - go, . . . She's
3. feet, . . . If her heart in re - turn she'll be - stow, . . . For no
1. bloom-ing as May was the maid, ... And she lives in the val-ley, and she
2. beauteous as ro - ses just blown, ... And she lives in the val-ley, and she
3. pas - time can cheer my re - treat, ... While she lives in the val-ley, while she
con espress.
1. lives in the val-ley, And she lives in the val - ley, the val - ley be - low.
2. lives in the val-ley, And she lives in the val - ley, the val - ley be - low.
3. lives in the val-ley, While she lives in the val - ley, the val - ley be - low.
colla voce.

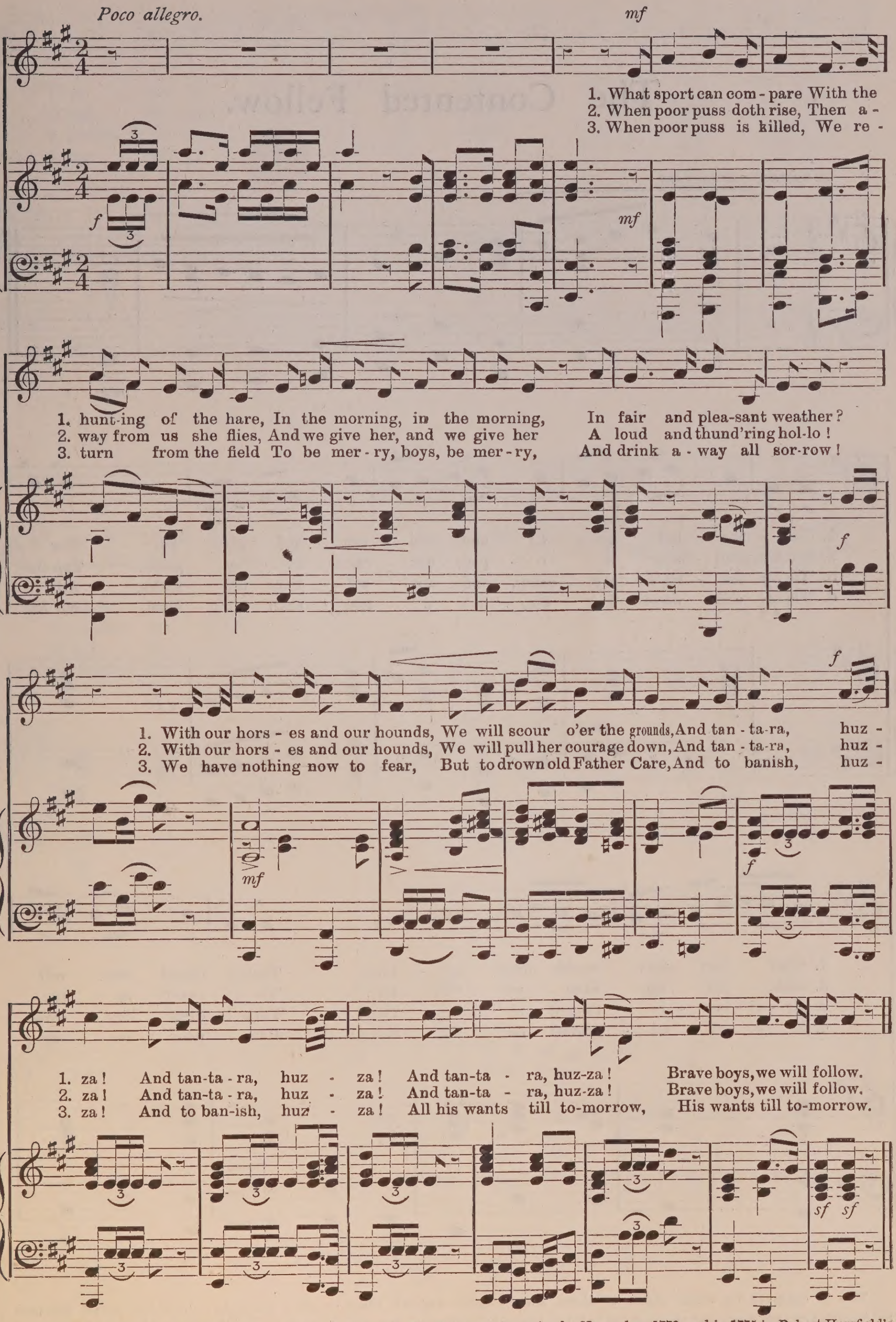
The Earth is Clothed in Cheerful Green.

Celia's Invitation.


Allegro moderato.
mf
p
Ped.
1. The
2. The
3. Come,
4. Come,
1. earth is clothed in cheer - ful green, All na - ture smiles a - round; Gay
2. birds chant forth from ev - 'ry bush, And strain their warb - ling throats; The
3. love - ly Ce - lia, forth and see This gay and ru - ral scene; How
4. let's en - joy the pre - sent time, Too pre - cious to be lost; Old
1. flow'rs en - rich the live - ly scene, And de - co - rate the ground, ...
2. lin - net, lark, and speck - led thrush, Pour out their dul - cet notes, ...
3. ev - 'ry thick - et, bush, and tree, Is robed in live - liest green, ...
4. age comes quick - ly af - ter prime, And af - ter sum - mer, frost, ...
3
colla voce.
Last time.
1. . . . . . . And de - co - rate the ground.
2. . . . . . . Pour out their dul - cet notes.
3. . . . . . . Is robed in live - liest green.
4. . . . . . . And af - ter sum - mer, frost.
Ped.
Ped.

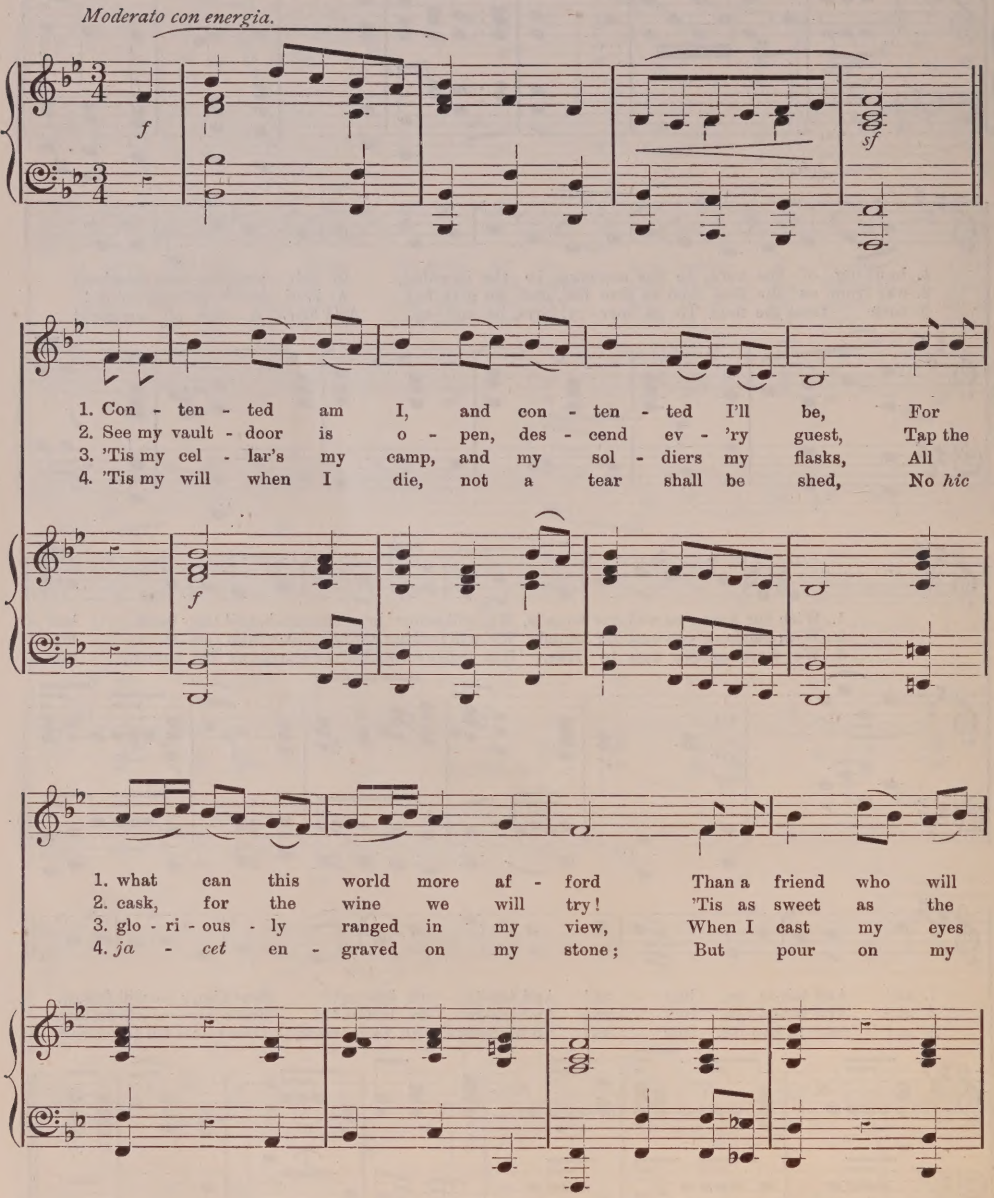
As "Celia's Invitation," the song and air are inserted in *The Universal Magazine* for January, 1760. Another musical setting of the same words by a "Mr. Hudson," is given in *The Lady's Magazine* for 1778.

Hunting the Hare.

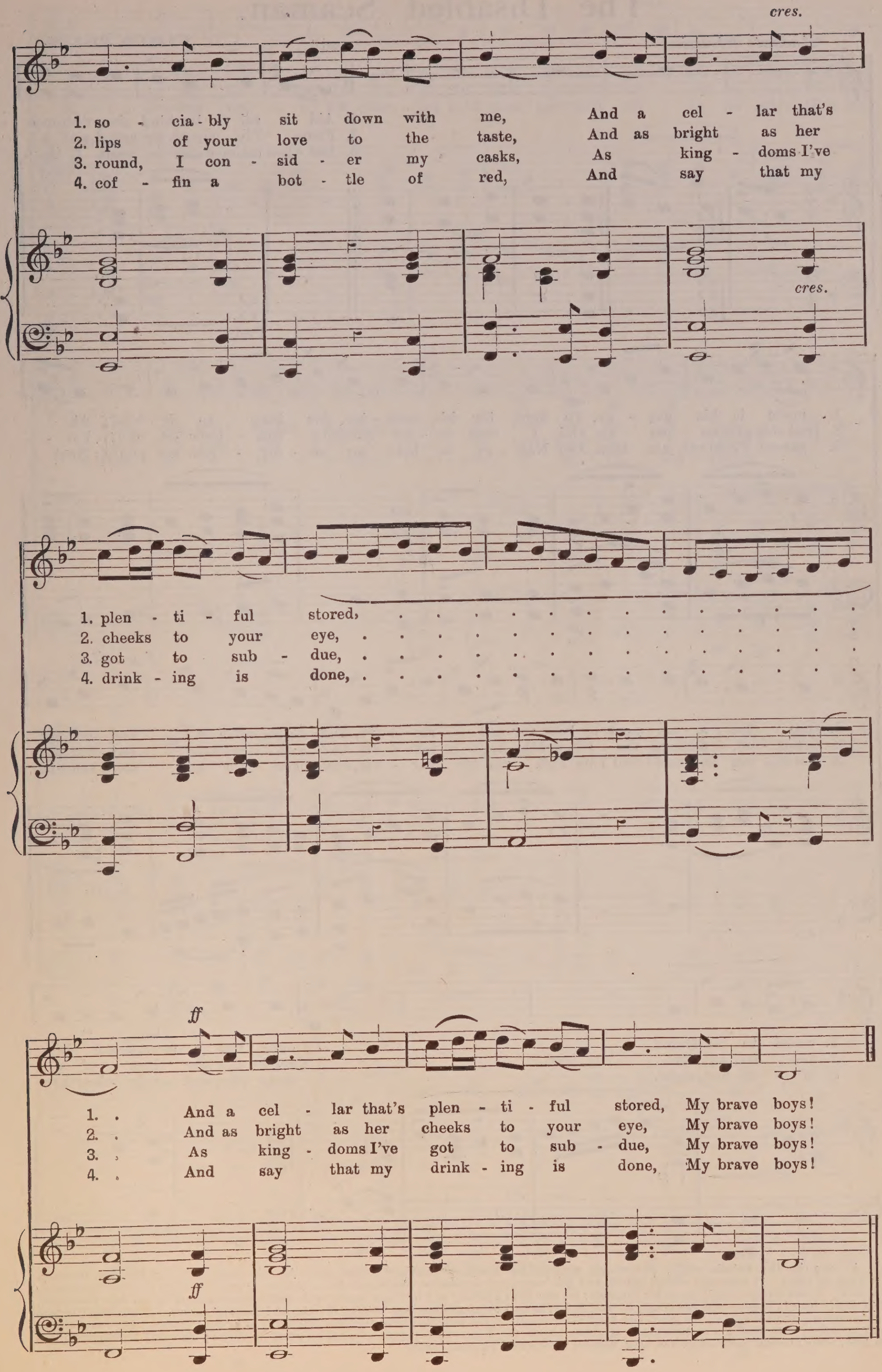

Poco allegro.
mf
1. What sport can com - pare With the
2. When poor puss doth rise, Then a -
3. When poor puss is killed, We re -
f
mf
1. hunt-ing of the hare, In the morning, in the morning, In fair and plea-sant weather?
2. way from us she flies, And we give her, and we give her A loud and thund'ring hol-lo!
3. turn from the field To be mer - ry, boys, be mer - ry, And drink a - way all sor-row!
f
f
1. With our hors - es and our hounds, We will scour o'er the grounds, And tan - ta-ra, huz -
2. With our hors - es and our hounds, We will pull her courage down, And tan - ta-ra, huz -
3. We have nothing now to fear, But to drown old Father Care, And to banish, huz -
mf
f
1. za! And tan-ta - ra, huz - za! And tan-ta - ra, huz-za! Brave boys, we will follow.
2. za! And tan-ta - ra, huz - za! And tan-ta - ra, huz-za! Brave boys, we will follow.
3. za! And to ban-ish, huz - za! All his wants till to-morrow, His wants till to-morrow.
sf sf

A once favourite hare-hunting song. It is to be found in *The Universal Magazine* for November, 1772, and in 1775 in Robert Horsfield's *Vocal Music; or, The Songster's Companion*. The words have survived traditionally in country districts, and the late Dr. W. A. Barrett included a Somersetshire version in his *English Folk Songs* [1891]. His air, however, bears no resemblance to the old printed one.

The Contented Fellow.

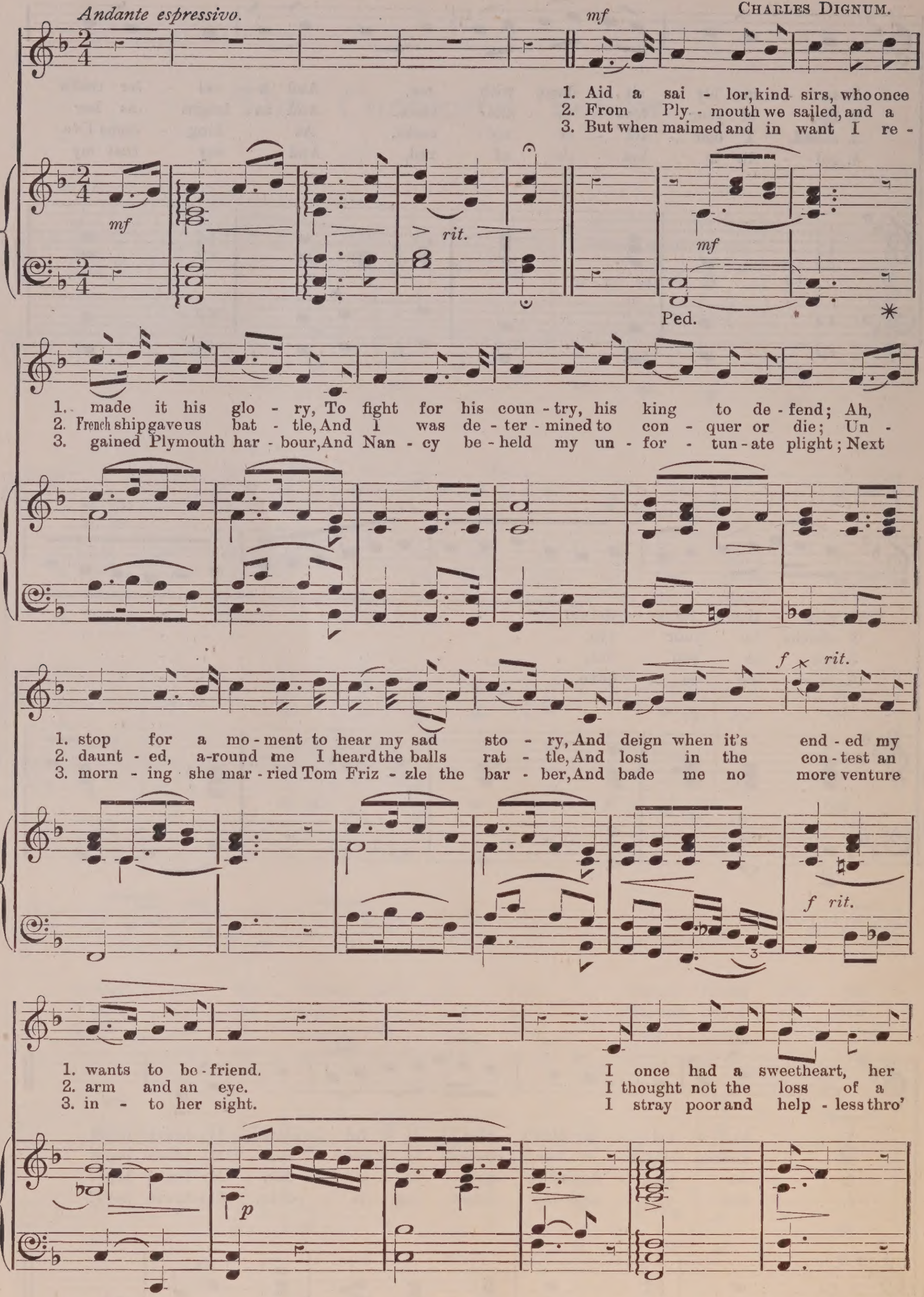

Moderato con energia.
f
sf
1. Con - ten - ted am I, and con - ten - ted I'll be, For
2. See my vault - door is o - pen, des - cend ev - 'ry guest, Tap the
3. 'Tis my cel - lar's my camp, and my sol - diers my flasks, All
4. 'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed, No *hic*
f
1. what can this world more af - ford Than a friend who will
2. cask, for the wine we will try! 'Tis as sweet as the
3. glo - ri - ous - ly ranged in my view, When I cast my eyes
4. *ja* - *cet* en - graved on my stone; But pour on my

This is engraved on music sheets of about 1765, without author's name or other reference. In the *Universal Magazine* for August, 1767, the words and air are given as "The Contented Fellow: a new song." It is also in Horsfield's *Vocal Music*, 1775, and several other similar collections. In *The Edinburgh Musical Miscellany*, vol. i., 1792, the air used for the song is the Irish one, "Since Love is the plan," a Scottish version of which is, "O, Whistle and I'll come to you, my Lad!"

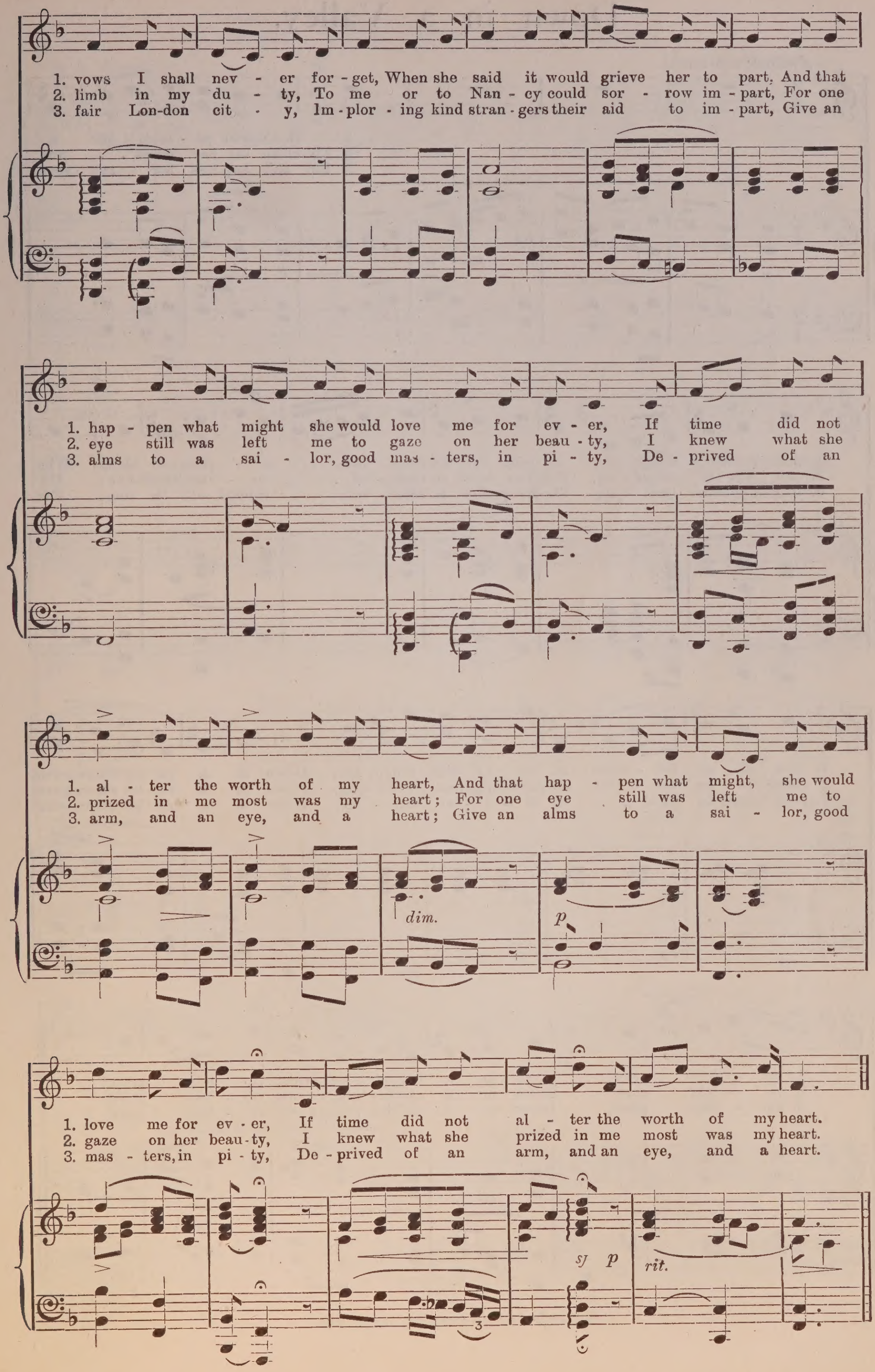

cres.
1. so - cia - bly sit down with me, And a cel - lar that's
2. lips of your love to the taste, And as bright as her
3. round, I con - sid - er my casks, As king - doms I've
4. cof - fin a bot - tle of red, And say that my
cres.
1. plen - ti - ful stored, ...
2. cheeks to your eye, ...
3. got to sub - due, ...
4. drink - ing is done, ...
ff
1. . And a cel - lar that's plen - ti - ful stored, My brave boys!
2. . And as bright as her cheeks to your eye, My brave boys!
3. . As king - doms I've got to sub - due, My brave boys!
4. . And say that my drink - ing is done, My brave boys!
ff

The Disabled Seaman.

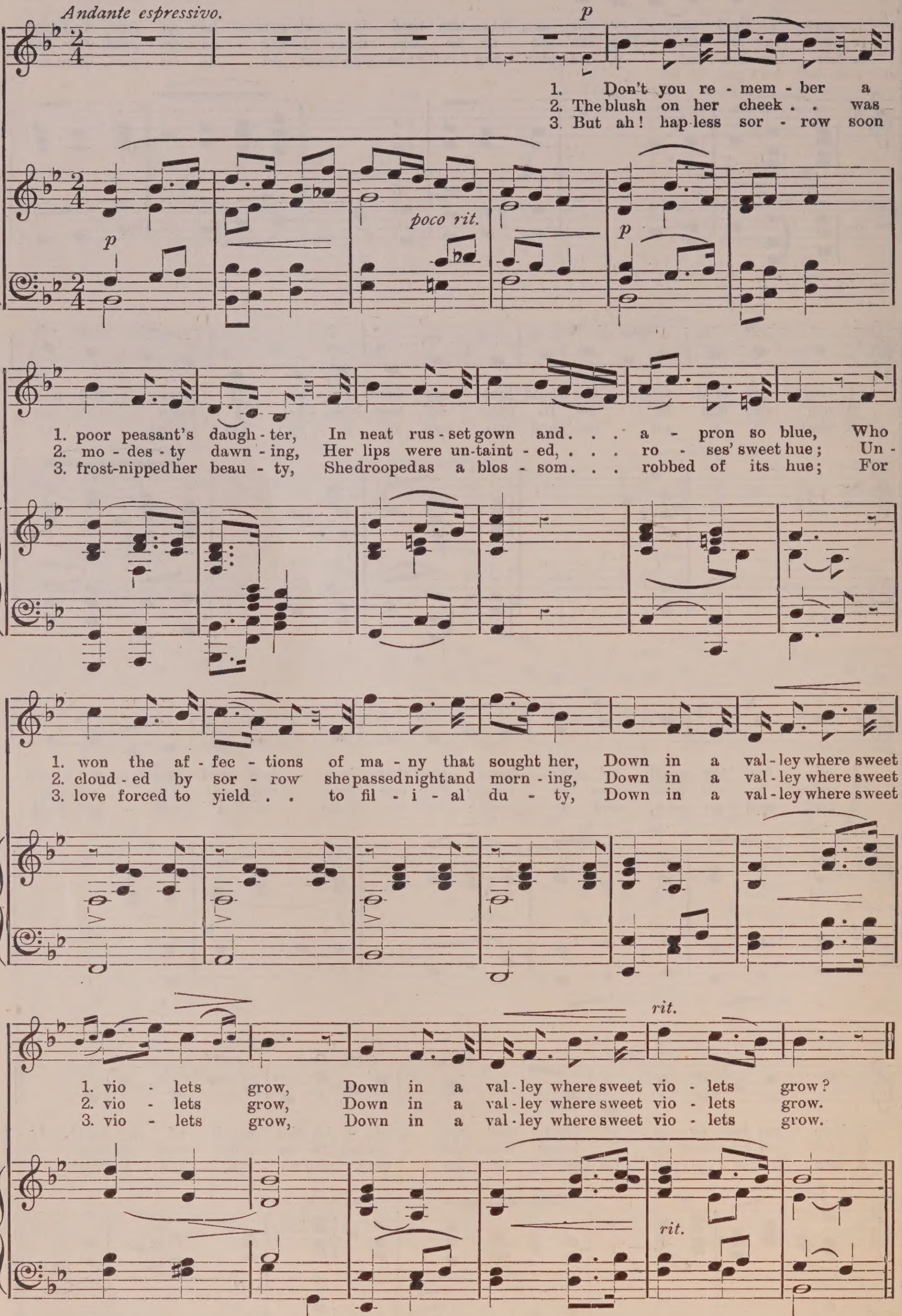
CHARLES DIGNUM.


Andante espressivo.
mf
1. Aid a sai - lor, kind sirs, who once
2. From Ply - mouth we sailed, and a
3. But when maimed and in want I re -
mf
> rit. >
mf
Ped.
*
1. made it his glo - ry, To fight for his coun - try, his king to de - fend; Ah,
2. French ship gave us bat - tle, And I was de - ter - mined to con - quer or die; Un -
3. gained Plymouth har - bour, And Nan - cy be - held my un - for - tun - ate plight; Next
f rit.
1. stop for a mo - ment to hear my sad sto - ry, And deign when it's end - ed my
2. daunt - ed, a-round me I heard the balls rat - tle, And lost in the con - test an
3. morn - ing she mar - ried Tom Friz - zle the bar - ber, And bade me no more venture
f rit.
3
1. wants to be - friend.
2. arm and an eye.
3. in - to her sight.
I once had a sweetheart, her
I thought not the loss of a
I stray poor and help - less thro'
p

A song in the Dibdin style, the words written by Matthew Gregory Lewis and the air composed by Charles Dignum, (b. 1765, d. 1827). It appeared about 1801-2, and the verses are printed in Fairburn's *Naval Songster; or, Jack Tar's Chest of Conviviality for 1802.* Lewis wrote several songs for Dignum; he was then a young and brilliant writer who had become famous by his two romances, *The Mysteries of Udolpho* and *The Monk*, as well as by his two volumes of verse, *Tales of Wonder* and *Tales of Terror*. Lewis was the first to encourage, by publication, the genius of Sir Walter Scott. "The Disabled Seaman" was originally sung by Dignum. He was a singer and an actor, who, taking a certain range of characters in the operas then popular, became a great favourite; his entry on the stage was in 1784. His musical instructors had been Samuel Webbe and Thomas Linley.


1. vows I shall nev - er for - get, When she said it would grieve her to part, And that
2. limb in my du - ty, To me or to Nan - cy could sor - row im - part, For one
3. fair Lon-don cit - y, Im - plor - ing kind stran - gers their aid to im - part, Give an
1. hap - pen what might she would love me for ev - er, If time did not
2. eye still was left me to gaze on her beau - ty, I knew what she
3. alms to a sai - lor, good mas - ters, in pi - ty, De - prived of an
1. al - ter the worth of my heart, And that hap - pen what might, she would
2. prized in me most was my heart; For one eye still was left me to
3. arm, and an eye, and a heart; Give an alms to a sai - lor, good
dim.
p
1. love me for ev - er, If time did not al - ter the worth of my heart.
2. gaze on her beau - ty, I knew what she prized in me most was my heart.
3. mas - ters, in pi - ty, De - prived of an arm, and an eye, and a heart.
sf p
rit.
3

Down in a Valley.

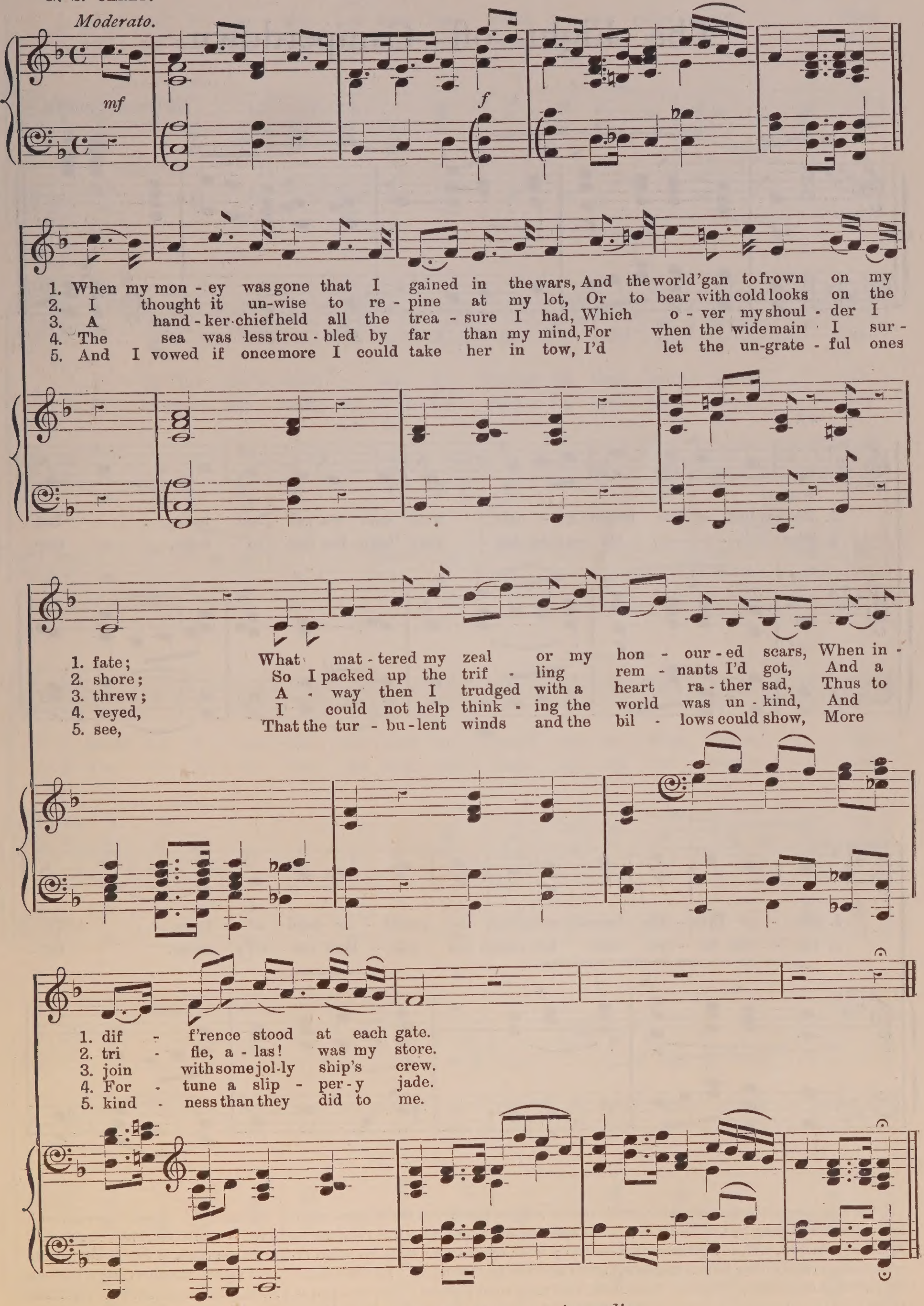

Andante espressivo.
p
1. Don't you re - mem - ber a
2. The blush on her cheek . . was
3. But ah! hap-less sor - row soon
p
poco rit.
p
1. poor peasant's daugh - ter, In neat rus - set gown and . . . a - pron so blue, Who
2. mo - des - ty dawn - ing, Her lips were un-taint - ed, . . . ro - ses' sweet hue; Un -
3. frost-nipped her beau - ty, She drooped as a blos - som. . . robbed of its hue; For
1. won the af - fec - tions of ma - ny that sought her, Down in a val - ley where sweet
2. cloud - ed by sor - row she passed night and morn - ing, Down in a val - ley where sweet
3. love forced to yield . . to fil - i - al du - ty, Down in a val - ley where sweet
rit.
1. vio - lets grow, Down in a val - ley where sweet vio - lets grow?
2. vio - lets grow, Down in a val - ley where sweet vio - lets grow.
3. vio - lets grow, Down in a val - ley where sweet vio - lets grow.
rit.

For note to this song see Appendix.

The Disconsolate Sailor.

G. S. Carey.

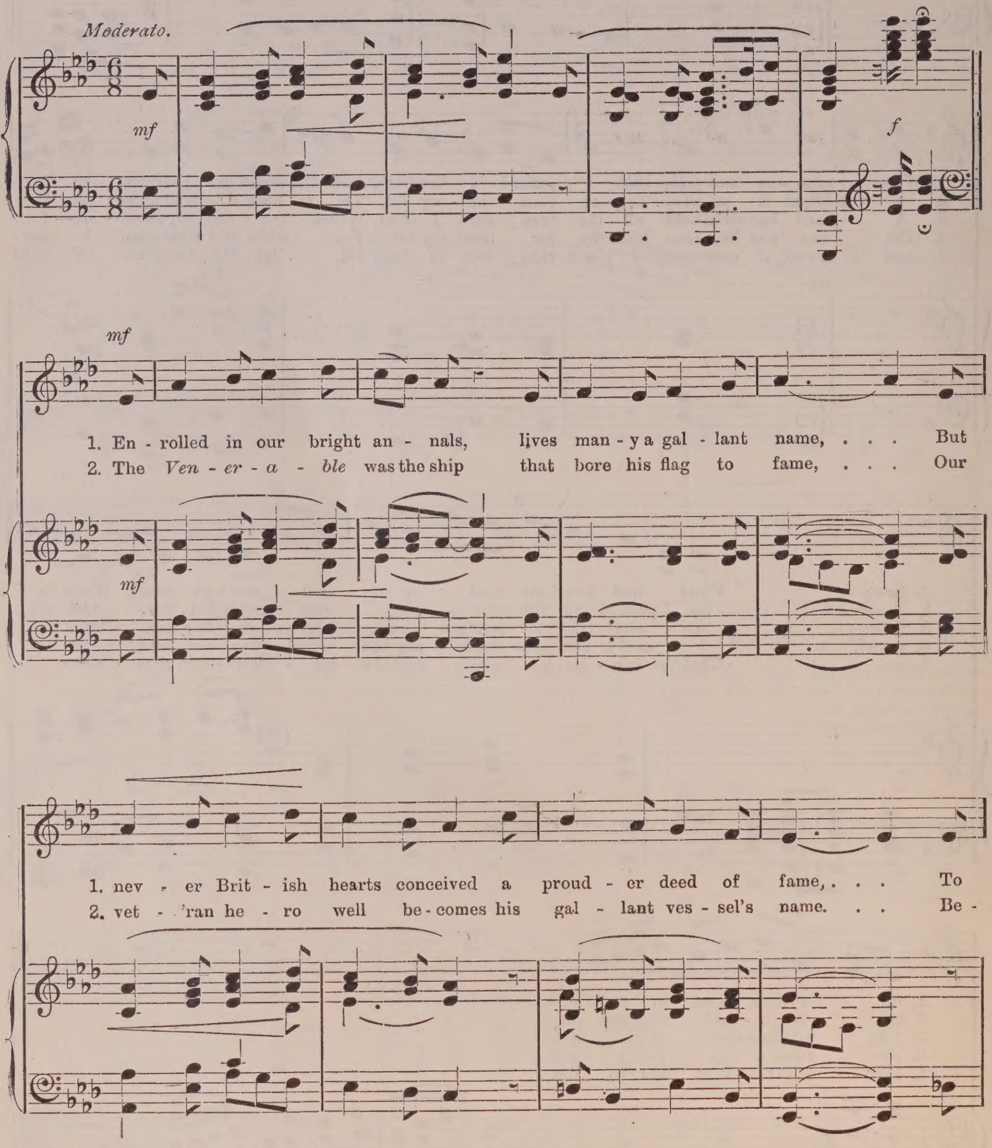
James Hook.


Moderato.
mf
f
1. When my mon - ey was gone that I gained in the wars, And the world 'gan to frown on my
2. I thought it un-wise to re - pine at my lot, Or to bear with cold looks on the
3. A hand - ker-chief held all the trea - sure I had, Which o - ver my shoul - der I
4. The sea was less trou - bled by far than my mind, For when the wide main I sur -
5. And I vowed if once more I could take her in tow, I'd let the un-grate - ful ones
1. fate; What mat - tered my zeal or my hon - our - ed scars, When in -
2. shore; So I packed up the trif - ling rem - nants I'd got, And a
3. threw; A - way then I trudged with a heart ra - ther sad, Thus to
4. veyed, I could not help think - ing the world was un - kind, And
5. see, That the tur - bu - lent winds and the bil - lows could show, More
1. dif - f'rence stood at each gate.
2. tri - fle, a - las! was my store.
3. join with some jol - ly ship's crew.
4. For - tune a slip - per - y jade.
5. kind - ness than they did to me.

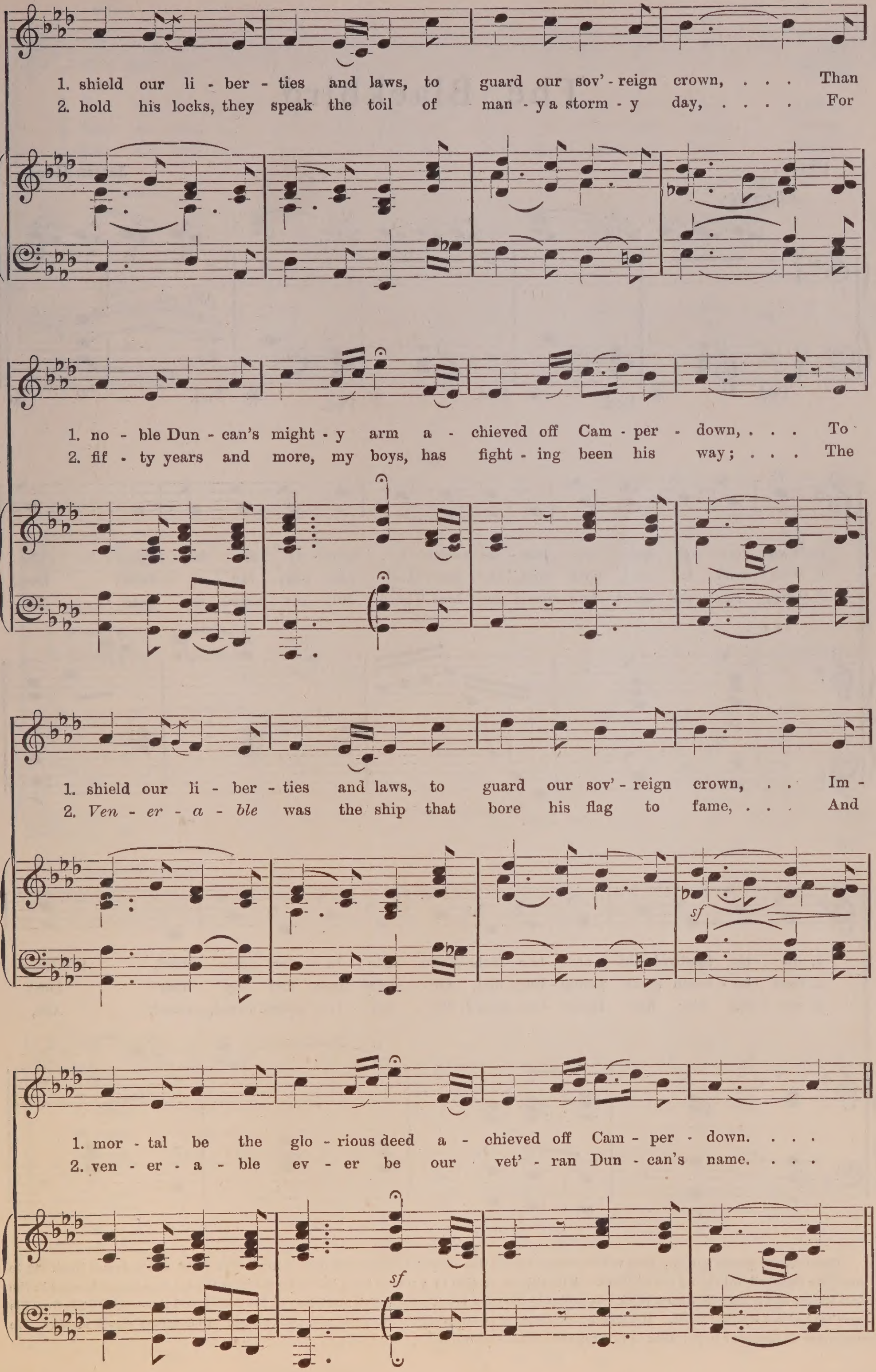
For note to this song see Appendix.

The Fight off Camperdown.

CHARLES DIGNUM.


Moderato.
mf
f
mf
mf
1. En - rolled in our bright an - nals, lives man - y a gal - lant name, . . . But
2. The Ven - er - a - ble was the ship that bore his flag to fame, . . . Our
1. nev - er Brit - ish hearts conceived a proud - er deed of fame, . . . To
2. vet - 'ran he - ro well be - comes his gal - lant ves - sel's name. . . Be -

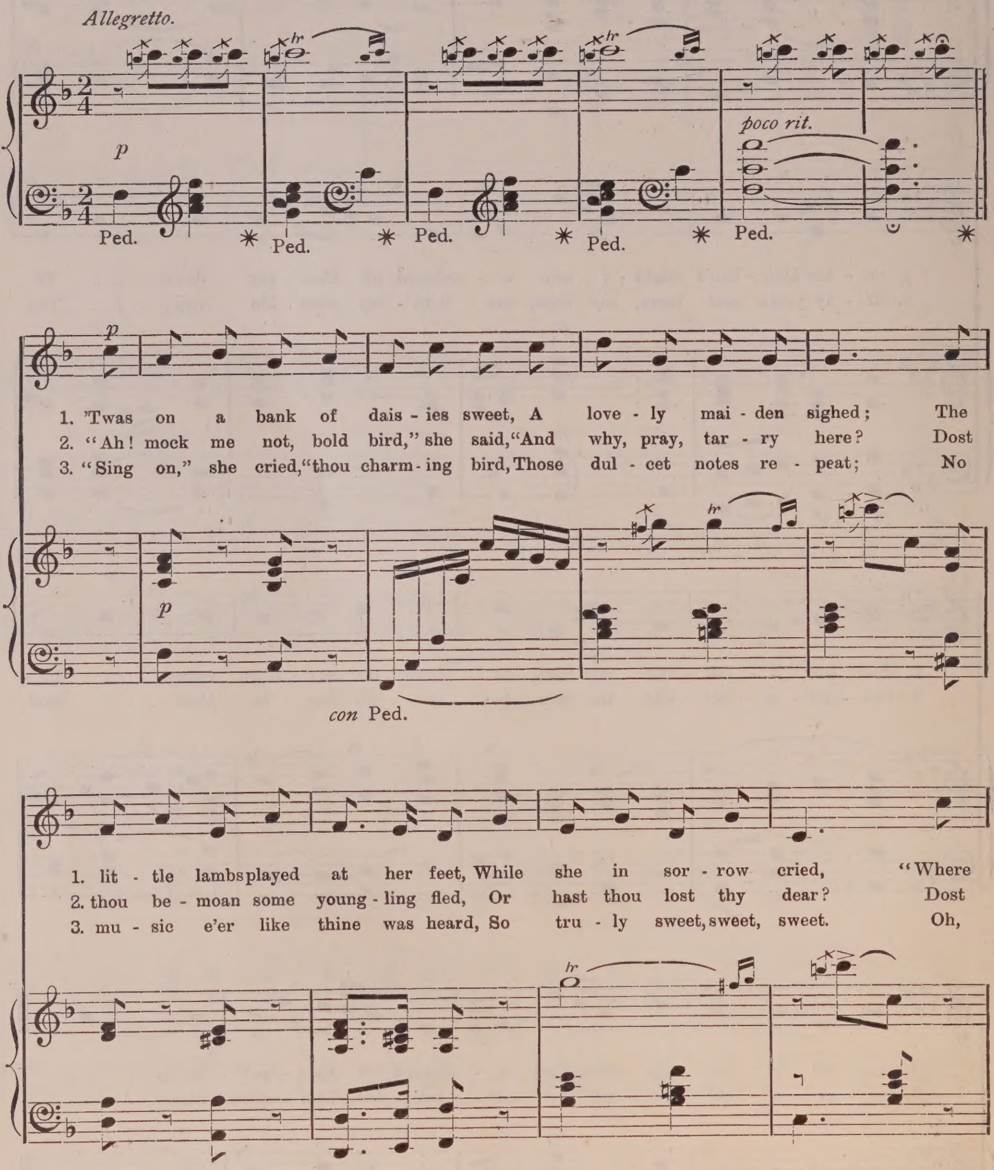
The song commemorates Admiral Duncan's victory over the French and Dutch Fleets on 11th October, 1797. The air was composed, and probably first sung, by Charles Dignum. The song and air are printed in *The Vocal Magazine*, vol. i., Edinburgh, 1797; *The Musical Repository*, Glasgow, 1799, etc, Charles Dignum was a tenor vocalist who made his début in 1781 in the opera of *Love in a Village*, in which piece so many other famous singers and actors have first trod the boards. He was engaged also at Vauxhall and the London theatres. He published about 1803 a collection, *Vocal Music*, with his portrait prefixed; this shows him as a stout, good-humoured man. He alludes in the preface to this work to the song "The Fight off Camperdown," as his own composition.


1. shield our li - ber - ties and laws, to guard our sov' - reign crown, . . . Than
2. hold his locks, they speak the toil of man - y a storm - y day, ... For
1. no - ble Dun - can's might - y arm a - chieved off Cam - per - down, . . . To
2. fif - ty years and more, my boys, has fight - ing been his way; . . . The
1. shield our li - ber - ties and laws, to guard our sov' - reign crown, . . Im -
2. *Ven - er - a - ble* was the ship that bore his flag to fame, . . . And
1. mor - tal be the glo - rious deed a - chieved off Cam - per - down. . . .
2. ven - er - a - ble ev - er be our vet' - ran Dun - can's name. . . .
sf
sf

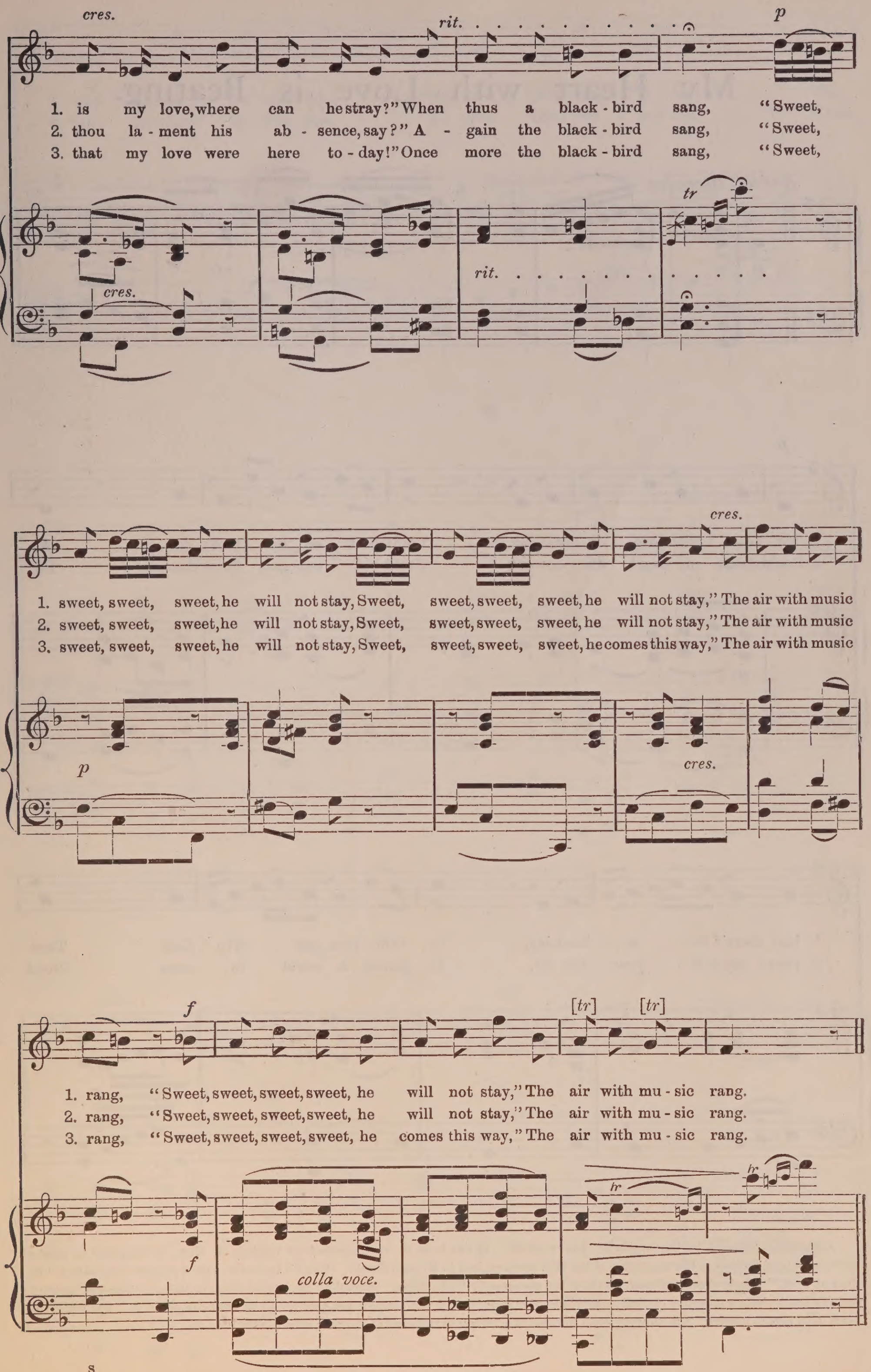
The Blackbird.

Upton.

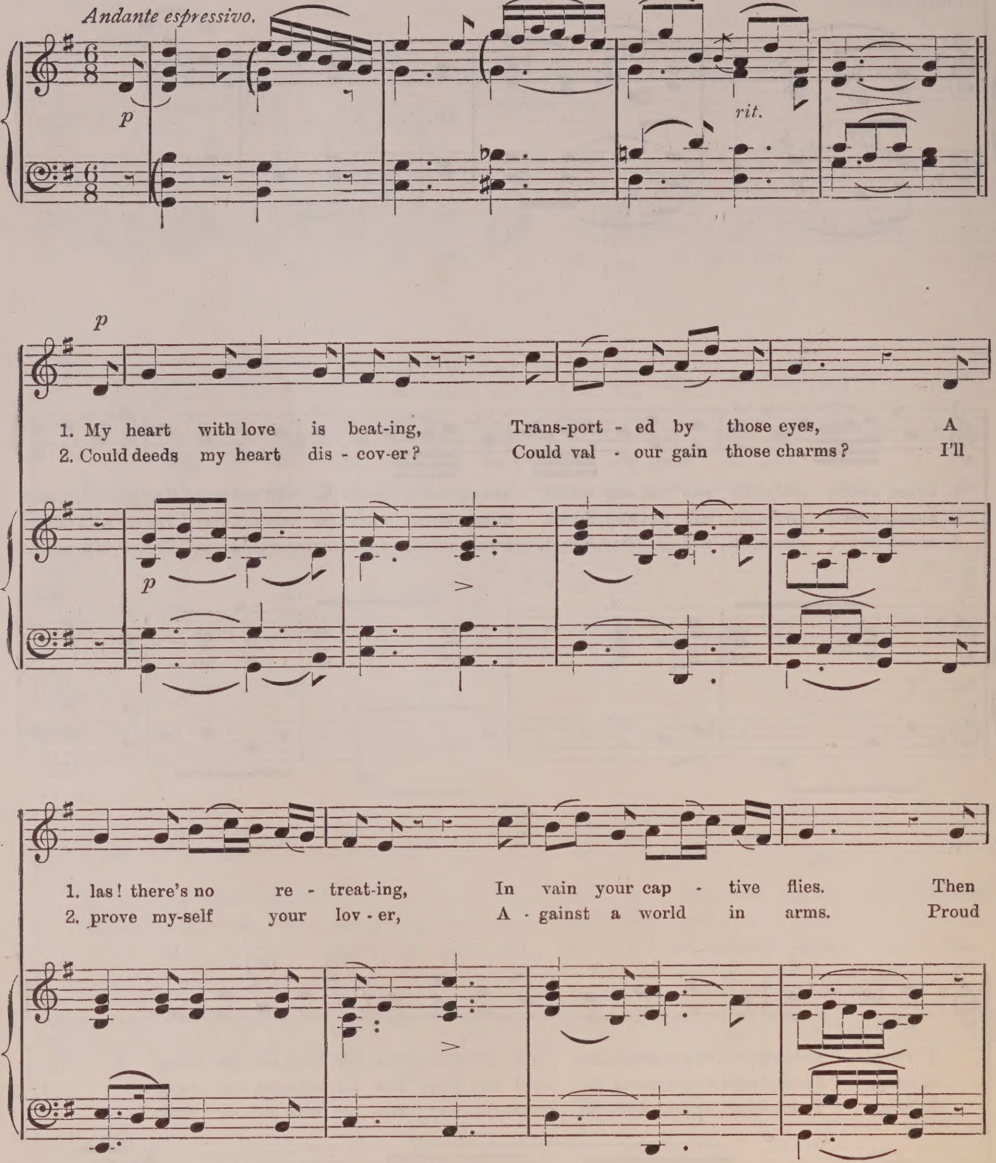
James Hook.


Allegretto.
p
poco rit.
Ped.
con Ped.
1. 'Twas on a bank of dais - ies sweet, A love - ly mai - den sighed; The
2. "Ah! mock me not, bold bird," she said, "And why, pray, tar - ry here? Dost
3. "Sing on," she cried, "thou charm - ing bird, Those dul - cet notes re - peat; No
1. lit - tle lambs played at her feet, While she in sor - row cried, "Where
2. thou be - moan some young - ling fled, Or hast thou lost thy dear? Dost
3. mu - sic e'er like thine was heard, So tru - ly sweet, sweet, sweet. Oh,
tr

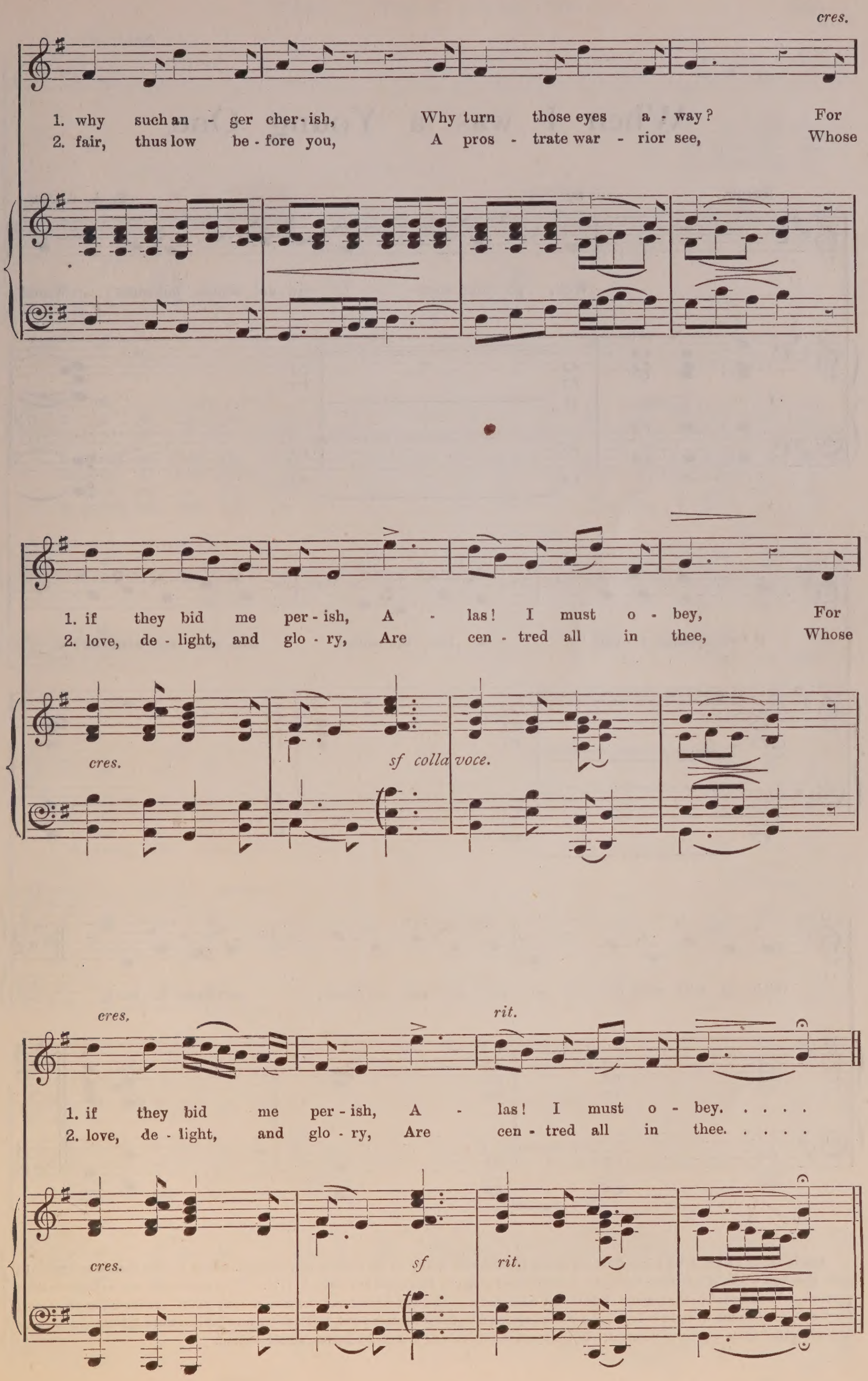
These dainty verses are by a song writer named Upton who supplied (about 1800-1810), a number of lyrics which James Hook set to music for Vauxhall, this being one of them. A traditional version to a pretty tune, but different from Hook's, was formerly sung in the East Riding of Yorkshire. James Hook was probably the most prolific of English musicians of his period, and there came little from his pen that had not sterling merit. His lengthy engagement as composer for Vauxhall gave ample scope for his gift of clever melody. He was a very fit successor to Dr. Arne in this type of lyrical composition.


cres.
rit.
p
1. is my love, where can he stray?" When thus a black-bird sang, "Sweet,
2. thou la-ment his ab-sence, say?" A-gain the black-bird sang, "Sweet,
3. that my love were here to-day!" Once more the black-bird sang, "Sweet,
tr
rit.
cres.
1. sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay, Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay," The air with music
2. sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay, Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay," The air with music
3. sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay, Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, he comes this way," The air with music
p
cres.
f
[tr]
[tr]
1. rang, "Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay," The air with mu-sic rang.
2. rang, "Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay," The air with mu-sic rang.
3. rang, "Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, he comes this way," The air with mu-sic rang.
tr
colla voce.

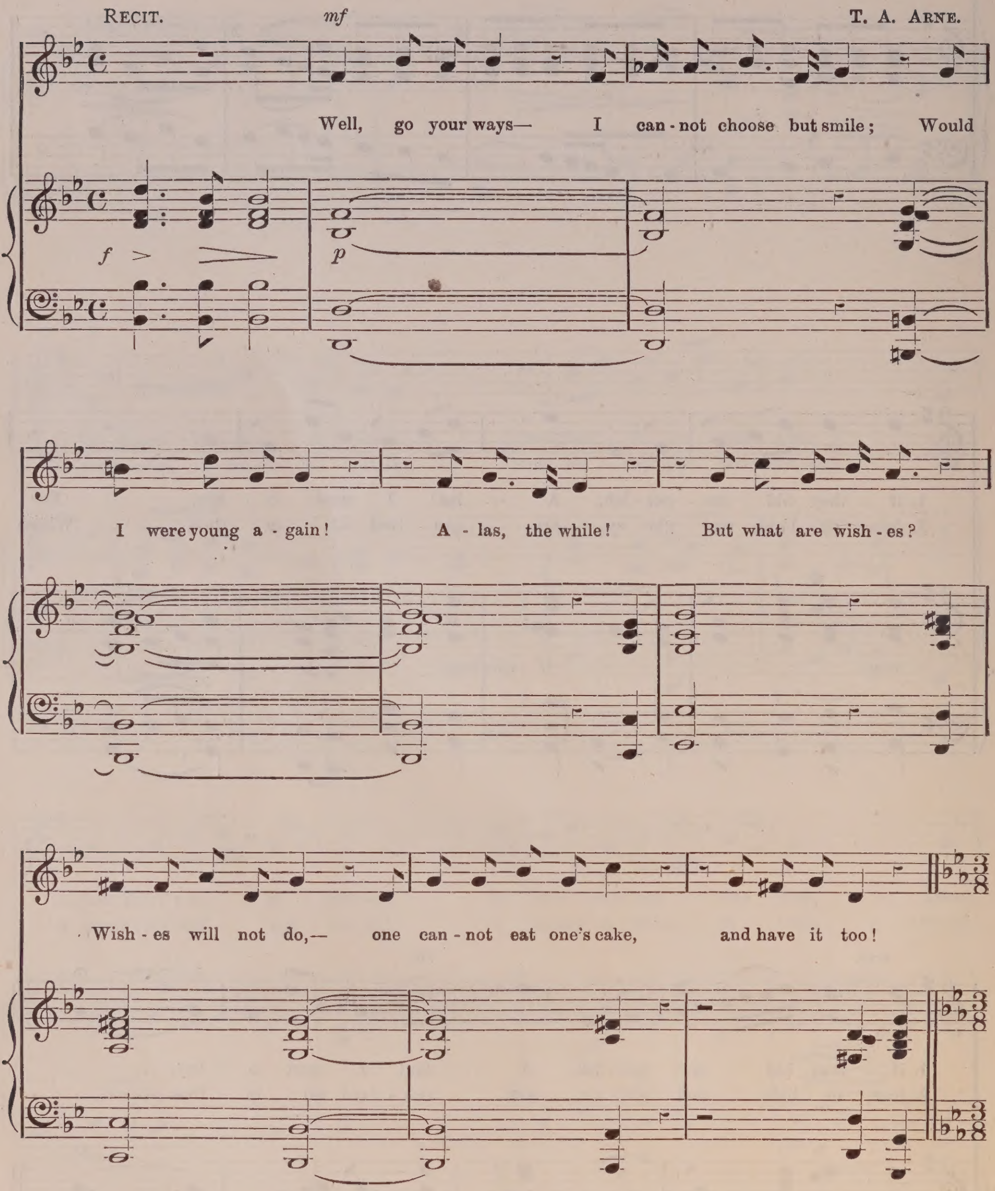
My Heart with Love is Beating.


Andante espressivo.
p
rit.
p
1. My heart with love is beat-ing, Trans-port - ed by those eyes, A
2. Could deeds my heart dis - cov-er? Could val - our gain those charms? I'll
p
1. las! there's no re - treat-ing, In vain your cap - tive flies. Then
2. prove my-self your lov - er, A - gainst a world in arms. Proud

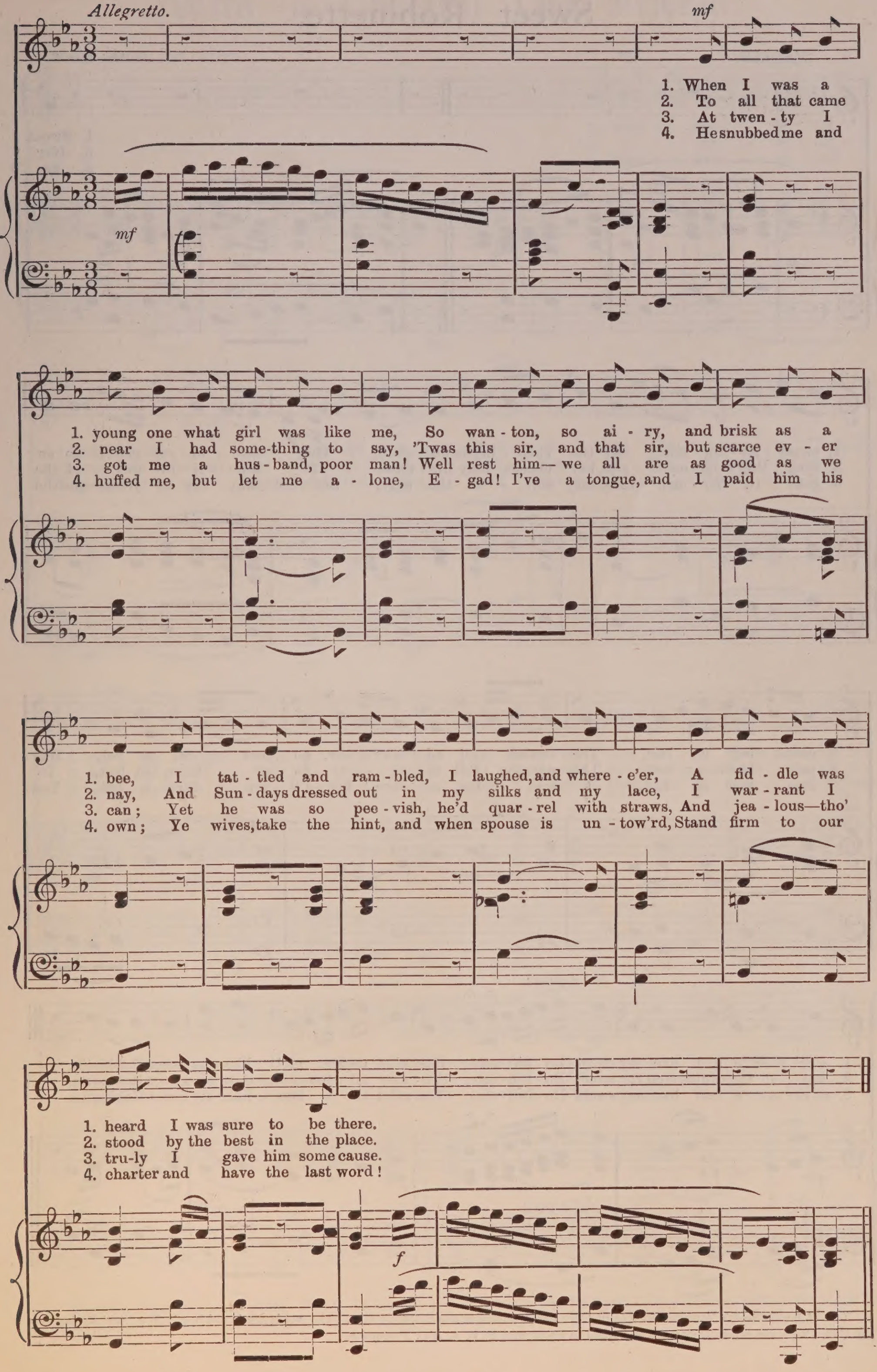
Authorities differ as to the origin of the melody. It has been in turn ascribed to William H. Ware, a composer or musical arranger of pantomimes at the beginning of the 19th century, and to William Shield. The air is that of a once popular song called "The Maid of Lodi." Early sheet copies of this bear the statement; "The music collected by Mr. Shield when in Italy." There is certainly nothing particularly suggestive of Italian music in the melody, and the chances are that Shield himself composed it. The song "My heart with love is beating" was sung by John Braham in a revival of the *Siege of Belgrade*, about 1810-12.


cres.
1. why such an - ger cher - ish, Why turn those eyes a - way? For
2. fair, thus low be - fore you, A pros - trate war - rior see, Whose
1. if they bid me per - ish, A - las! I must o - bey, For
2. love, de - light, and glo - ry, Are cen - tred all in thee, Whose
cres.
sf colla voce.
cres.
rit.
1. if they bid me per - ish, A - las! I must o - bey. . . . .
2. love, de - light, and glo - ry, Are cen - tred all in thee. . . . .
cres.
sf
rit.

When I was a Young One.

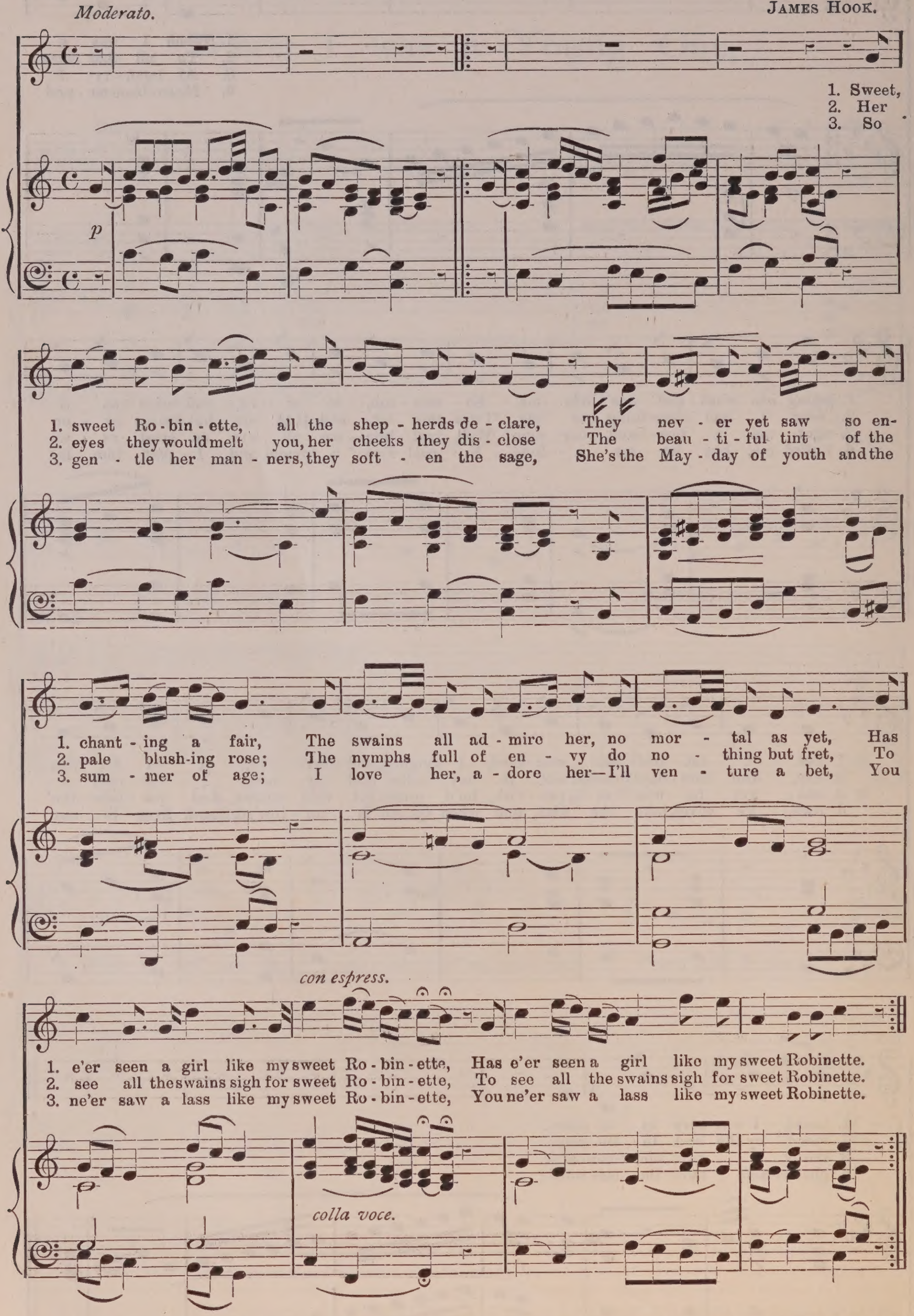

RECIT.
mf
T. A. ARNE.
Well, go your ways— I can-not choose but smile; Would
f
p
I were young a-gain! A-las, the while! But what are wish-es?
Wish-es will not do,— one can-not eat one's cake, and have it too!

Another song by Dr. Arne taken from his opera, *Thomas and Sally: or, the Sailor's Return*, produced at Covent Garden in 1760. In some standard works of reference this opera is erroneously given as first acted in Dublin in 1743. *Thomas and Sally* was so bright a little pastoral and so adapted to the popular taste that it remained a stock piece for the stage for fifty or sixty years. It served as the model for that type of drama wherein is depicted a wicked squire, a virtuous country maid, and a sailor who returns from fighting the enemies of old England at an opportune moment. In the opera the above song is sung by Dorcas, an old woman.


Allegretto.
mf
1. When I was a
2. To all that came
3. At twen - ty I
4. He snubbed me and
mf
1. young one what girl was like me, So wan - ton, so ai - ry, and brisk as a
2. near I had some-thing to say, 'Twas this sir, and that sir, but scarce ev - er
3. got me a hus - band, poor man! Well rest him — we all are as good as we
4. huffed me, but let me a - lone, E - gad! I've a tongue, and I paid him his
1. bee, I tat - tled and ram - bled, I laughed, and where - e'er, A fid - dle was
2. nay, And Sun - days dressed out in my silks and my lace, I war - rant I
3. can; Yet he was so pee - vish, he'd quar - rel with straws, And jea - lous—tho'
4. own; Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is un - tow'rd, Stand firm to our
1. heard I was sure to be there.
2. stood by the best in the place.
3. tru - ly I gave him some cause.
4. charter and have the last word!
f

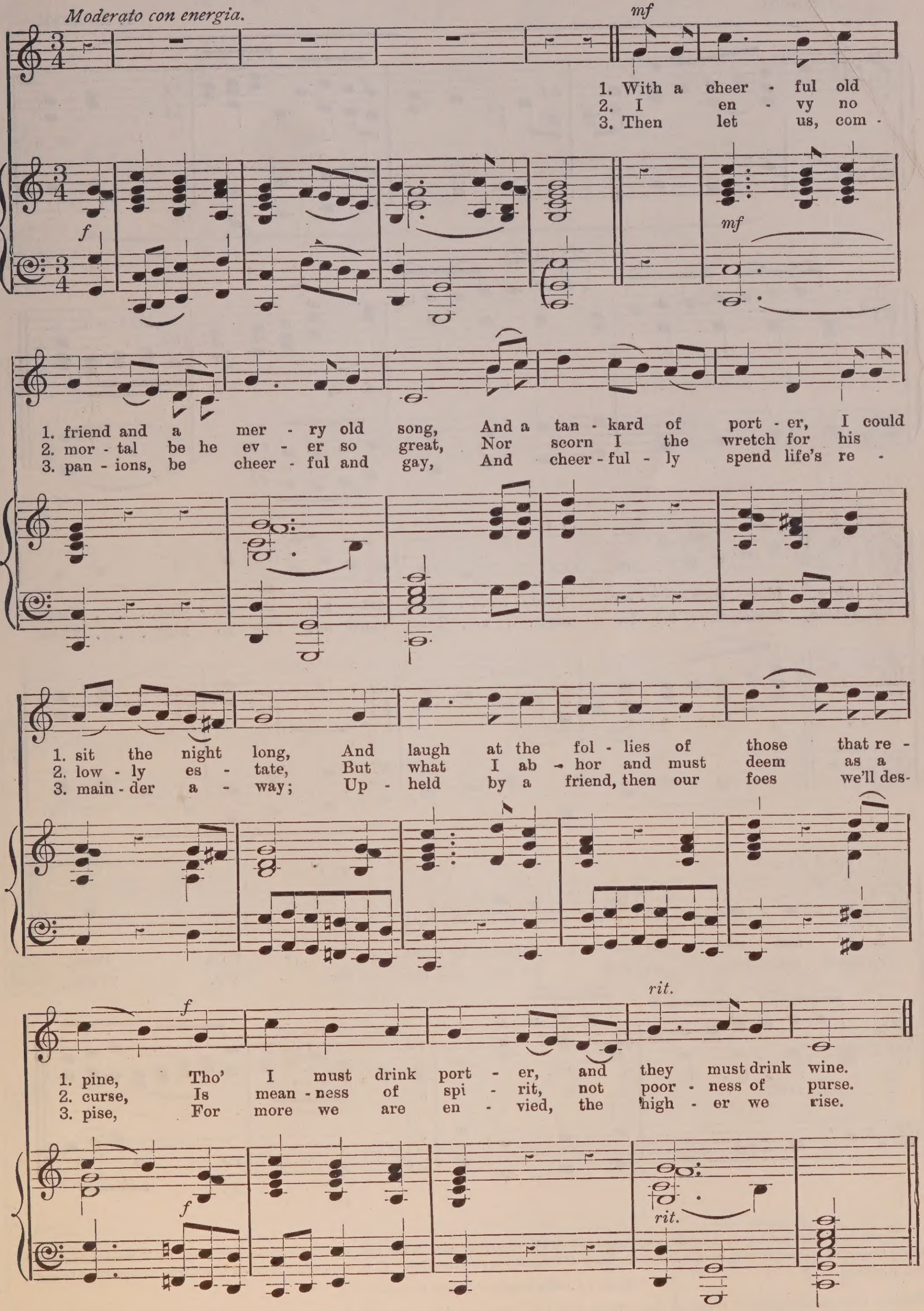
Sweet Robinette.

JAMES HOOK.


Moderato.
1. Sweet,
2. Her
3. So
p
1. sweet Ro-bin-ette, all the shep-herds de-clare, They nev-er yet saw so en-
2. eyes they would melt you, her cheeks they dis-close The beau-ti-ful tint of the
3. gen-tle her man-ners, they soft-en the sage, She's the May-day of youth and the
1. chant-ing a fair, The swains all ad-mire her, no mor-tal as yet, Has
2. pale blush-ing rose; The nymphs full of en-vy do no-thing but fret, To
3. sum-mer of age; I love her, a-dore her—I'll ven-ture a bet, You
con espress.
1. e'er seen a girl like my sweet Ro-bin-ette, Has e'er seen a girl like my sweet Robinette.
2. see all the swains sigh for sweet Ro-bin-ette, To see all the swains sigh for sweet Robinette.
3. ne'er saw a lass like my sweet Ro-bin-ette, You ne'er saw a lass like my sweet Robinette.
colla voce.

One of James Hook's Vauxhall songs sung by Charles Incledon about 1785 or 1786. The words are found in *The New Vocal Enchantress for 1789*. With the music they were published in sheet form by S. A. & P. Thompson.

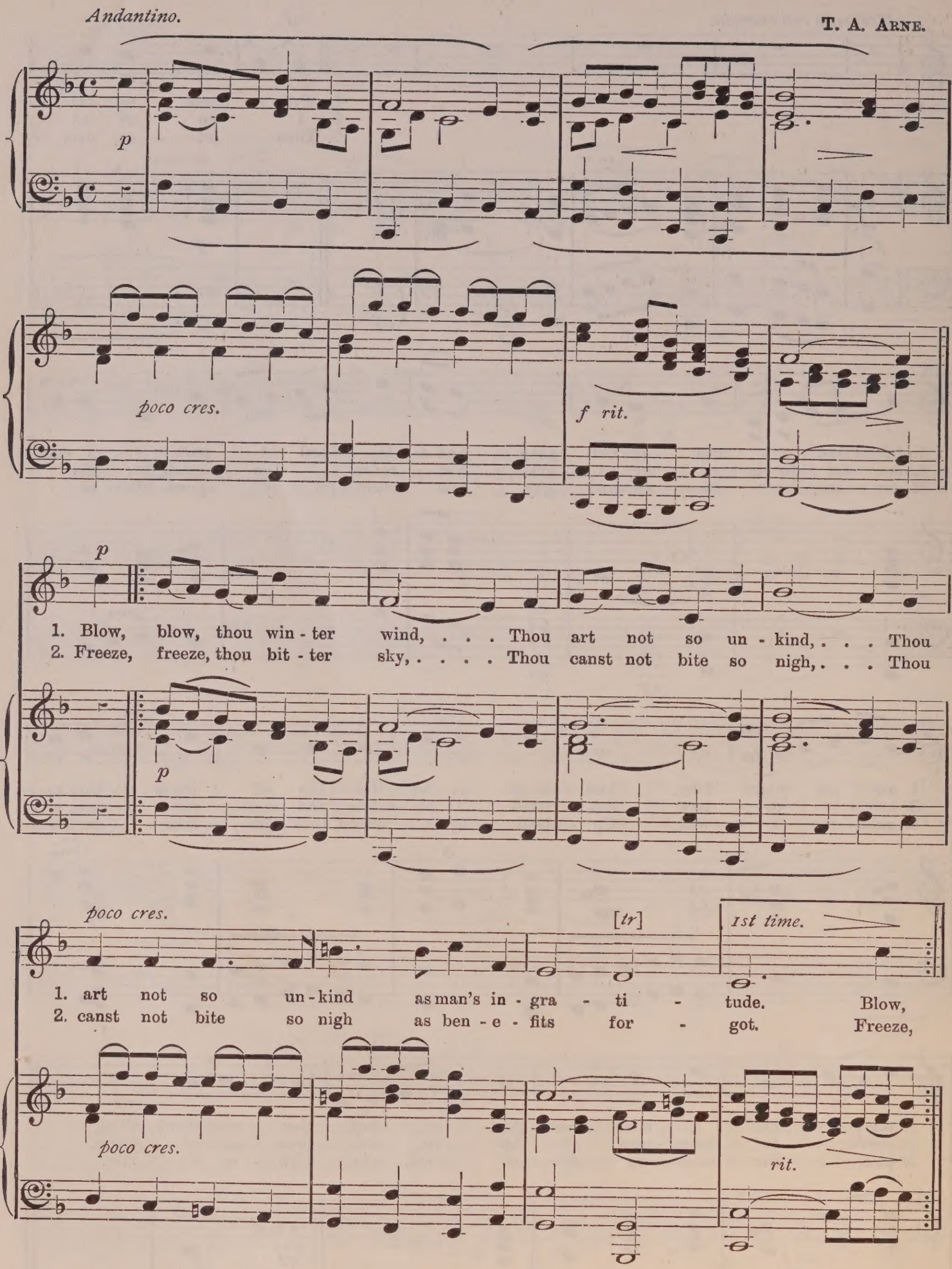
With a Cheerful Old Friend.


Moderato con energia.
mf
f
1. With a cheer - ful old
2. I en - vy no
3. Then let us, com -
1. friend and a mer - ry old song, And a tan - kard of port - er, I could
2. mor - tal be he ev - er so great, Nor scorn I the wretch for his
3. pan - ions, be cheer - ful and gay, And cheer - ful - ly spend life's re -
1. sit the night long, And laugh at the fol - lies of those that re -
2. low - ly es - tate, But what I ab - hor and must deem as a
3. main - der a - way; Up - held by a friend, then our foes we'll des-
rit.
1. pine, Tho' I must drink port - er, and they must drink wine.
2. curse, Is mean - ness of spi - rit, not poor - ness of purse.
3. pise, For more we are en - vied, the high - er we rise.

From *The Convivial Songster*, 1782. This is different in melody from the song by Henry Carey beginning with a similar first line, "With an honest old friend," etc., although the words are practically the same.

Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind.

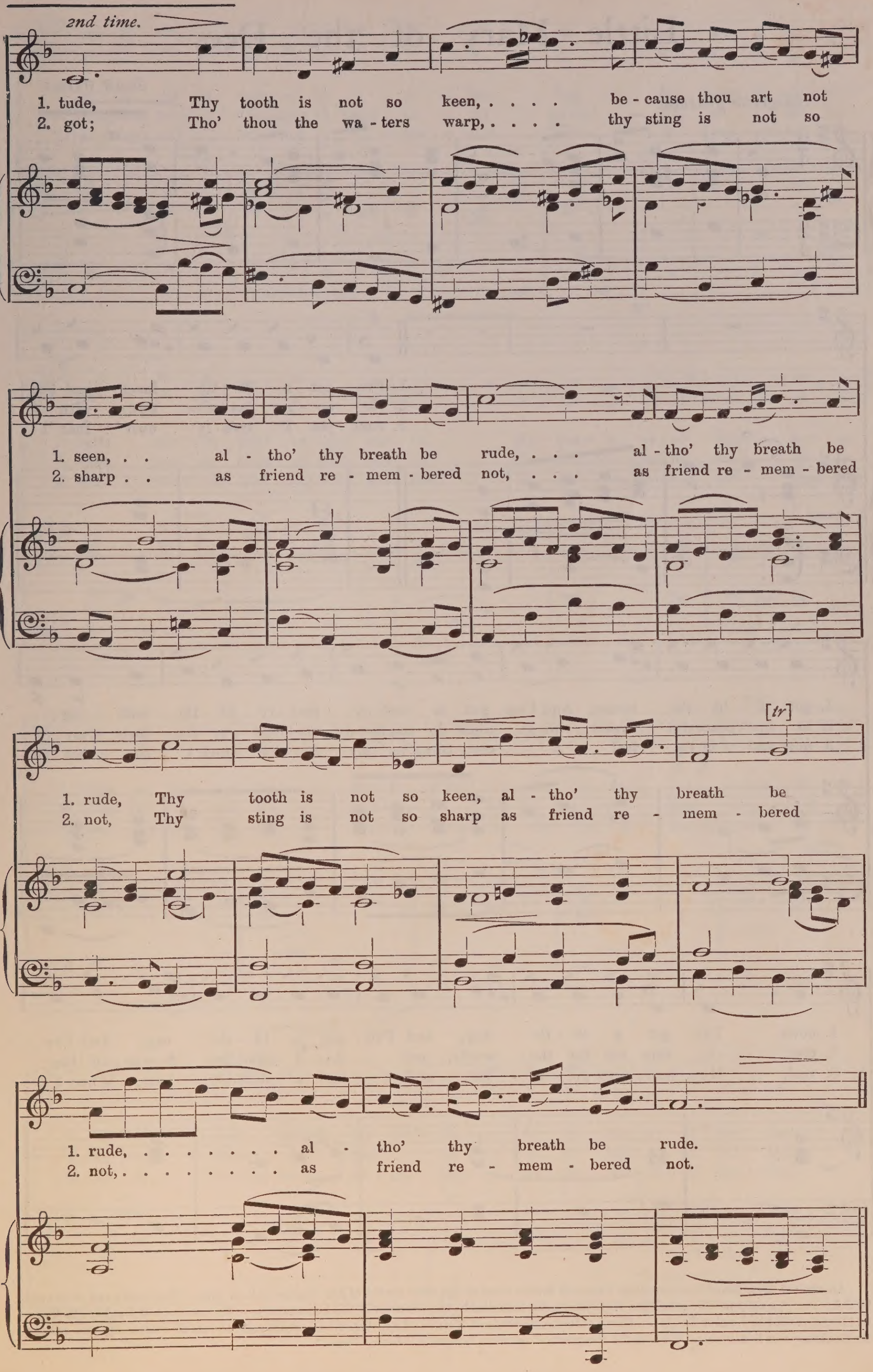
T. A. ARNE.


Andantino.
p
poco cres.
f rit.
p
1. Blow, blow, thou win - ter wind, . . . Thou art not so un - kind, . . . Thou
2. Freeze, freeze, thou bit - ter sky, ... Thou canst not bite so nigh, . . . Thou
p
poco cres.
[tr]
1st time.
1. art not so un - kind as man's in - gra - ti - tude. Blow,
2. canst not bite so nigh as ben - e - fits for - got. Freeze,
poco cres.
rit.

Dr. Arne's noble setting of Amiens' song in *As you like it*, was first sung on the stage on 20th December, 1740, by Thomas Lowe the tenor singer, at a great revival of this and some other of Shakespeare's comedies. It is somewhat strange that Arne has omitted to use the burden—

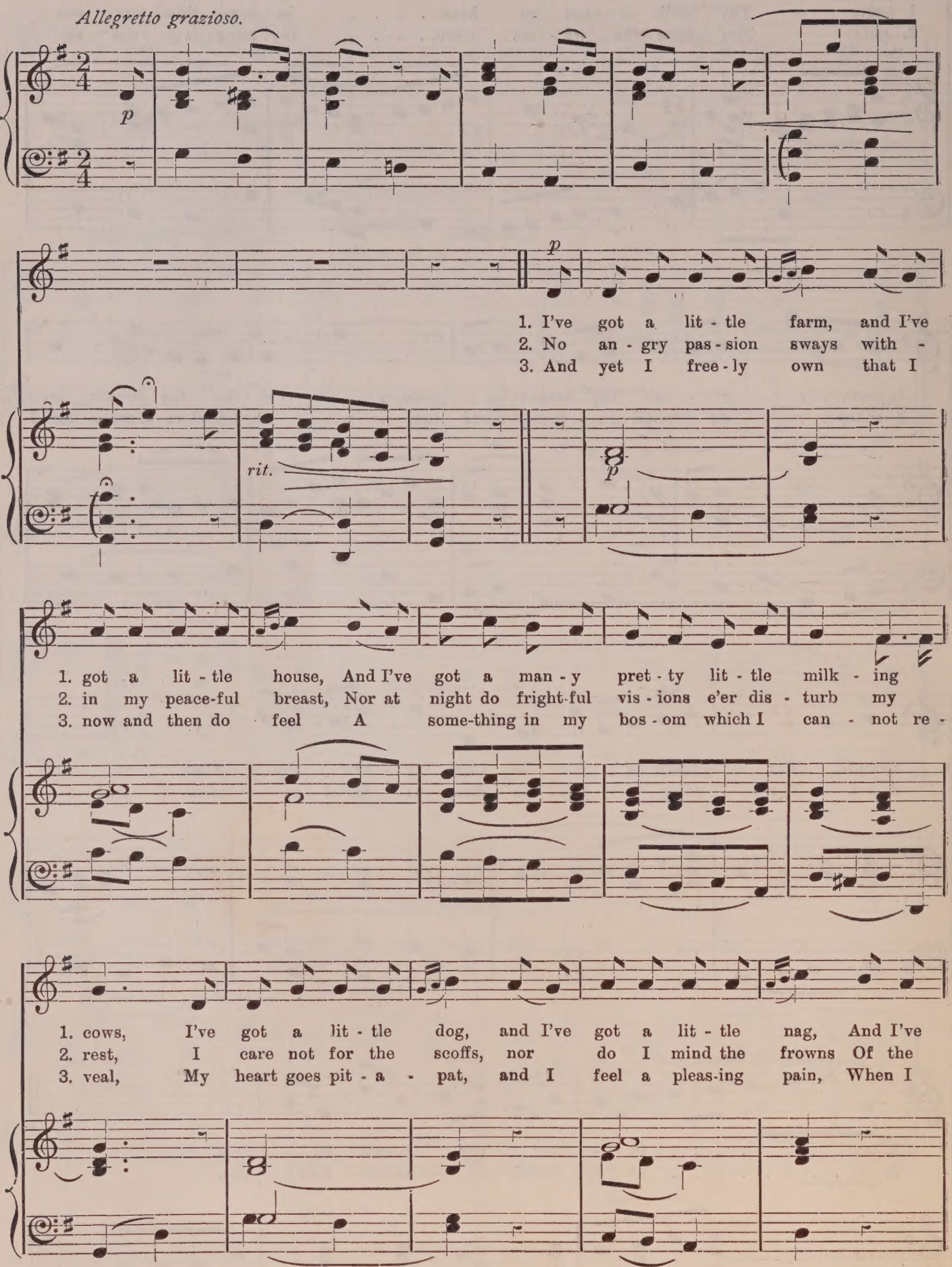
"Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly ! "

William Linley, however, has supplied the deficiency in his *Collection of Shakespeare's Dramatic Songs*, vol. ii., *circa* 1816. The list of composers who have (without success) attempted to supersede Arne's music include—R. J. Stevens, Samuel Webbe, junior, Hon. Mrs. Dyce Sombre, Agnes Zimmerman, and others. J. Danby and H. R. Bishop have arranged Arne's music in glee form.

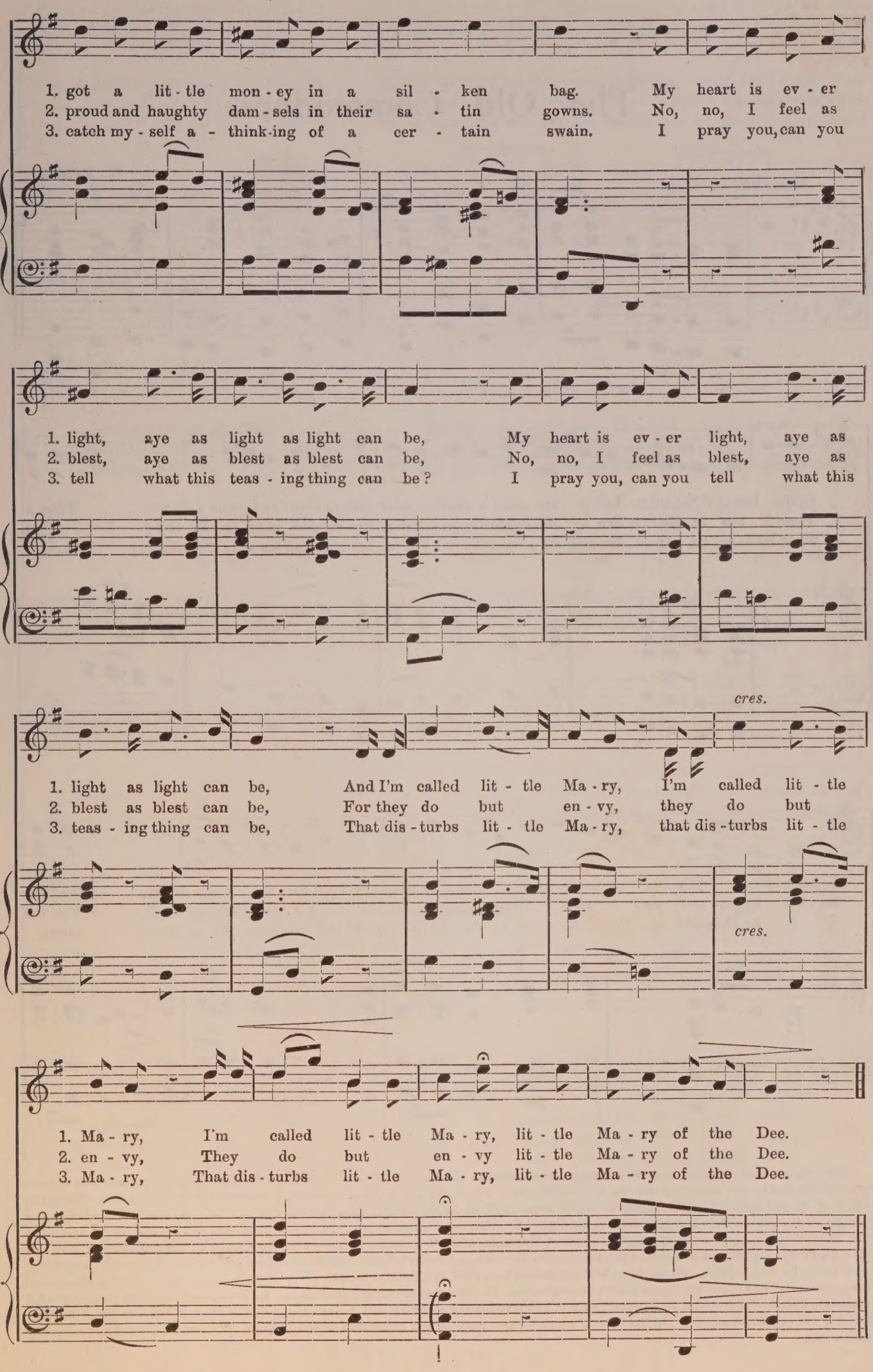

2nd time.
1. tude, Thy tooth is not so keen, ... be - cause thou art not
2. got; Tho' thou the wa - ters warp, ... thy sting is not so
1. seen, . . al - tho' thy breath be rude, . . . al - tho' thy breath be
2. sharp . . as friend re - mem - bered not, . . . as friend re - mem - bered
[tr]
1. rude, Thy tooth is not so keen, al - tho' thy breath be
2. not, Thy sting is not so sharp as friend re - mem - bered
1. rude, ... al - tho' thy breath be rude.
2. not, ... as friend re - mem - bered not.

Little Mary of the Dee.

JOHN PARRY.

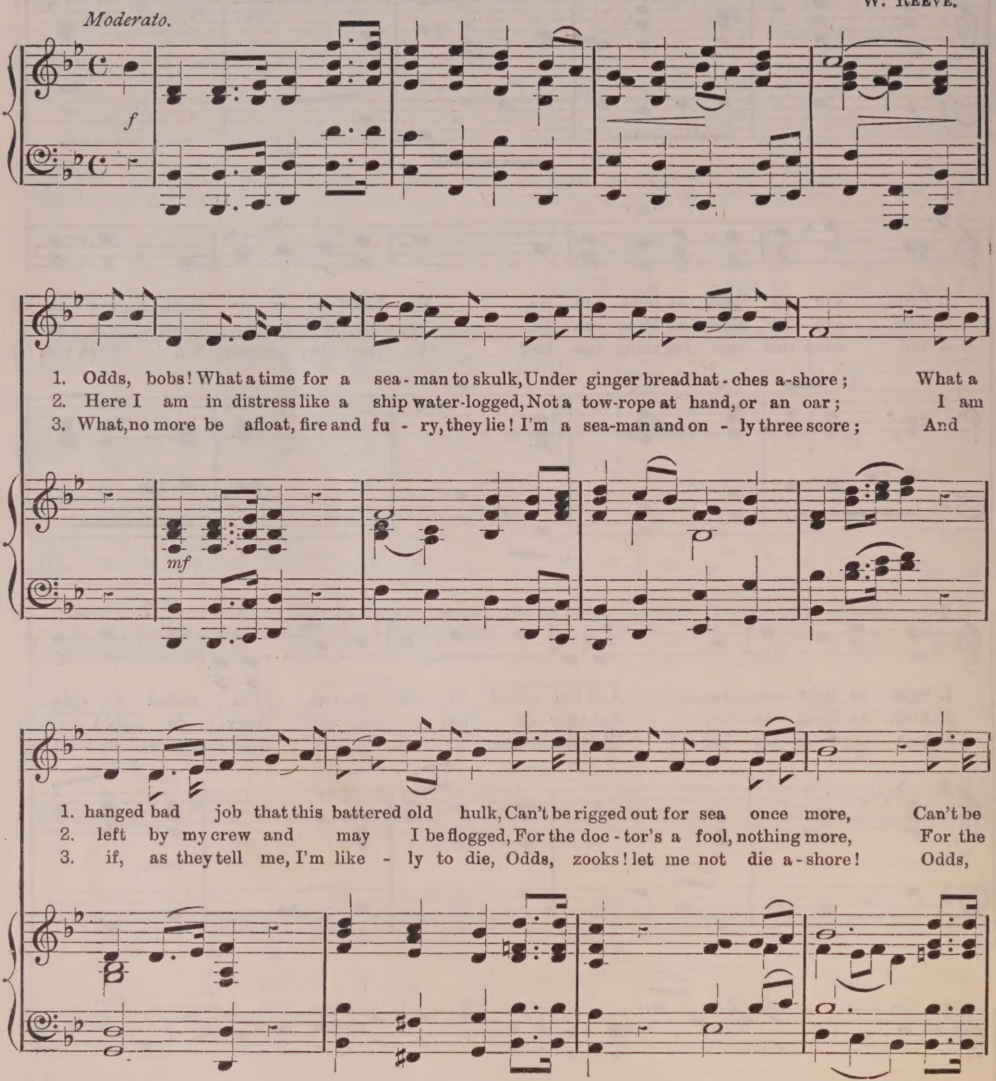

Allegretto grazioso.
p
rit.
p
p
1. I've got a lit - tle farm, and I've
2. No an - gry pas - sion sways with -
3. And yet I free - ly own that I
1. got a lit - tle house, And I've got a man - y pret - ty lit - tle milk - ing
2. in my peace-ful breast, Nor at night do fright-ful vis - ions e'er dis - turb my
3. now and then do feel A some-thing in my bos - om which I can - not re -
1. cows, I've got a lit - tle dog, and I've got a lit - tle nag, And I've
2. rest, I care not for the scoffs, nor do I mind the frowns Of the
3. veal, My heart goes pit - a - pat, and I feel a pleas-ing pain, When I

Another of Mrs. Bland's artless little Vauxhall ditties sung in the later period of her singing—about 1815. The words and music are by John Parry, a very prolific composer of popular song melodies in the twenties of the last century. He was born at Denbigh in Wales in 1776, and died in London in 1851. Parry edited collections of Welsh and Scottish airs, and did a great deal of composing and editing for Goulding and D'Almaine. He was the composer of the once favourite "Jenny Jones."

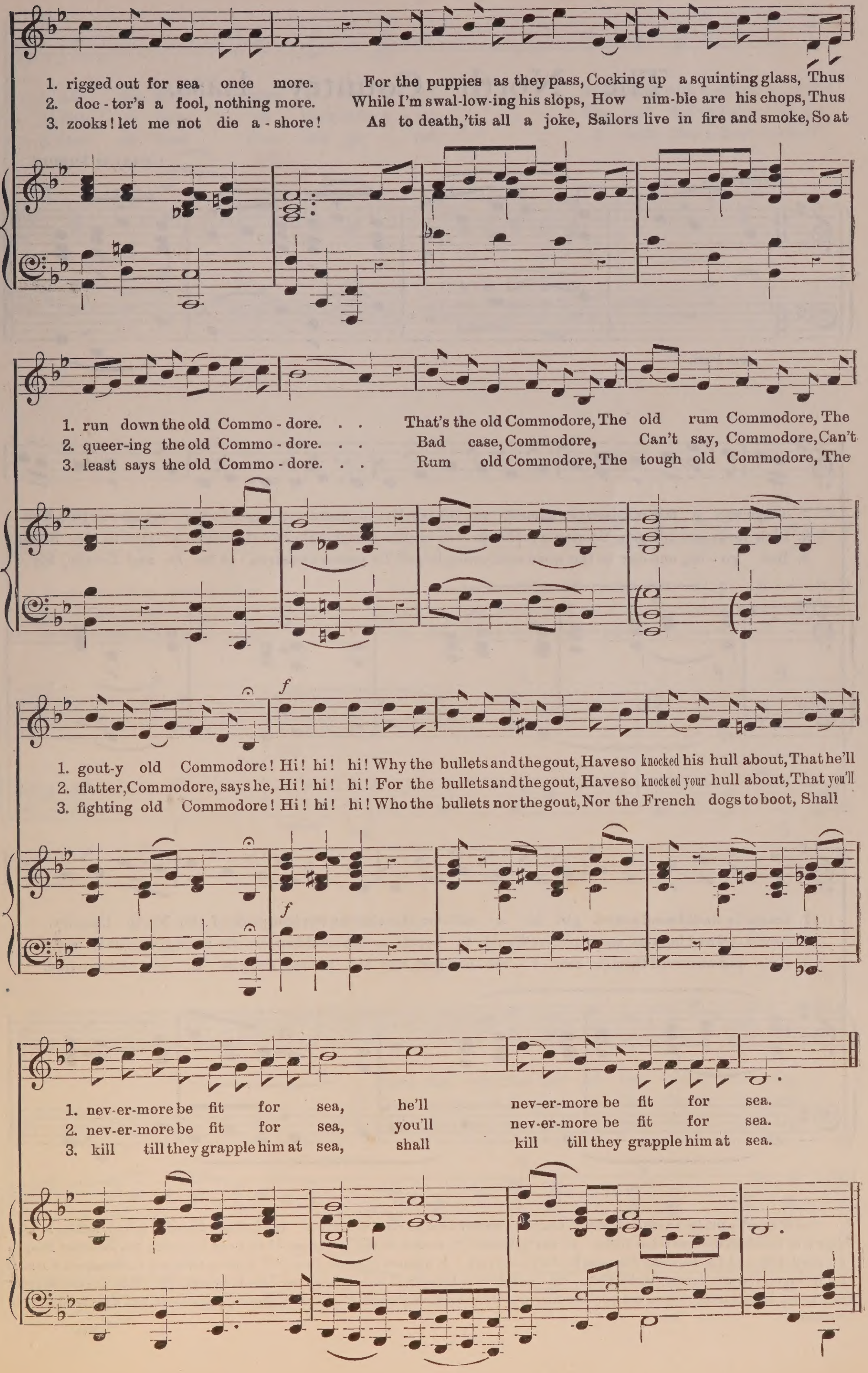

1. got a lit-tle mon-ey in a sil - ken bag. My heart is ev - er
2. proud and haughty dam-sels in their sa - tin gowns. No, no, I feel as
3. catch my-self a - think-ing of a cer - tain swain. I pray you, can you
1. light, aye as light as light can be, My heart is ev - er light, aye as
2. blest, aye as blest as blest can be, No, no, I feel as blest, aye as
3. tell what this teas - ing thing can be? I pray you, can you tell what this
cres.
1. light as light can be, And I'm called lit - tle Ma - ry, I'm called lit - tle
2. blest as blest can be, For they do but en - vy, they do but
3. teas - ing thing can be, That dis - turbs lit - tle Ma - ry, that dis - turbs lit - tle
cres.
1. Ma - ry, I'm called lit - tle Ma - ry, lit - tle Ma - ry of the Dee.
2. en - vy, They do but en - vy lit - tle Ma - ry of the Dee.
3. Ma - ry, That dis - turbs lit - tle Ma - ry, lit - tle Ma - ry of the Dee.

The Old Commodore.

W. Reeve.

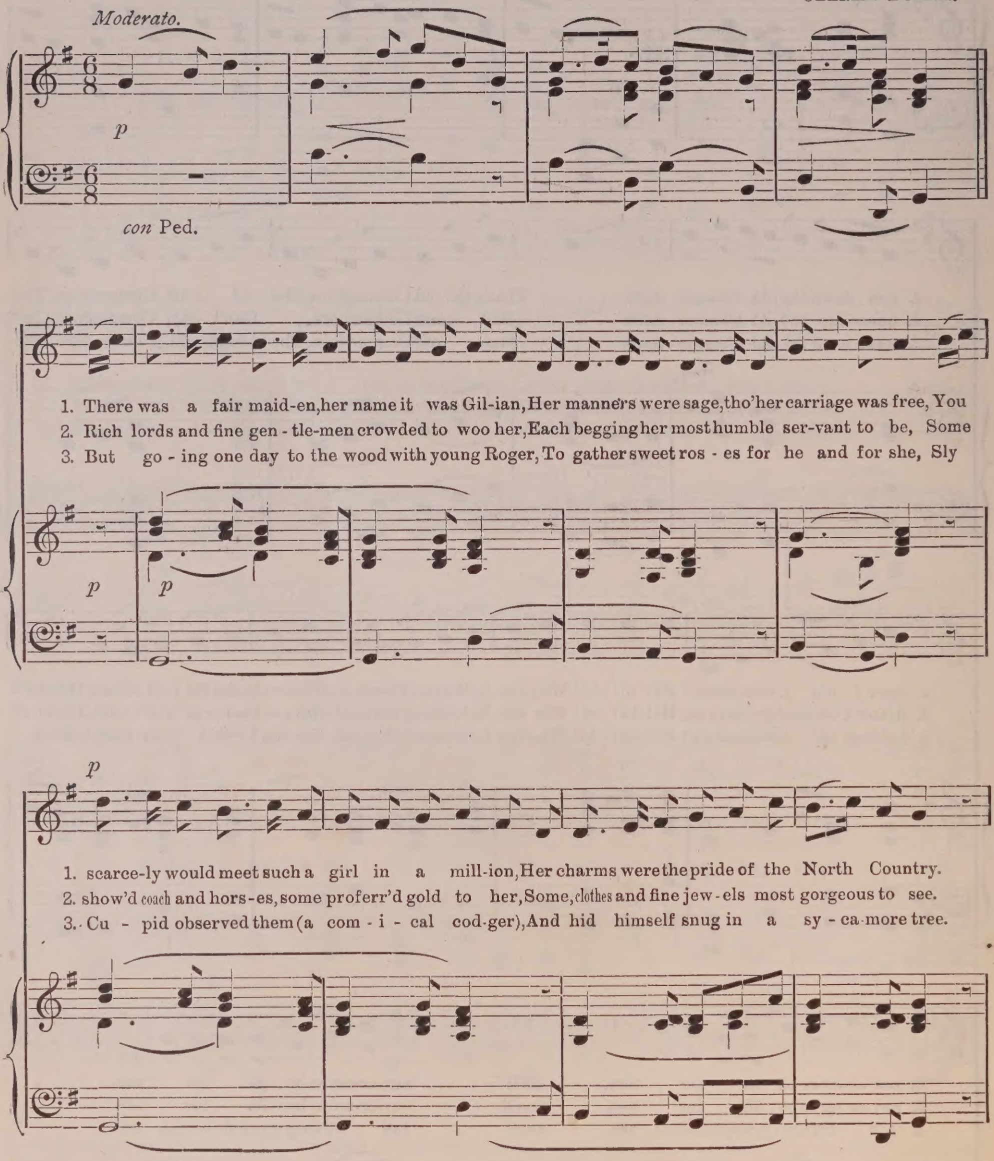

Moderato.
f
mf
1. Odds, bobs! What a time for a sea-man to skulk, Under ginger bread hat-ches a-shore; What a
2. Here I am in distress like a ship water-logged, Not a tow-rope at hand, or an oar; I am
3. What, no more be afloat, fire and fu-ry, they lie! I'm a sea-man and on-ly three score; And
1. hanged bad job that this battered old hulk, Can't be rigged out for sea once more, Can't be
2. left by my crew and may I be flogged, For the doc-tor's a fool, nothing more, For the
3. if, as they tell me, I'm like-ly to die, Odds, zooks! let me not die a-shore! Odds,

This original and vigorous song of a disabled and bellicose old sea dog anxious to have yet another cut at the enemy was a great favourite for nearly half a century after its first production. The words are by Mark Lonsdale, a native of Carlisle (born 1758, died 1815), author of several dramatic entertainments which were acted at Sadler's Wells Theatre from 1792 to 1795. He was also machinist and arranger of the pantomimes and spectacles at that theatre. The song was first sung in one of these entertainments, which under the title, *The Naval Triumph; or, the Tars of Old England*, commemorated Lord Howe's victory over the French on the first of June, 1794. It was sung by Mr. Dighton, at this period the principal male vocalist at Sadler's Wells, and the words were first printed in a small song-book, *The Whim of the Day for 1795.* The air is by William Reeve (born 1757, died 1815), a prolific writer of pantomime music and of similar work. Reeve was composer to Astley's Circus and to Covent Garden Theatre, besides being an organist. He was also at one time part-proprietor of Sadler's Wells. "The Old Commodore" gave the suggestion for and title of a novel written on the Marryat lines by Lieut. Edward Howard, and published in 1837. In the song as printed above some of the expletives of the fiery old gentleman have had to be slightly toned down.

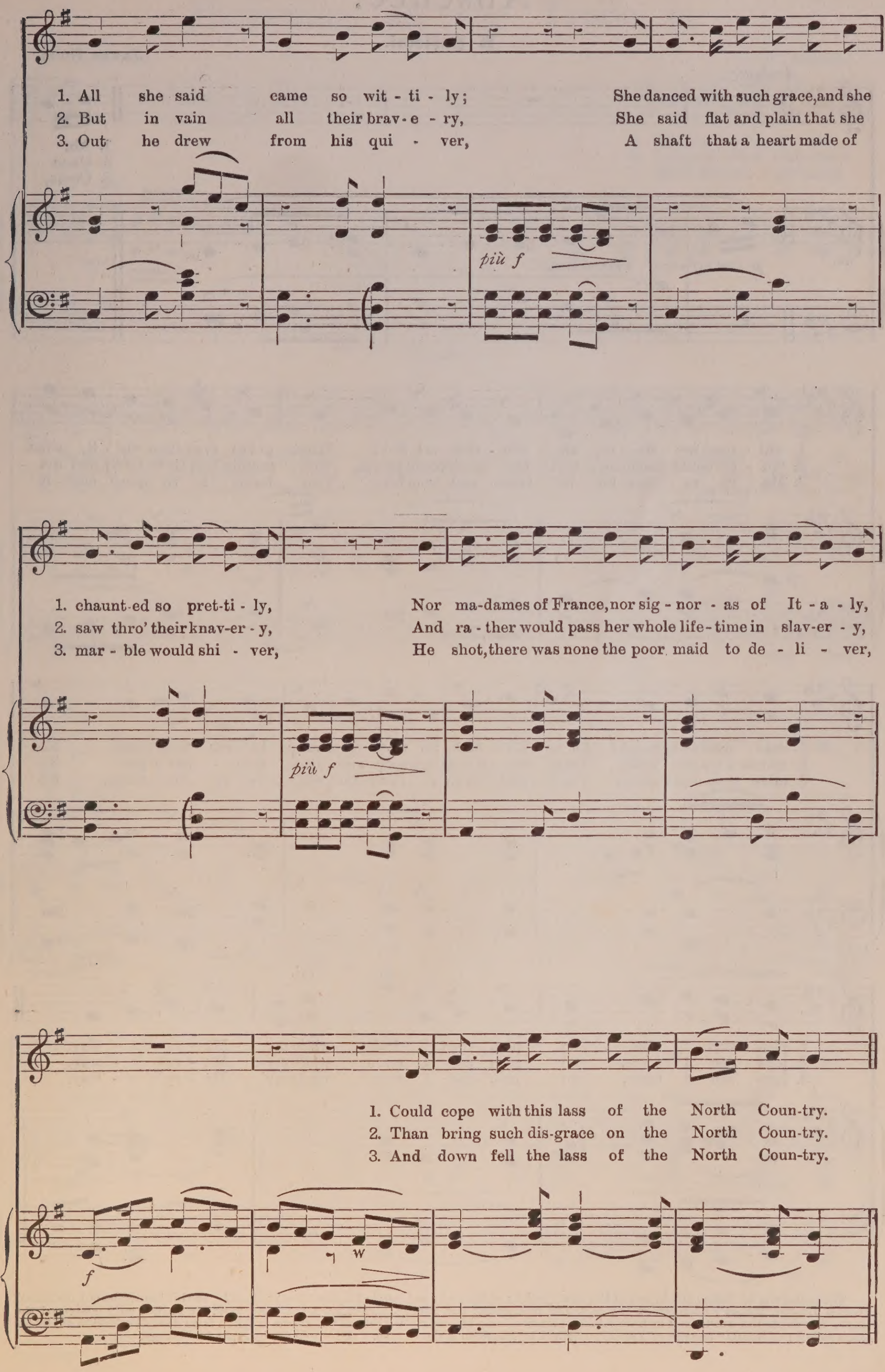

1. rigged out for sea once more. For the puppies as they pass, Cocking up a squinting glass, Thus
2. doc - tor's a fool, nothing more. While I'm swal-low-ing his slops, How nim-ble are his chops, Thus
3. zooks! let me not die a - shore! As to death, 'tis all a joke, Sailors live in fire and smoke, So at
1. run down the old Commo - dore. . . That's the old Commodore, The old rum Commodore, The
2. queer-ing the old Commo - dore. . . Bad case, Commodore, Can't say, Commodore, Can't
3. least says the old Commo - dore. . . Rum old Commodore, The tough old Commodore, The
1. gout-y old Commodore! Hi! hi! hi! Why the bullets and the gout, Have so knocked his hull about, That he'll
2. flatter, Commodore, says he, Hi! hi! hi! For the bullets and the gout, Have so knocked your hull about, That you'll
3. fighting old Commodore! Hi! hi! hi! Who the bullets nor the gout, Nor the French dogs to boot, Shall
f
1. nev-er-more be fit for sea, he'll nev-er-more be fit for sea.
2. nev-er-more be fit for sea, you'll nev-er-more be fit for sea.
3. kill till they grapple him at sea, shall kill till they grapple him at sea.

The North Country Lass.

CHARLES DIBDIN.


Moderato.
p
con Ped.
1. There was a fair maid-en, her name it was Gil-ian, Her manners were sage, tho'her carriage was free, You
2. Rich lords and fine gen - tle-men crowded to woo her, Each begging her most humble ser-vant to be, Some
3. But go - ing one day to the wood with young Roger, To gather sweet ros - es for he and for she, Sly
p
p
p
1. scarce-ly would meet such a girl in a mill-ion, Her charms were the pride of the North Country.
2. show'd coach and hors-es, some proferr'd gold to her, Some, clothes and fine jew - els most gorgeous to see.
3. Cu - pid observed them (a com - i - cal cod-ger), And hid himself snug in a sy - ca-more tree.

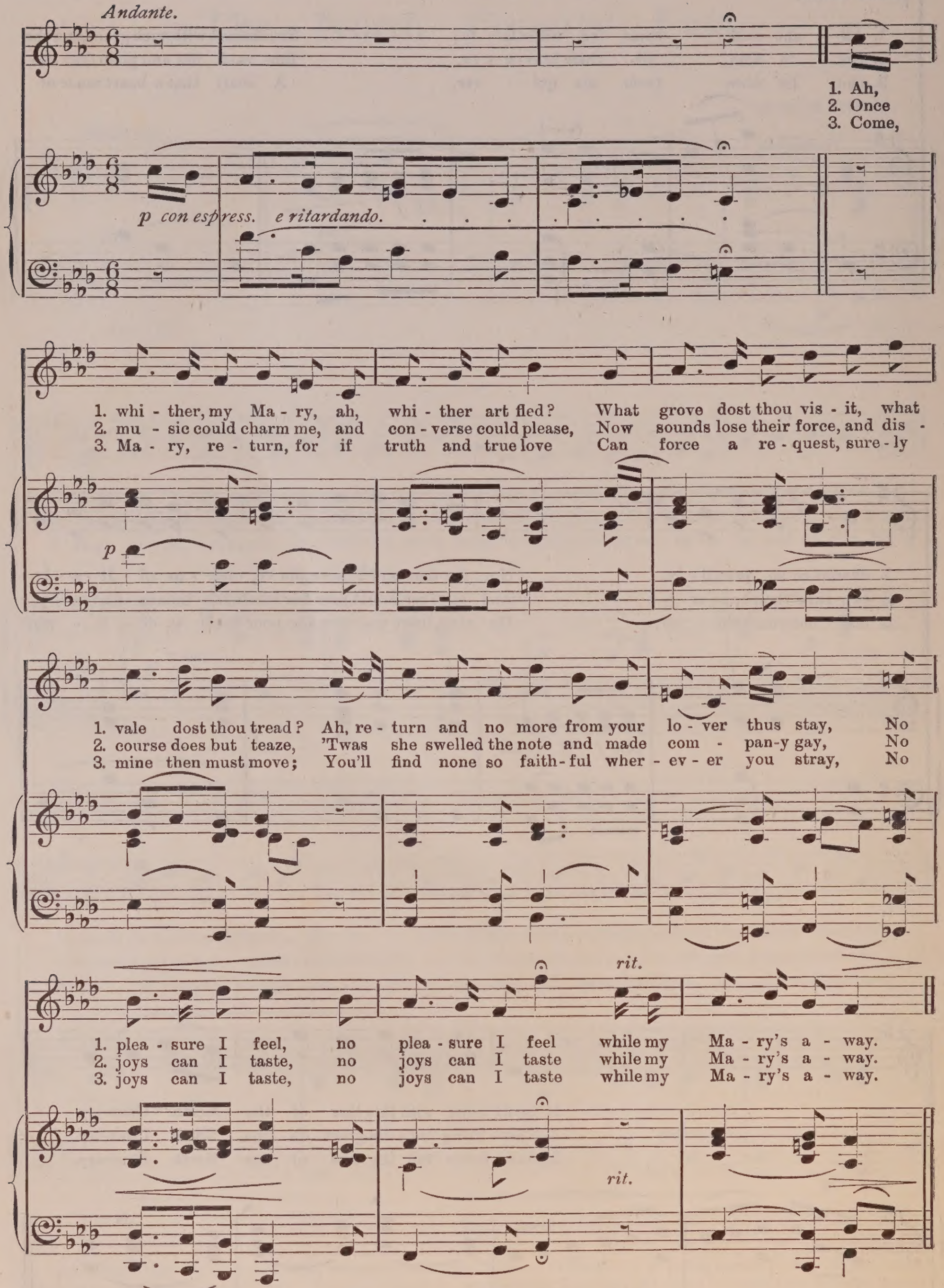
One of Charles Dibdin's very early songs, composed shortly after he came to London. It won some degree of favour, and he himself sang it at Ranelagh Gardens about 1768-9. It was published in several of the Magazines of that day, including *The Universal Museum* for April, 1769, and *The Universal Magazine* for July same year. It appears in *Vocal Music*, vol. i., *circa* 1770, and in Thompson's *Dances* for 1770 it is given as a country dance tune. The melody was introduced some years later into the opera, *The Waterman* (acted 1774), put to words beginning, "And did you not hear of a Jolly Young Waterman?" and with this song attached it had a renewed lease of popularity.


1. All she said came so wit - ti - ly; She danced with such grace,and she
2. But in vain all their brav - e - ry, She said flat and plain that she
3. Out he drew from his qui - ver, A shaft that a heart made of
più f
1. chaunt-ed so pret-ti - ly, Nor ma-dames of France,nor sig - nor - as of It - a - ly,
2. saw thro' their knav-er - y, And ra - ther would pass her whole life-time in slav-er - y,
3. mar - ble would shi - ver, He shot,there was none the poor maid to de - li - ver,
più f
1. Could cope with this lass of the North Coun-try.
2. Than bring such dis-grace on the North Coun-try.
3. And down fell the lass of the North Coun-try.
f

Absence.

A Pastoral.

James Hook.

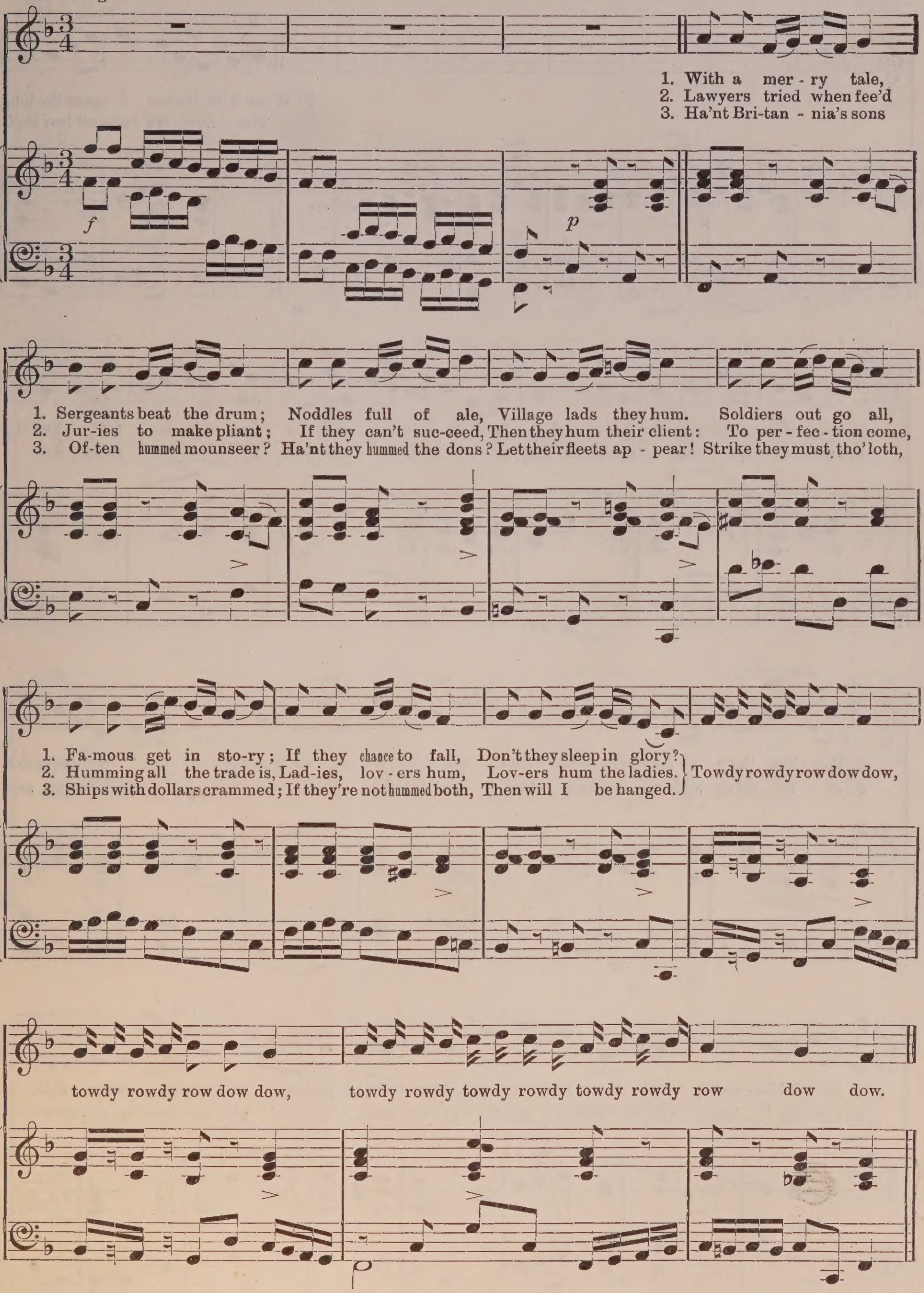

Andante.
1. Ah,
2. Once
3. Come,
p con espress. e ritardando.
1. whi - ther, my Ma - ry, ah, whi - ther art fled? What grove dost thou vis - it, what
2. mu - sic could charm me, and con - verse could please, Now sounds lose their force, and dis -
3. Ma - ry, re - turn, for if truth and true love Can force a re - quest, sure - ly
p
1. vale dost thou tread? Ah, re - turn and no more from your lo - ver thus stay, No
2. course does but teaze, 'Twas she swelled the note and made com - pan-y gay, No
3. mine then must move; You'll find none so faith - ful wher - ev - er you stray, No
rit.
1. plea - sure I feel, no plea - sure I feel while my Ma - ry's a - way.
2. joys can I taste, no joys can I taste while my Ma - ry's a - way.
3. joys can I taste, no joys can I taste while my Ma - ry's a - way.
rit.

The melody is by James Hook, one of the most prolific writers of vocal music England has produced. In this branch he out-distanced Charles Dibdin, whose compositions are certainly numerous; but Dibdin performed a threefold task, for he not only composed the music, but wrote the words, and in nearly every instance, sang the song. "Absence" as above, is taken from a small selection of Hook's songs called *The Monthly Banquet of Apollo*, published by Harrison & Co. in 1796. The words are by Eliza Le Strange.

Humming all the Trade is.

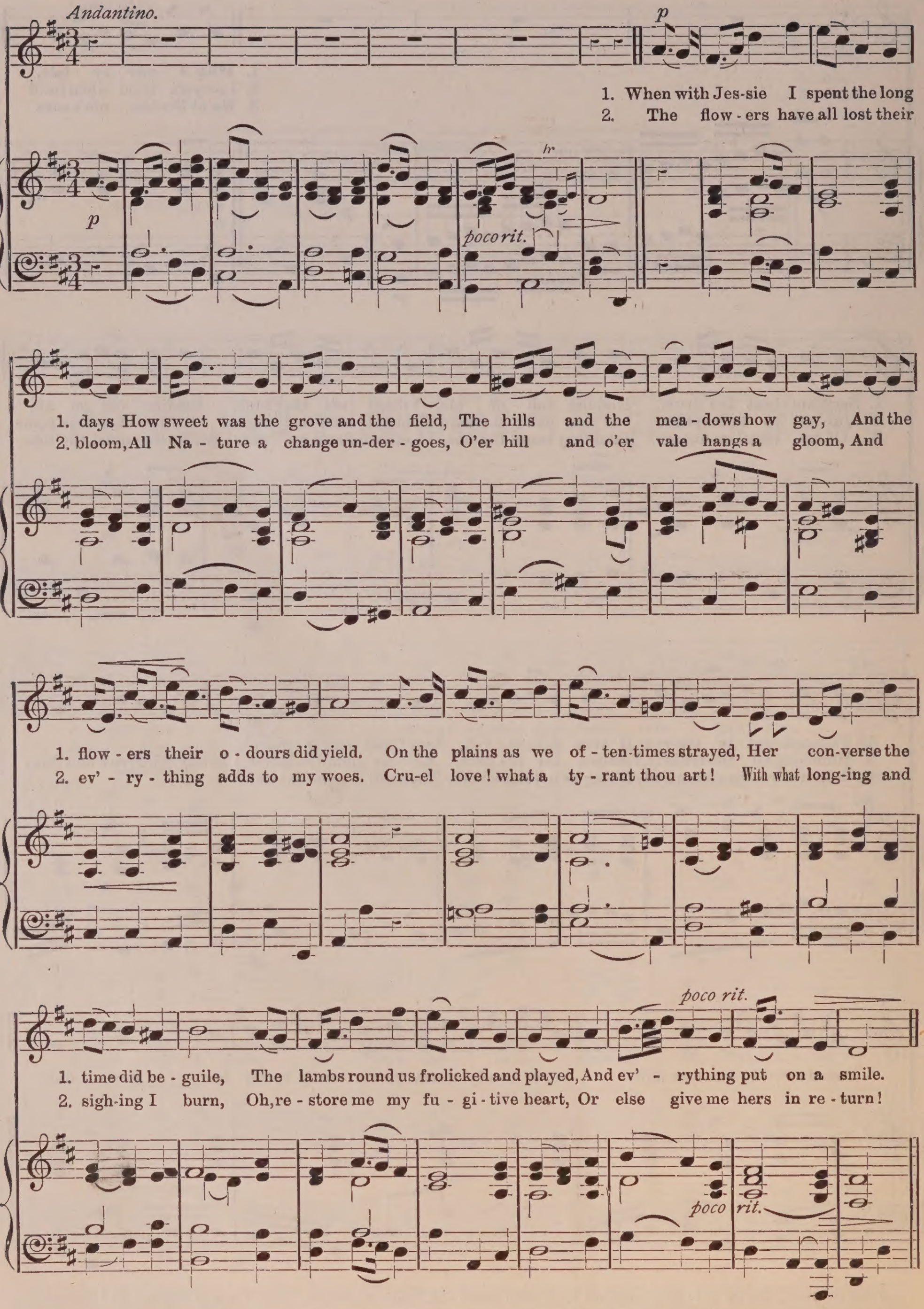
Allegretto.

W. Reeve.


f
p
1. With a mer - ry tale,
2. Lawyers tried when fee'd
3. Ha'nt Bri-tan - nia's sons
1. Sergeants beat the drum; Noddles full of ale, Village lads they hum. Soldiers out go all,
2. Jur-ies to make pliant; If they can't suc-ceed, Then they hum their client: To per-fec-tion come,
3. Of-ten hummed mounseer? Ha'nt they hummed the dons? Let their fleets ap - pear! Strike they must tho' loth,
1. Fa-mous get in sto-ry; If they chance to fall, Don't they sleep in glory?
2. Humming all the trade is, Lad-ies, lov-ers hum, Lov-ers hum the ladies.
3. Ships with dollars crammed; If they're not hummed both, Then will I be hanged.
Towdy rowdy row dow dow,
towdy rowdy row dow dow,
towdy rowdy towdy rowdy towdy rowdy row dow dow.

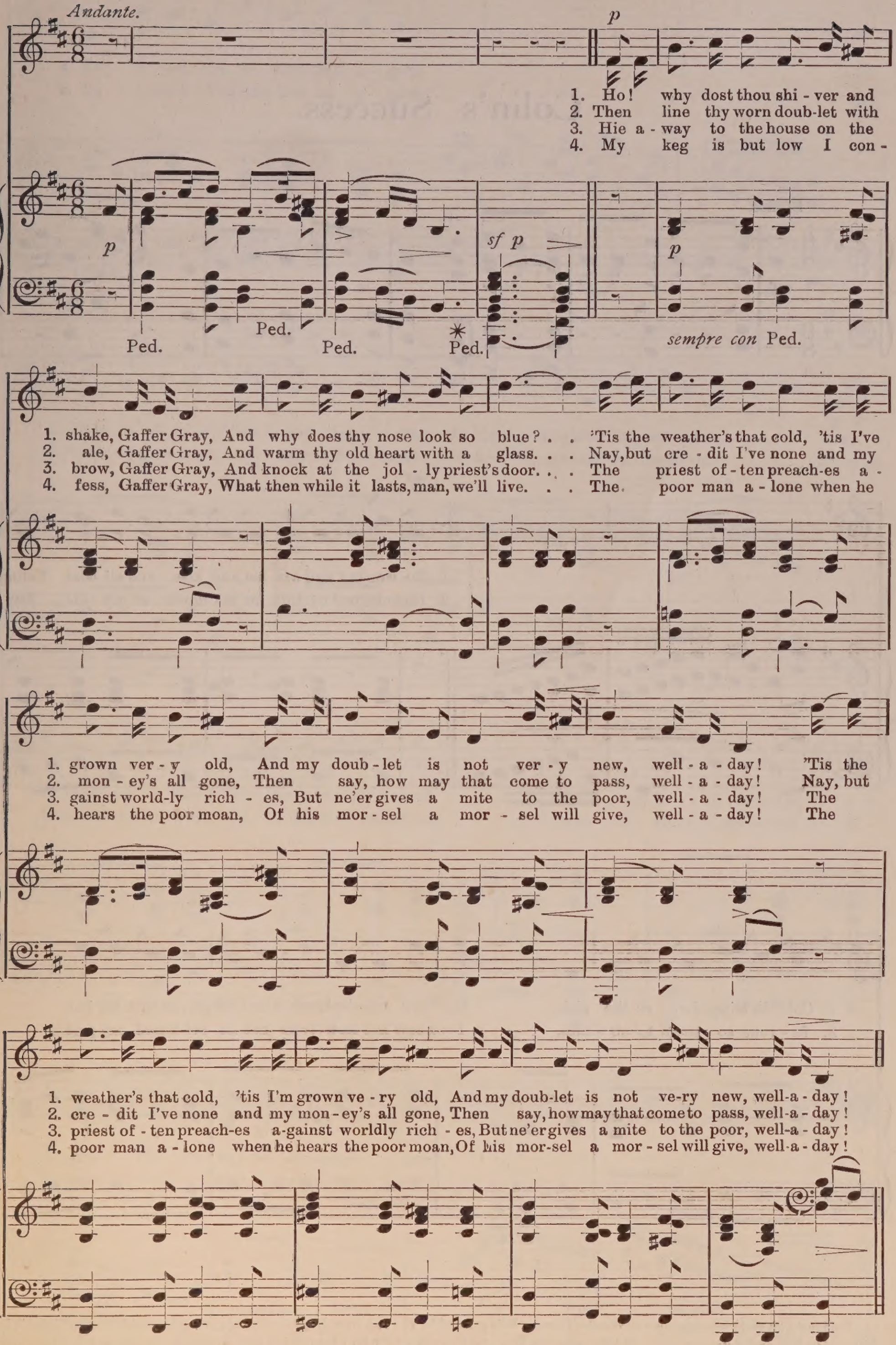
From the opera, *The Turnpike Gate*, composed by William Reeve and Joseph Mazzinghi. This was a production far in advance of many operas contemporary with it, for it contains a number of clever and witty songs. The air is by William Reeve, and the words by the author of the libretto, Edward Knight, the comedian. It need scarcely be explained that "hum" was the old form of "humbug."

Jessie.


Andantino.
p
1. When with Jes-sie I spent the long
2. The flow - ers have all lost their
p
tr
poco rit.
1. days How sweet was the grove and the field, The hills and the mea - dows how gay, And the
2. bloom, All Na - ture a change un-der - goes, O'er hill and o'er vale hangs a gloom, And
1. flow - ers their o - dours did yield. On the plains as we of - ten-times strayed, Her con-verse the
2. ev' - ry - thing adds to my woes. Cru-el love! what a ty - rant thou art! With what long-ing and
poco rit.
1. time did be - guile, The lambs round us frolicked and played, And ev' - rything put on a smile.
2. sigh-ing I burn, Oh, re - store me my fu - gi - tive heart, Or else give me hers in re - turn!
poco rit.

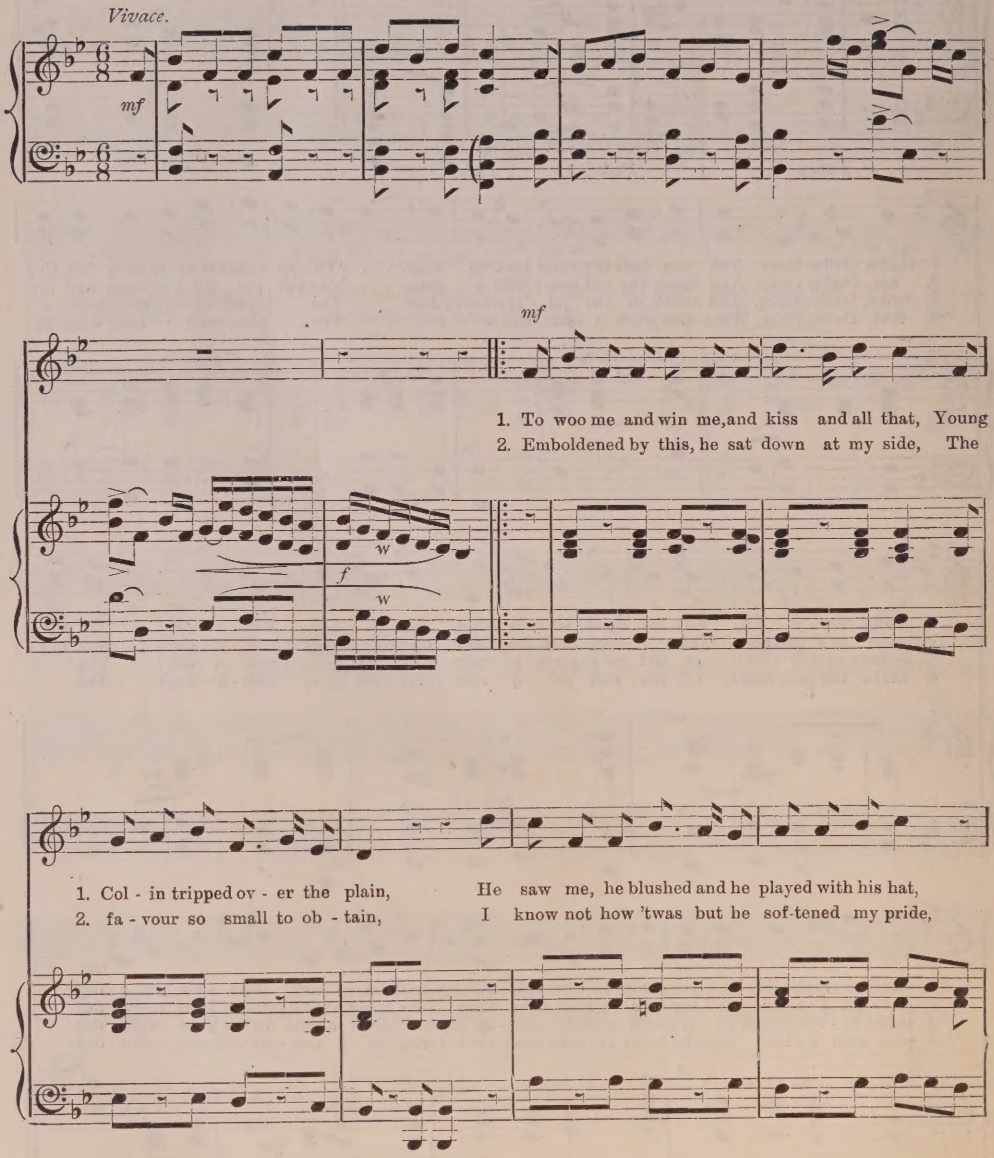
Published without author's name in the *Royal Magazine* for October, 1760, and in *The Musical Magazine by Mr. Oswald and other celebrated masters*, quarto, *circa* 1761-4, a work issued by J. Coote, publisher of the *Royal Magazine*.

Gaffer Gray.

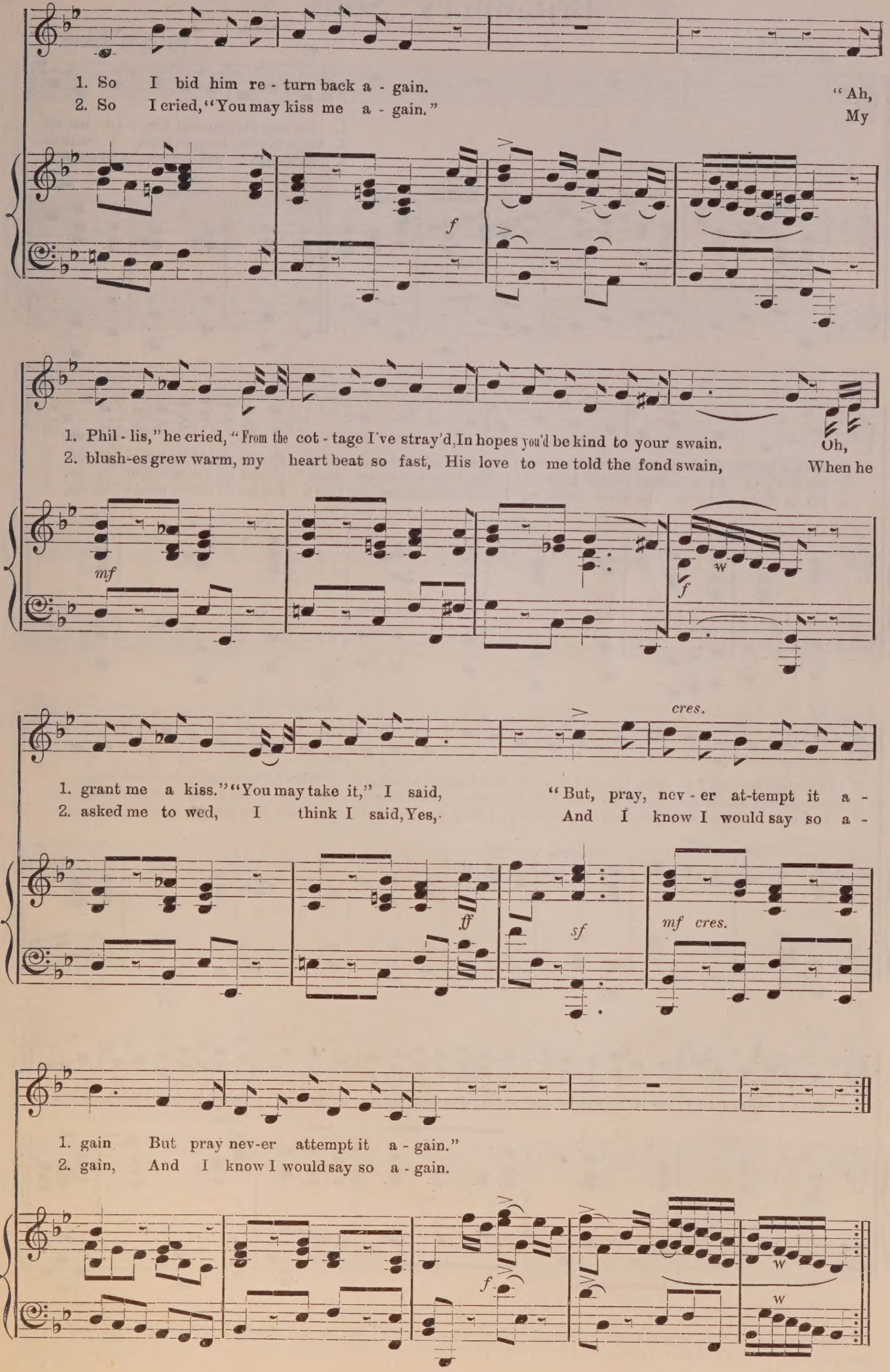

Andante.
p
1. Ho! why dost thou shi - ver and
2. Then line thy worn doub-let with
3. Hie a - way to the house on the
4. My keg is but low I con -
p
sf p
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
sempre con Ped.
1. shake, Gaffer Gray, And why does thy nose look so blue? . . 'Tis the weather's that cold, 'tis I've
2. ale, Gaffer Gray, And warm thy old heart with a glass. . . Nay, but cre - dit I've none and my
3. brow, Gaffer Gray, And knock at the jol - ly priest's door. . . The priest of - ten preach-es a -
4. fess, Gaffer Gray, What then while it lasts, man, we'll live. . . The poor man a - lone when he
1. grown ver - y old, And my doub - let is not ver - y new, well - a - day! 'Tis the
2. mon - ey's all gone, Then say, how may that come to pass, well - a - day! Nay, but
3. gainst world-ly rich - es, But ne'er gives a mite to the poor, well - a - day! The
4. hears the poor moan, Of his mor - sel a mor - sel will give, well - a - day! The
1. weather's that cold, 'tis I'm grown ve - ry old, And my doub-let is not ve-ry new, well-a - day!
2. cre - dit I've none and my mon - ey's all gone, Then say, how may that come to pass, well-a - day!
3. priest of - ten preach-es a-gainst worldly rich - es, But ne'er gives a mite to the poor, well-a - day!
4. poor man a - lone when he hears the poor moan, Of his mor-sel a mor - sel will give, well-a - day!

For note to this song see Appendix.

Colin's Success.

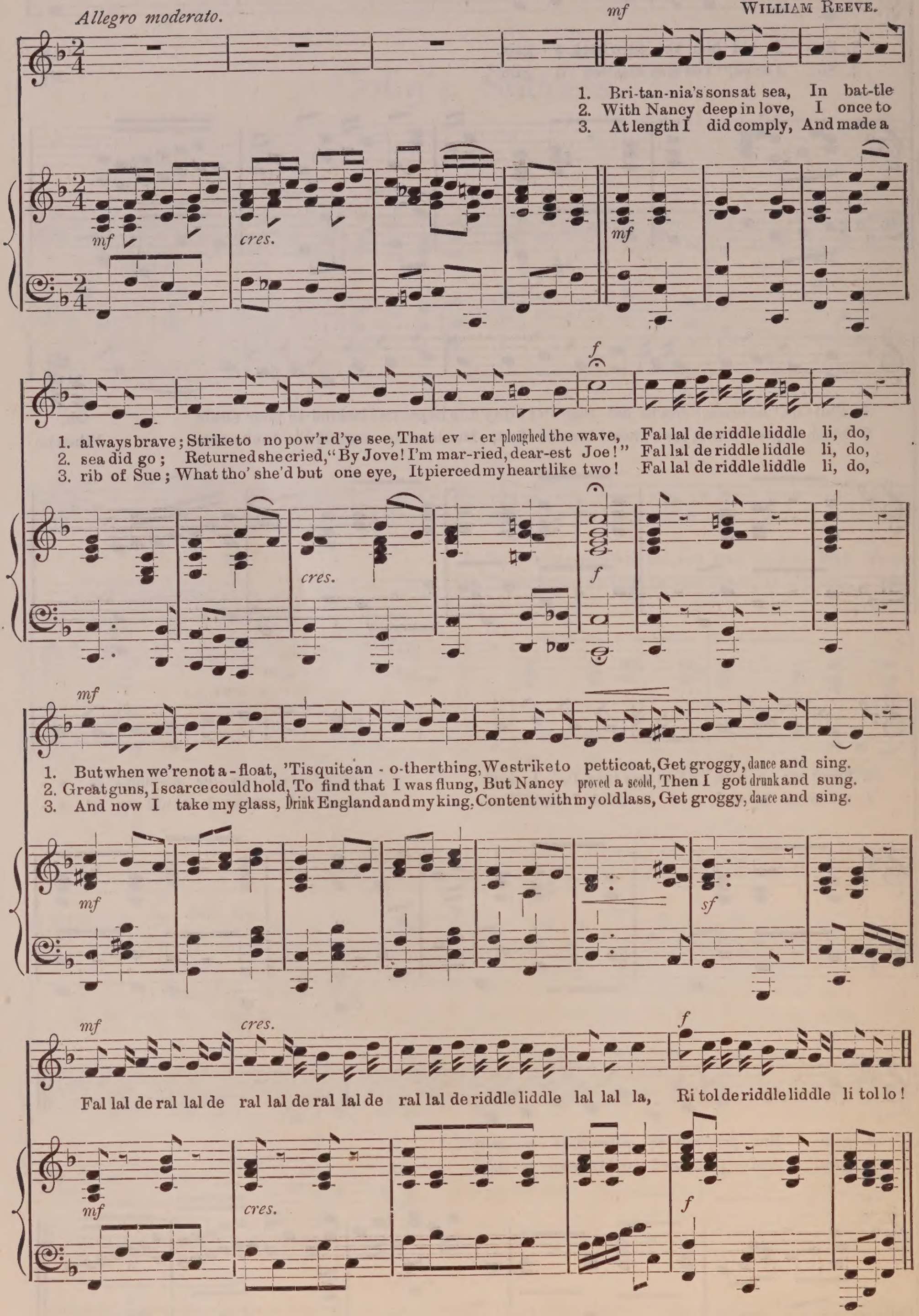

Vivace.
mf
mf
1. To woo me and win me, and kiss and all that, Young
2. Emboldened by this, he sat down at my side, The
f
1. Col - in tripped ov - er the plain, He saw me, he blushed and he played with his hat,
2. fa - vour so small to ob - tain, I know not how 'twas but he sof-tened my pride,

Evidently an early Mary-le-bone or Vauxhall song. It is printed in *The Universal Magazine* for August, 1754, and four years later it is included in *Clio and Euterpe*, vol. i. In this collection it is given as sung by Miss Chambers, a now forgotten songstress, who about this time sung at Mary-le-bone and Vauxhall Gardens. There is no indication as to composer of the air or writer of the verses.


1. So I bid him re - turn back a - gain. "Ah,
2. So I cried, "You may kiss me a - gain." My
f
1. Phil - lis," he cried, "From the cot - tage I've stray'd, In hopes you'd be kind to your swain. Oh,
2. blush-es grew warm, my heart beat so fast, His love to me told the fond swain, When he
mf
f
cres.
1. grant me a kiss." "You may take it," I said, "But, pray, nev - er at-tempt it a -
2. asked me to wed, I think I said, Yes, And I know I would say so a -
ff
sf
mf cres.
1. gain But pray nev-er attempt it a - gain."
2. gain, And I know I would say so a - gain.
f
w

Britannia's Sons.

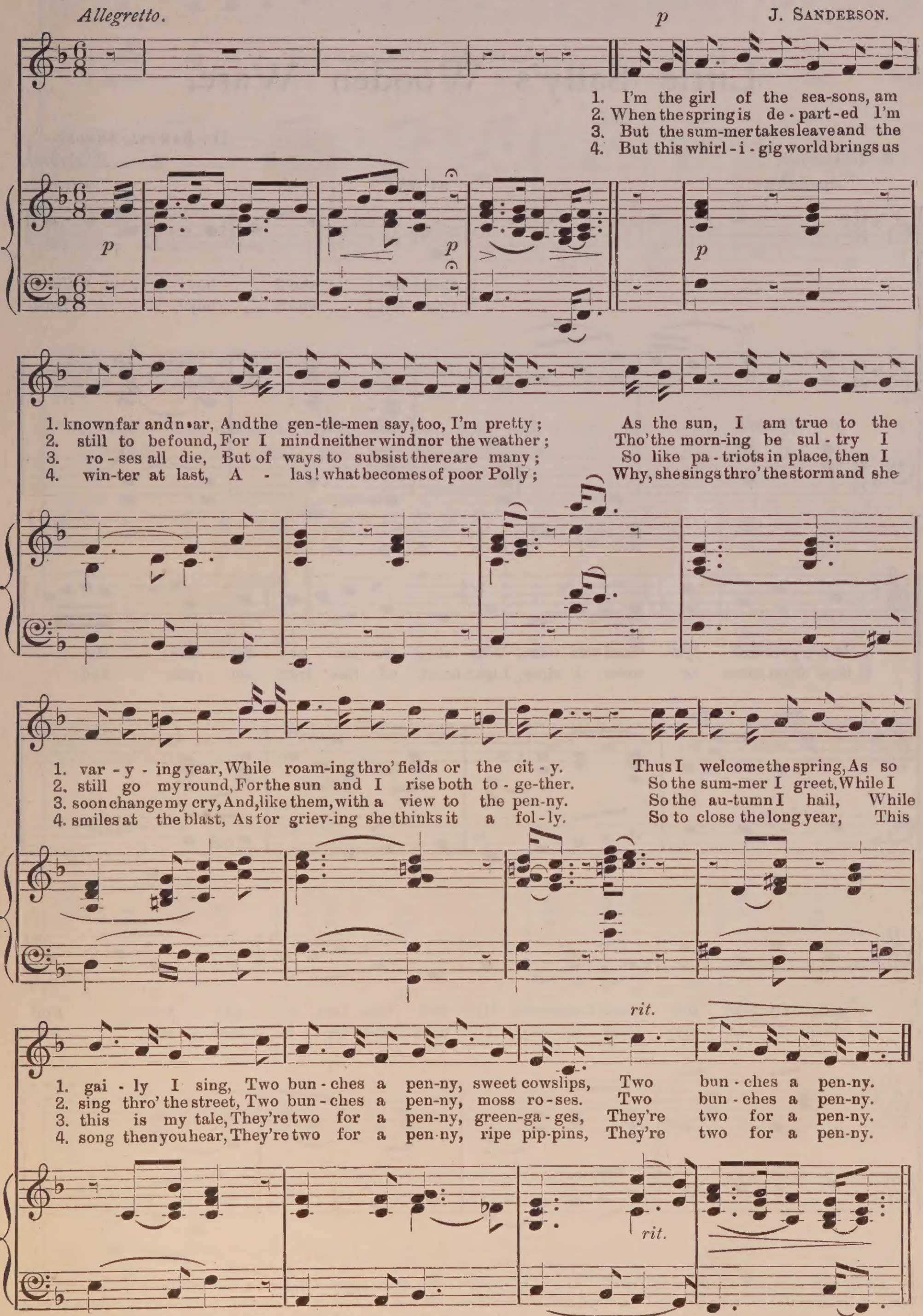
WILLIAM REEVE.


Allegro moderato.
mf
1. Bri-tan-nia's sons at sea, In bat-tle
2. With Nancy deep in love, I once to
3. At length I did comply, And made a
mf
cres.
mf
1. always brave; Strike to no pow'r d'ye see, That ev - er ploughed the wave, Fal lal de riddle liddle li, do,
2. sea did go; Returned she cried, "By Jove! I'm mar-ried, dear-est Joe!" Fal lal de riddle liddle li, do,
3. rib of Sue; What tho' she'd but one eye, It pierced my heart like two! Fal lal de riddle liddle li, do,
f
cres.
f
mf
1. But when we're not a-float, 'Tis quite an-o-ther thing, We strike to petticoat, Get groggy, dance and sing.
2. Great guns, I scarce could hold, To find that I was flung, But Nancy proved a scold, Then I got drunk and sung.
3. And now I take my glass, Drink England and my king, Content with my old lass, Get groggy, dance and sing.
mf
sf
mf
cres.
Fal lal de ral lal de ral lal de ral lal de ral lal de riddle liddle lal lal la, Ri tol de riddle liddle li tol lo!
f
mf
cres.
f

From the opera of *The Turnpike Gate*, by Mazzinghi and Reeve, acted 1799. The air is by Reeve, and the song had, apart from the opera, a certain amount of deserved popularity; it was sung by Fawcett.

The Girl of the Seasons.

J. SANDERSON.

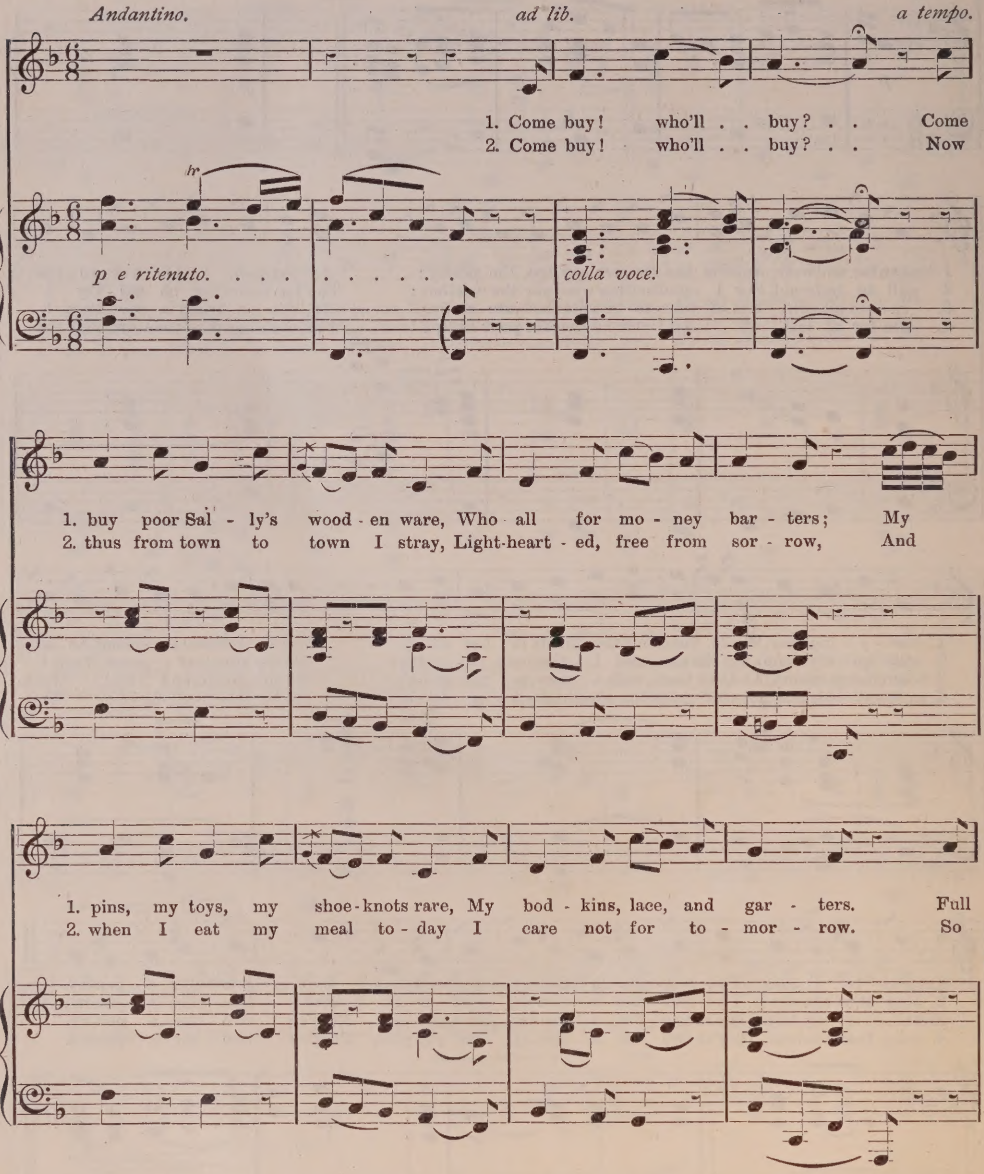

Allegretto.
p
1. I'm the girl of the sea-sons, am
2. When the spring is de - part-ed I'm
3. But the sum-mer takes leave and the
4. But this whirl - i - gig world brings us
1. known far and near, And the gen-tle-men say, too, I'm pretty; As the sun, I am true to the
2. still to be found, For I mind neither wind nor the weather; Tho' the morn-ing be sul - try I
3. ro - ses all die, But of ways to subsist there are many; So like pa - triots in place, then I
4. win-ter at last, A - las! what becomes of poor Polly; Why, she sings thro' the storm and she
1. var - y - ing year, While roam-ing thro' fields or the cit - y. Thus I welcome the spring, As so
2. still go my round, For the sun and I rise both to - ge-ther. So the sum-mer I greet, While I
3. soon change my cry, And, like them, with a view to the pen-ny. So the au-tumn I hail, While
4. smiles at the blast, As for griev-ing she thinks it a fol - ly. So to close the long year, This
rit.
1. gai - ly I sing, Two bun - ches a pen-ny, sweet cowslips, Two bun - ches a pen-ny.
2. sing thro' the street, Two bun - ches a pen-ny, moss ro - ses. Two bun - ches a pen-ny.
3. this is my tale, They're two for a pen-ny, green-ga - ges, They're two for a pen-ny.
4. song then you hear, They're two for a pen-ny, ripe pip-pins, They're two for a pen-ny.

One of the musical illustrations of the old-fashioned London street cries. Of these we have already included several. The words and music (with a pictorial illustration), are on sheet music issued by Purday & Button about 1806. The melody is by James Sanderson, a composer whose song, "The Marriage Day" we also print. The verses of "The Girl of the Seasons" are by E. Button, a relative to a partner in the firm, and were sung by Mrs. Bland at Vauxhall Gardens about the date quoted.

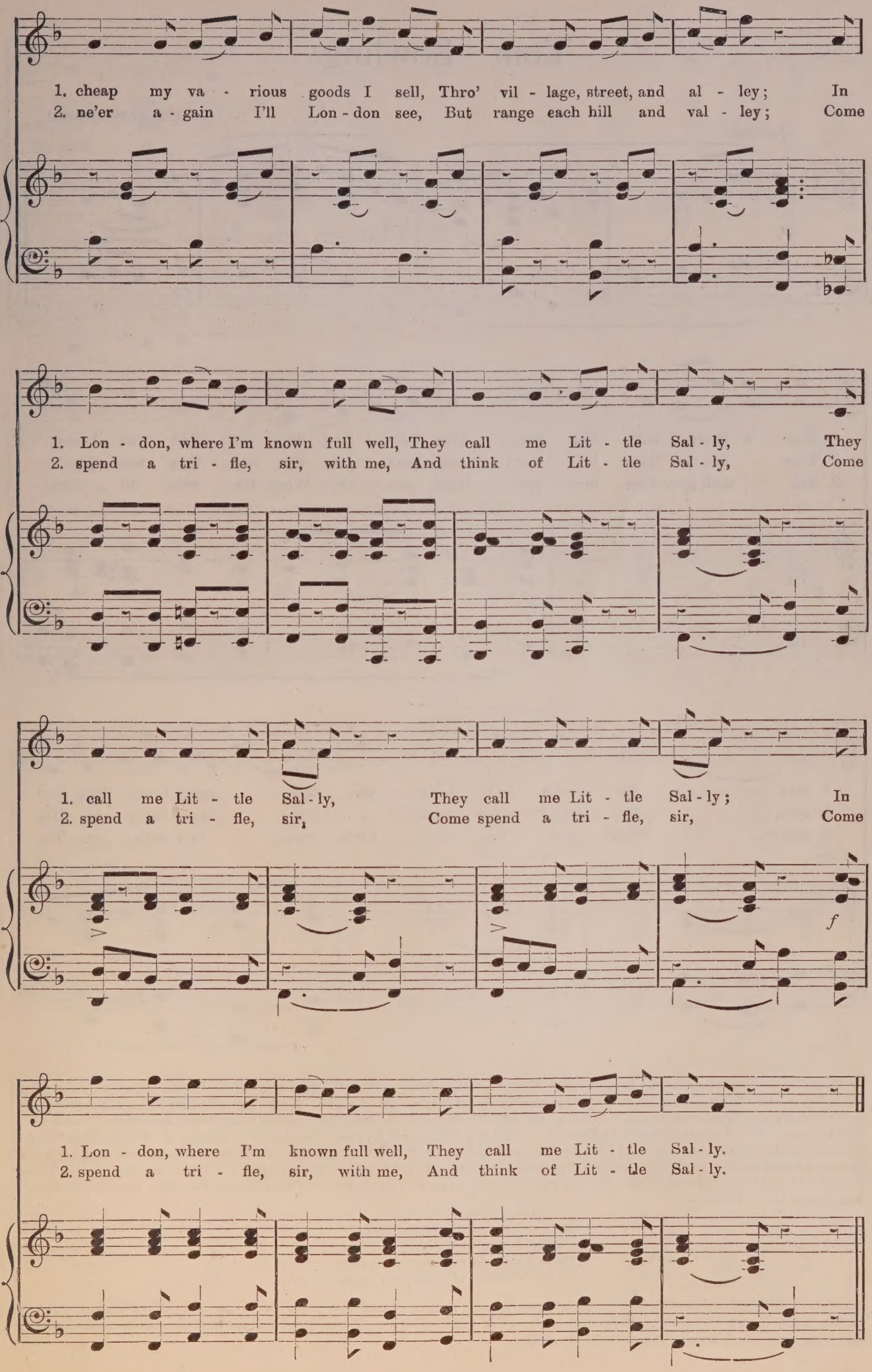
Little Sally's Wooden Ware.

Dr. Samuel Arnold.

S. J. Arnold.


Andantino.
ad lib.
Allegretto.
a tempo.
1. Come buy! who'll . . buy? . . Come
2. Come buy! who'll . . buy? . . Now
p e ritenuto. . . . .
colla voce.
1. buy poor Sal - ly's wood - en ware, Who all for mo - ney bar - ters; My
2. thus from town to town I stray, Light-heart - ed, free from sor - row, And
1. pins, my toys, my shoe - knots rare, My bod - kins, lace, and gar - ters. Full
2. when I eat my meal to - day I care not for to - mor - row. So
tr

A song from the opera, *The Shipwreck*, acted at Drury Lane in 1796. The words are by S. J. Arnold, author of the popular song, "The Death of Nelson," and the melody is by Dr. Samuel Arnold, his father. It was the fashion at this time to illustrate in music and song the popular street cries, and many pretty lyrics by Hook and others were the result. Of these, several were sung by Mrs. Bland. We give some examples of this class of song in "Little Bess the ballad singer," and "Come, who'll buy primroses?" Dr. Arnold was a musician of considerable degree of merit, but he lacked the grace of Hook and some of his contemporaries. He wrote and compiled a great number of the then popular ballad operas. He was born in 1740, and died in 1802.

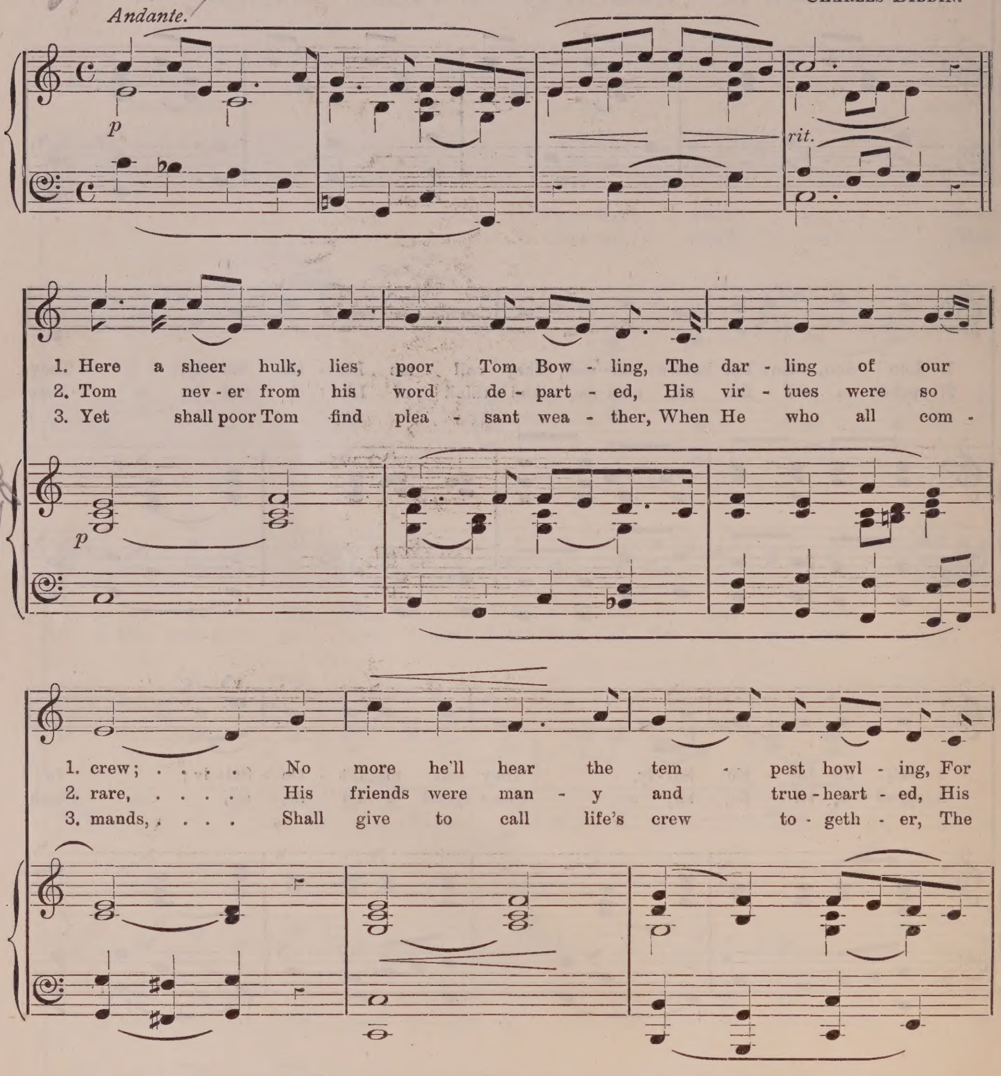

1. cheap my va - rious goods I sell, Thro' vil - lage, street, and al - ley; In
2. ne'er a - gain I'll Lon - don see, But range each hill and val - ley; Come
1. Lon - don, where I'm known full well, They call me Lit - tle Sal - ly, They
2. spend a tri - fle, sir, with me, And think of Lit - tle Sal - ly, Come
1. call me Lit - tle Sal - ly, They call me Lit - tle Sal - ly; In
2. spend a tri - fle, sir, Come spend a tri - fle, sir, Come
f
1. Lon - don, where I'm known full well, They call me Lit - tle Sal - ly.
2. spend a tri - fle, sir, with me, And think of Lit - tle Sal - ly.

2

2 verses
1st & last

Tom Bowling.

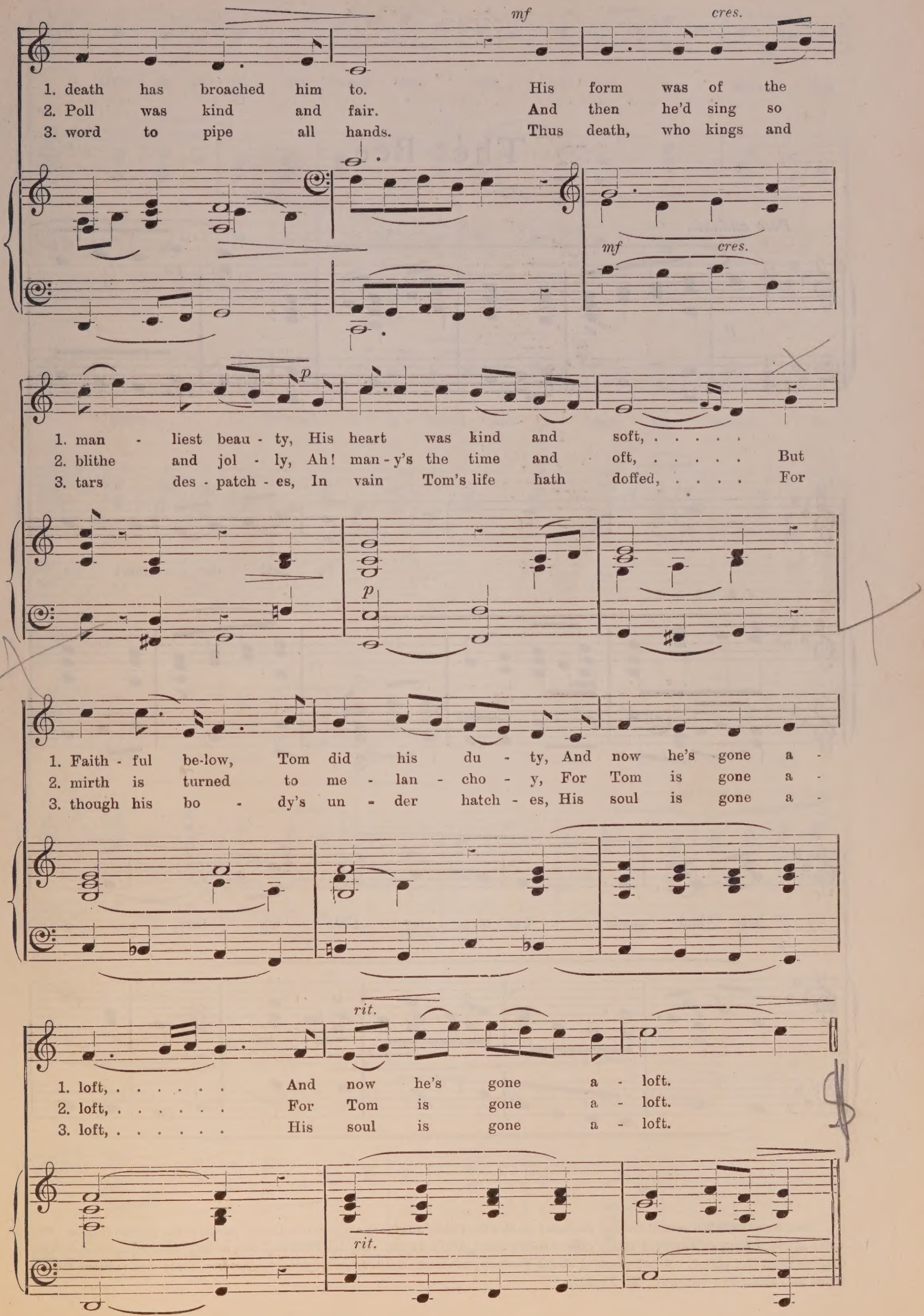
Charles Dibdin.


Andante.
p
rit.
1. Here a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bow - ling, The dar - ling of our
2. Tom nev - er from his word de - part - ed, His vir - tues were so
3. Yet shall poor Tom find plea - sant wea - ther, When He who all com -
p
1. crew; . . . . . No more he'll hear the tem - pest howl - ing, For
2. rare, ... His friends were man - y and true - heart - ed, His
3. mands, ... Shall give to call life's crew to - geth - er, The

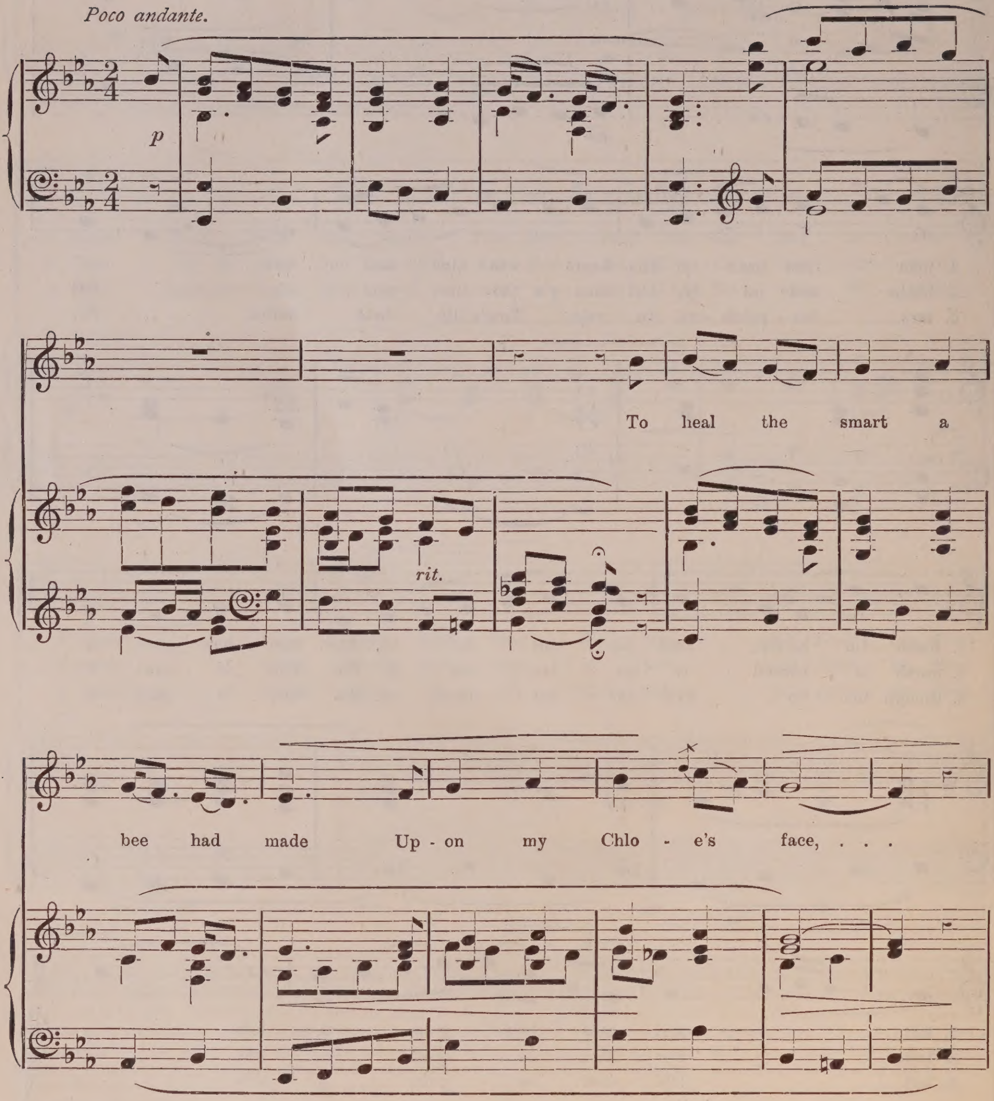
There are few more popular old English songs than "Tom Bowling." Of all Dibdin's lyrics it is the one which has most truly struck home. Dibdin himself speaks of its great popularity and of the great sale of copies. It was originally sung by the author-composer in the first of his table entertainments, *The Oddities*, given 7th December, 1789. Published on sheet music and in song-books, it invariably bore the title, "Poor Tom; or, the Sailor's Epitaph." An absurd statement has been made that the original of "Tom Bowling" was a man bearing the same name "who used to sit drinking with Dibdin and Shield." The song was really written in memory of the author's brother, Thomas Dibdin, who was a captain in the merchant service. If proof were wanted to confute the ridiculous story quoted above it could be found in the following lines which are part of a song Dibdin wrote on his late friend Charles Bannister, an actor and singer. They appear in *The Frolic*:—

> "'Poor Charles!'
> My lyre, once again the sad note,
> My tribute of gratitude lend;
> 'Poor Tom!' on my brother I wrote,
> 'Poor Charles!' I now write on my friend."

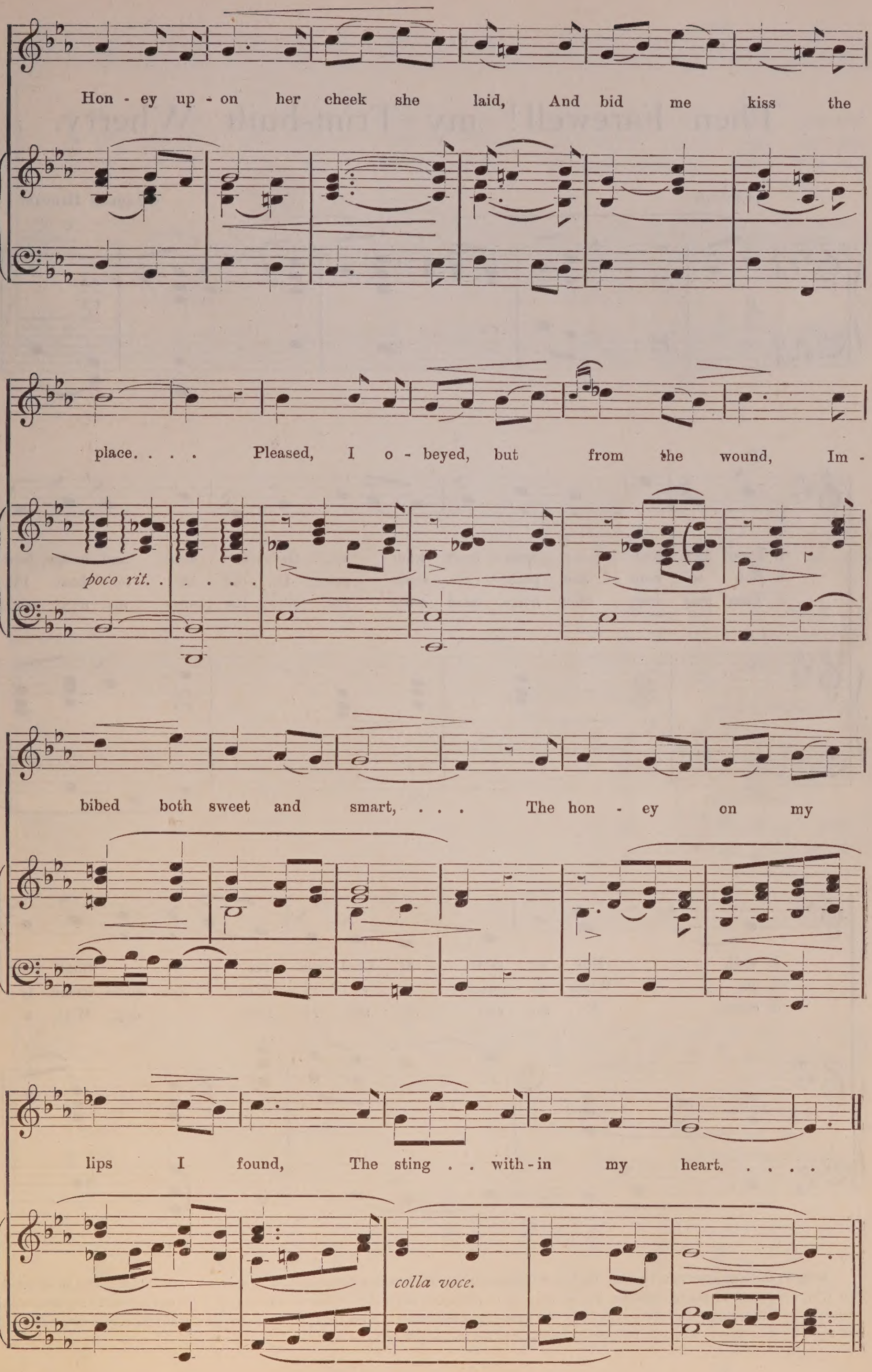
It may be mentioned incidentally that a "sheer hulk" was the hulk of a vessel which, unfit for the sea, was moored in a harbour with only the lower masts left standing. Fixed to the foot of these were long beams of wood, the whole serving as a crane for hoisting masts, stores, etc., into vessels brought alongside for the purpose.


mf
cres.
1. death has broached him to. His form was of the
2. Poll was kind and fair. And then he'd sing so
3. word to pipe all hands. Thus death, who kings and
mf
cres.
p
1. man - liest beau - ty, His heart was kind and soft, ...
2. blithe and jol - ly, Ah! man - y's the time and oft, ... But
3. tars des - patch - es, In vain Tom's life hath doffed, ... For
p
1. Faith - ful be-low, Tom did his du - ty, And now he's gone a -
2. mirth is turned to me - lan - cho - y, For Tom is gone a -
3. though his bo - dy's un - der hatch - es, His soul is gone a -
rit.
1. loft, ... And now he's gone a - loft.
2. loft, ... For Tom is gone a - loft.
3. loft, ... His soul is gone a - loft.
rit.

The Bee.

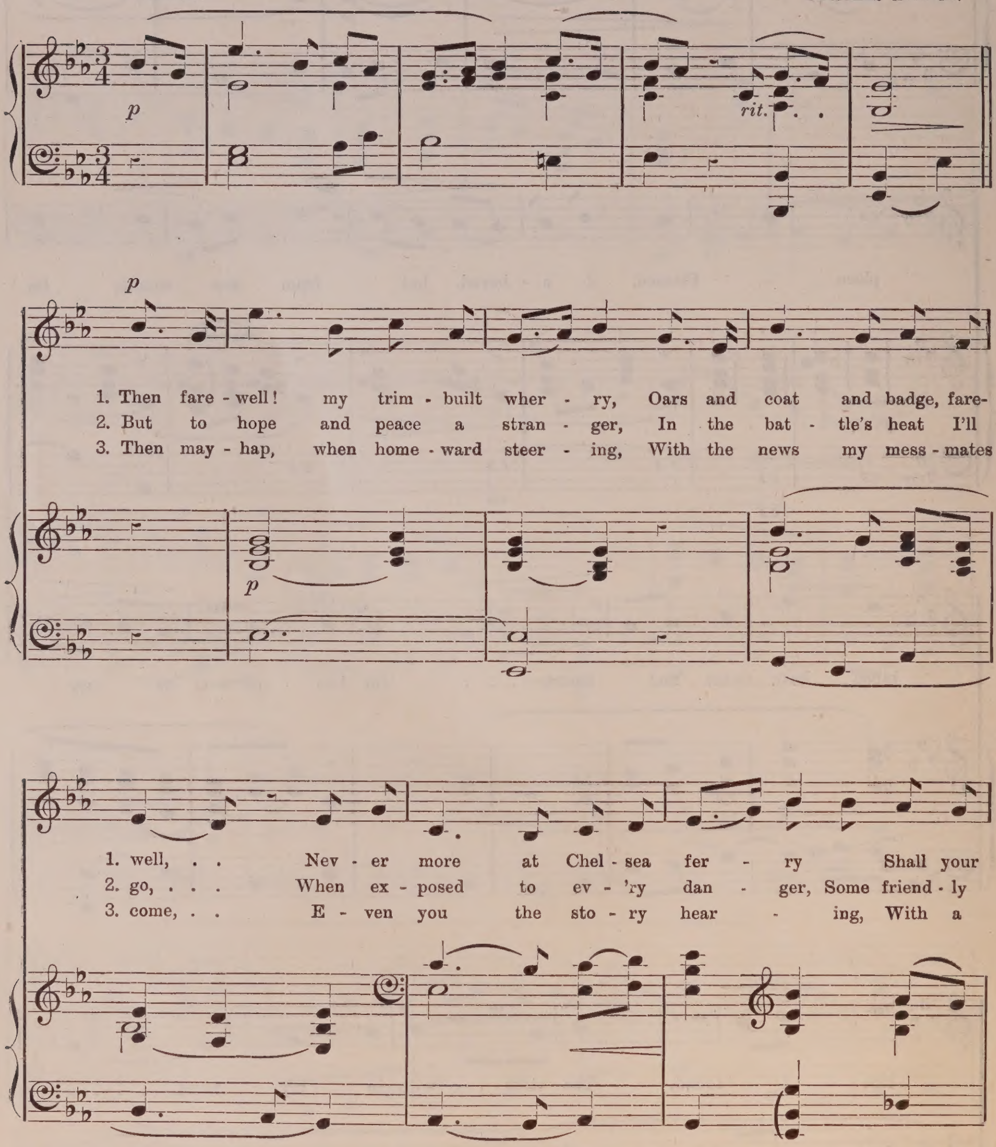

Poco andante.
p
rit.
To heal the smart a bee had made Up - on my Chlo - e's face, . . .

These words have had several musical settings; besides the above, we give one by Thomas Linley, junior, in the present volume. The latter is taken from an engraved music sheet in date about 1750. It was sung by Thomas Lowe, in all probability at Mary-le-bone Gardens about that period. Another setting of the words appears in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1743; it is entitled, "On a young lady stung by a bee, set by Mr. Flackton."

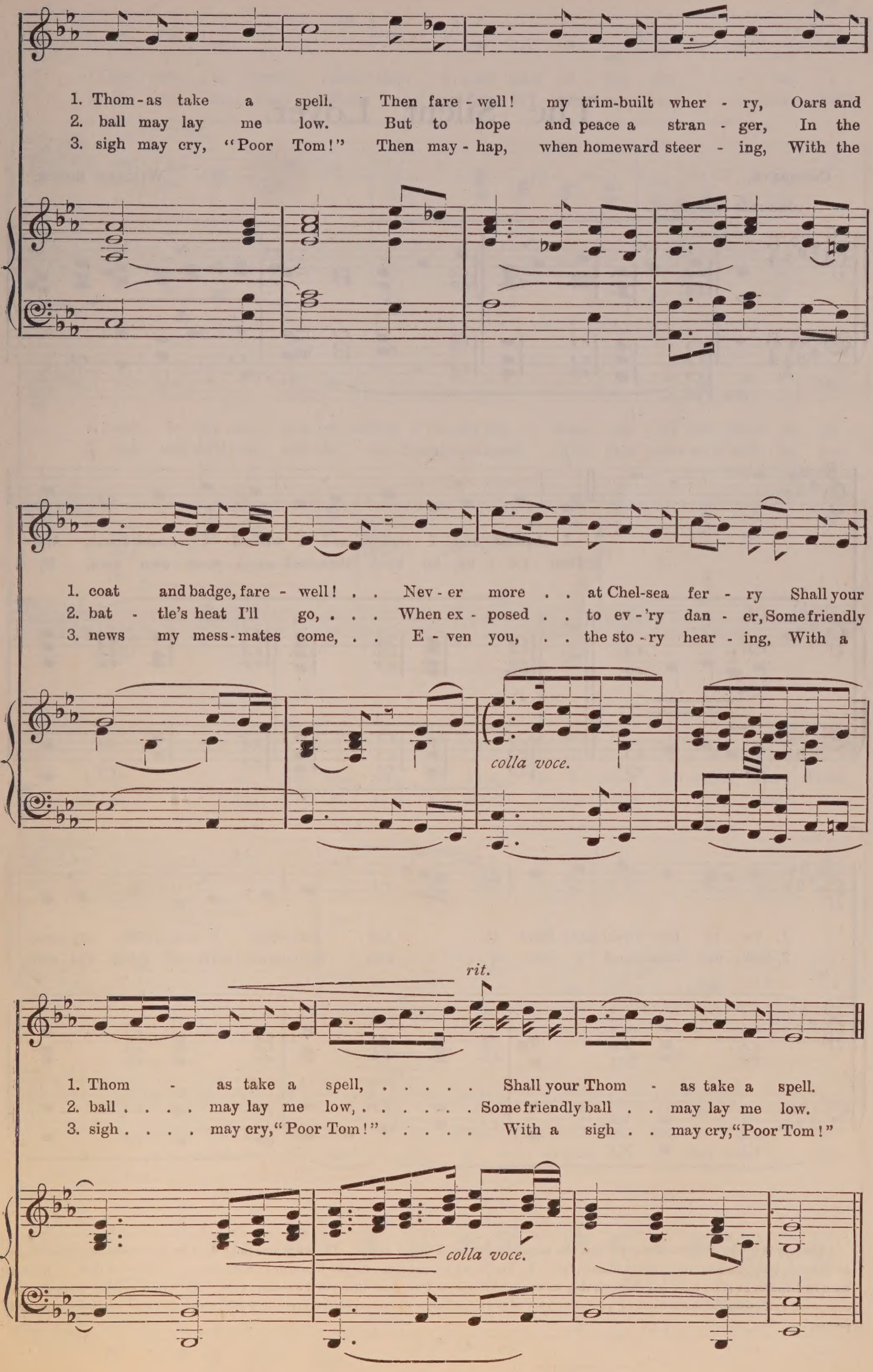

Hon - ey up - on her cheek she laid, And bid me kiss the
place. . . . Pleased, I o - beyed, but from the wound, Im -
poco rit. . . . . .
bibed both sweet and smart, . . . The hon - ey on my
lips I found, The sting . . with - in my heart. . . . .
colla voce.

Then Farewell! my Trim-built Wherry.

Andante. **Charles Dibdin.**

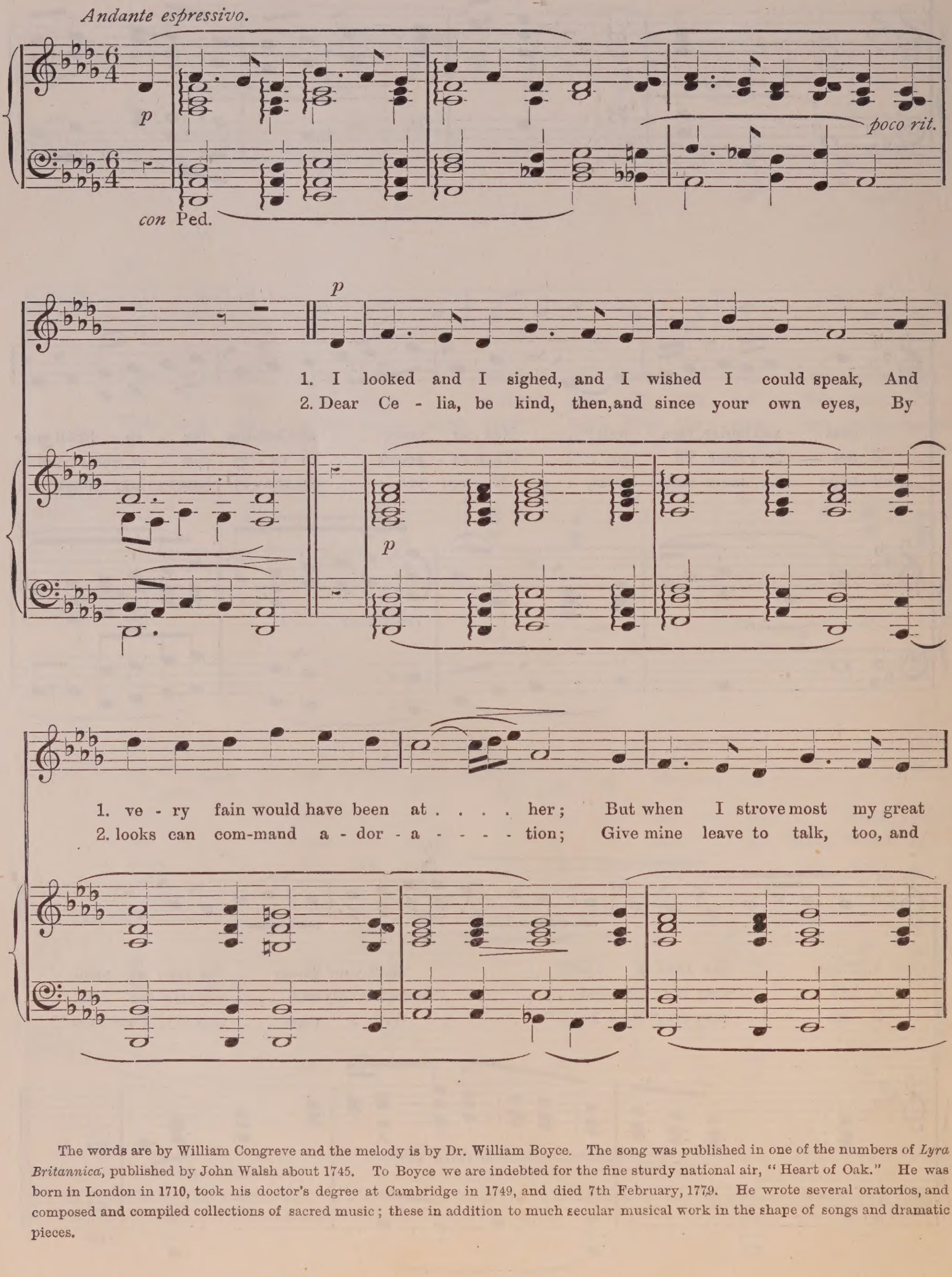

p
rit.
p
1. Then fare - well! my trim - built wher - ry, Oars and coat and badge, fare-
2. But to hope and peace a stran - ger, In the bat - tle's heat I'll
3. Then may - hap, when home - ward steer - ing, With the news my mess - mates
p
1. well, . . Nev - er more at Chel - sea fer - ry Shall your
2. go, . . . When ex - posed to ev - 'ry dan - ger, Some friend - ly
3. come, . . E - ven you the sto - ry hear - ing, With a

Sung by the character Tom Tug, the Thames waterman, in Charles Dibdin's little opera, *The Waterman; or, The First of August*, acted in 1774, words and music by Dibdin. For an account of the opera see under "Cherries and Plums." "Then farewell! my trim-built wherry," and the song, "And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman?" survived to recent years principally by reason of the singing of them by Sims Reeves who took the part of Tom Tug in revivals of the opera.

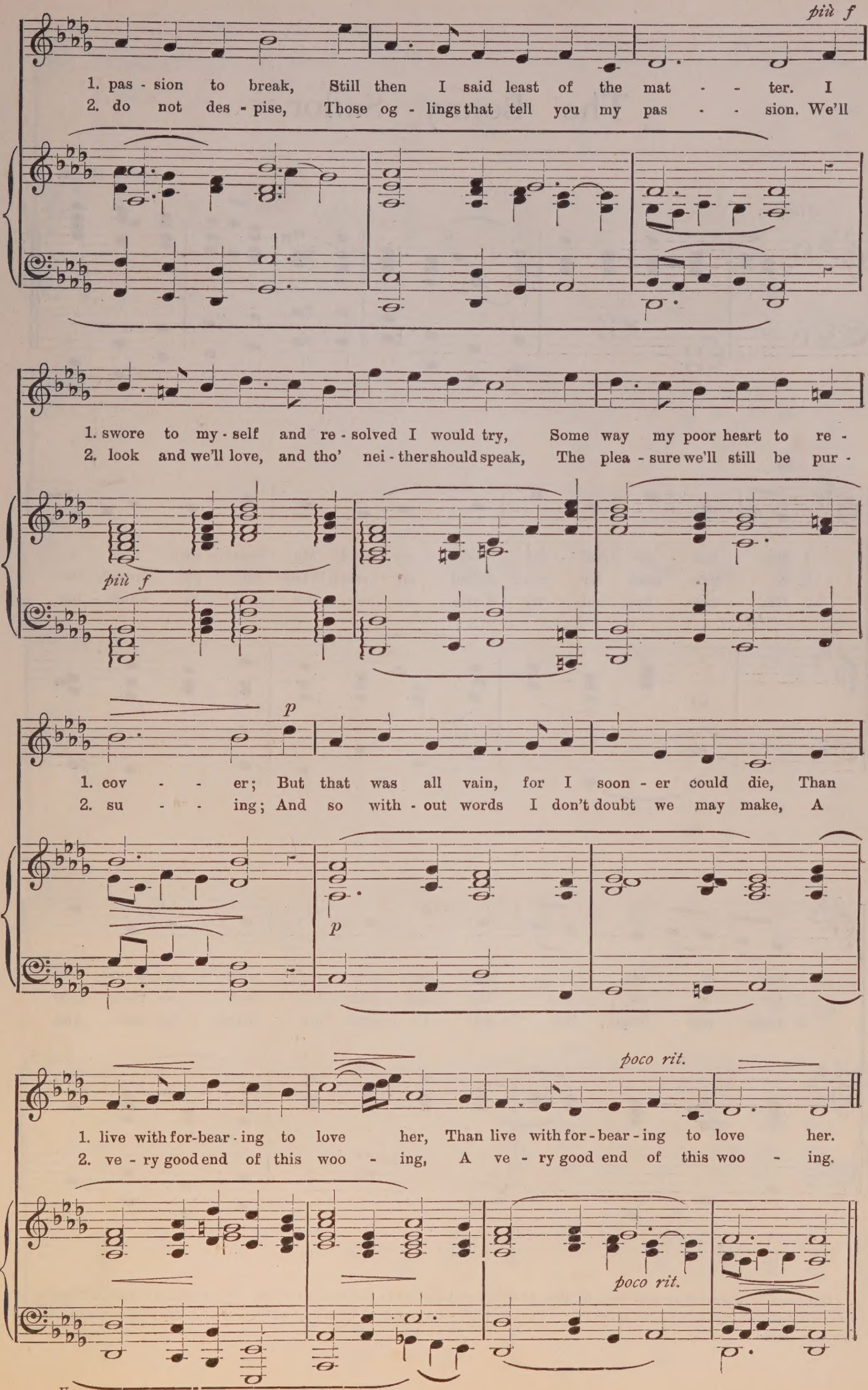

1. Thom-as take a spell. Then fare-well! my trim-built wher-ry, Oars and
2. ball may lay me low. But to hope and peace a stran-ger, In the
3. sigh may cry, "Poor Tom!" Then may-hap, when homeward steer-ing, With the
1. coat and badge, fare-well! . . Nev-er more . . at Chel-sea fer-ry Shall your
2. bat-tle's heat I'll go, . . . When ex-posed . . to ev-'ry dan-er, Some friendly
3. news my mess-mates come, . . E-ven you, . . the sto-ry hear-ing, With a
colla voce.
rit.
1. Thom-as take a spell, ... Shall your Thom-as take a spell.
2. ball . . . . may lay me low, ... Some friendly ball . . may lay me low.
3. sigh . . . . may cry, "Poor Tom!" . . . . . With a sigh . . may cry, "Poor Tom!"
colla voce.

The Silent Lover.

Congreve. **William Boyce.**

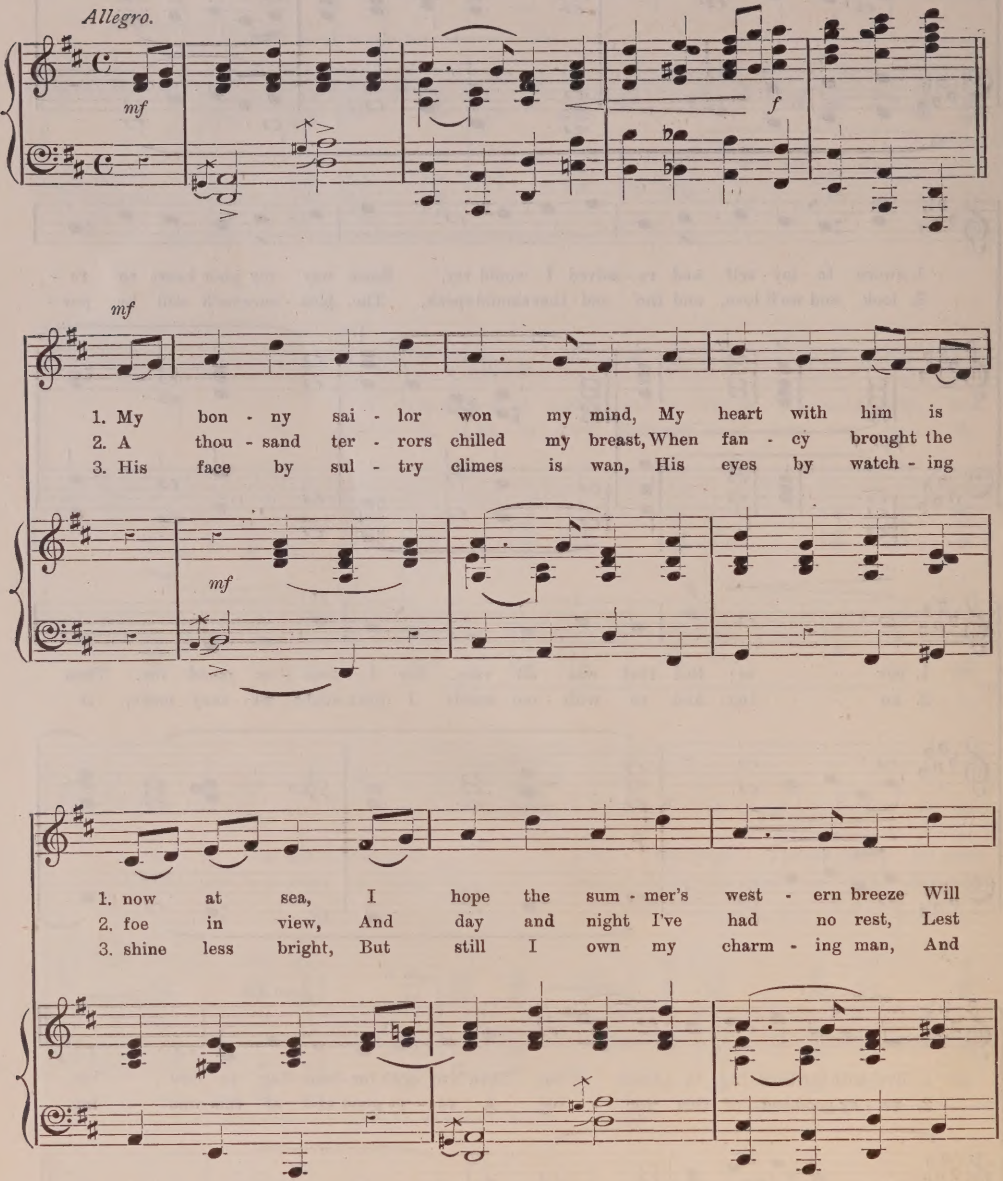

Andante espressivo.
p
con Ped.
poco rit.
p
p
1. I looked and I sighed, and I wished I could speak, And
2. Dear Ce - lia, be kind, then, and since your own eyes, By
1. ve - ry fain would have been at . . . . her; But when I strove most my great
2. looks can com-mand a - dor - a - - - - tion; Give mine leave to talk, too, and

The words are by William Congreve and the melody is by Dr. William Boyce. The song was published in one of the numbers of *Lyra Britannica*, published by John Walsh about 1745. To Boyce we are indebted for the fine sturdy national air, "Heart of Oak." He was born in London in 1710, took his doctor's degree at Cambridge in 1749, and died 7th February, 1779. He wrote several oratorios, and composed and compiled collections of sacred music; these in addition to much secular musical work in the shape of songs and dramatic pieces.

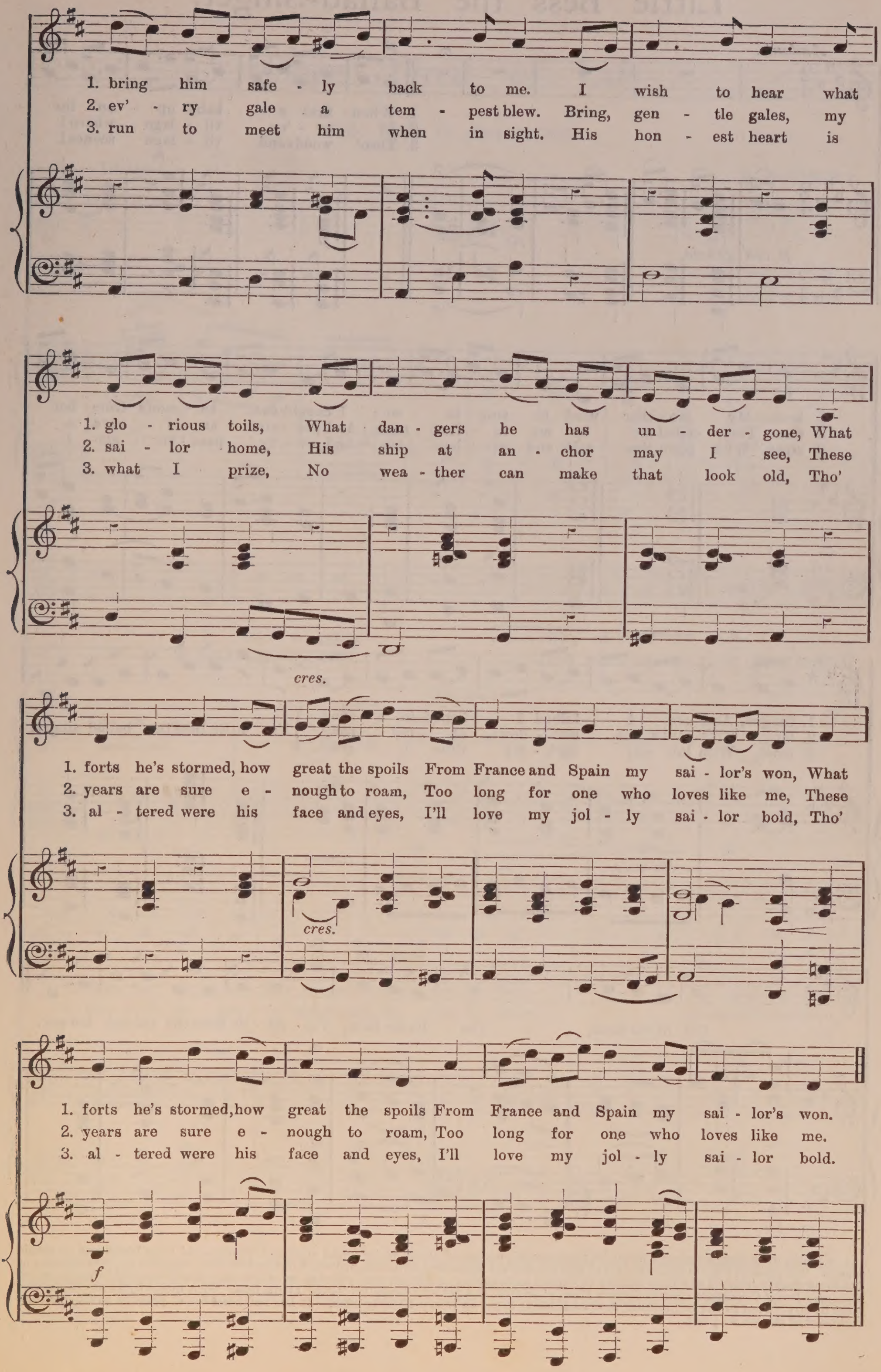

più f
1. pas - sion to break, Still then I said least of the mat - - ter. I
2. do not des - pise, Those og - lings that tell you my pas - - sion. We'll
1. swore to my - self and re - solved I would try, Some way my poor heart to re -
2. look and we'll love, and tho' nei - ther should speak, The plea - sure we'll still be pur -
più f
p
1. cov - - er; But that was all vain, for I soon - er could die, Than
2. su - - ing; And so with - out words I don't doubt we may make, A
p
poco rit.
1. live with for-bear - ing to love her, Than live with for - bear - ing to love her.
2. ve - ry good end of this woo - ing, A ve - ry good end of this woo - ing.
poco rit.

The Bonny Sailor.

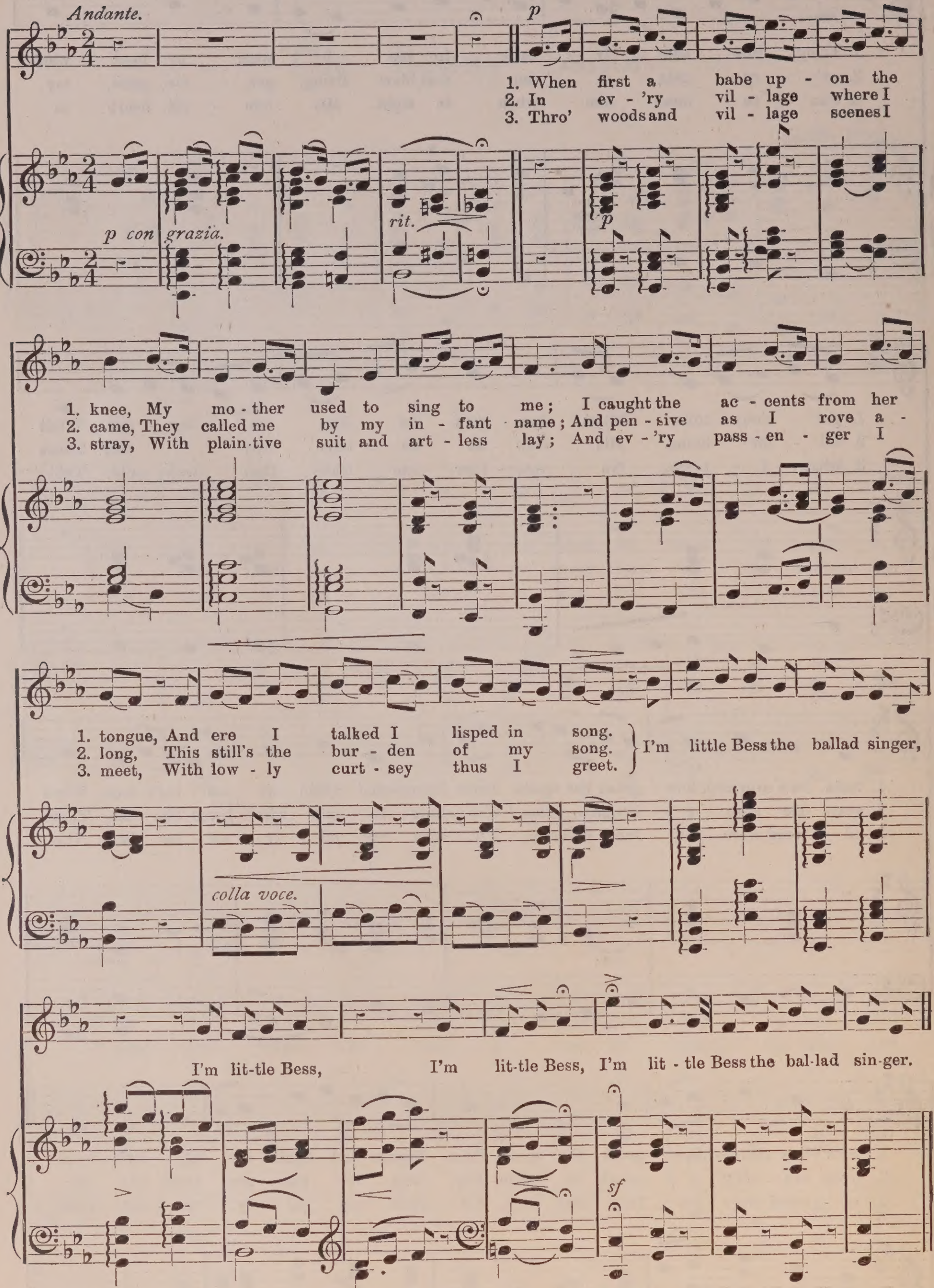
JAMES HOOK.


Allegro.
mf
f
mf
1. My bon - ny sai - lor won my mind, My heart with him is
2. A thou - sand ter - rors chilled my breast, When fan - cy brought the
3. His face by sul - try climes is wan, His eyes by watch - ing
mf
1. now at sea, I hope the sum - mer's west - ern breeze Will
2. foe in view, And day and night I've had no rest, Lest
3. shine less bright, But still I own my charm - ing man, And

Composed by James Hook and sung by Miss Thornton at Vauxhall in the season of 1780. It is included in Hook's *Collection of Vauxhall Songs* of that season, and is faced by "'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town," which was originally sung at the Gardens in the same season.


1. bring him safe - ly back to me. I wish to hear what
2. ev' - ry gale a tem - pest blew. Bring, gen - tle gales, my
3. run to meet him when in sight. His hon - est heart is
1. glo - rious toils, What dan - gers he has un - der - gone, What
2. sai - lor home, His ship at an - chor may I see, These
3. what I prize, No wea - ther can make that look old, Tho'
cres.
1. forts he's stormed, how great the spoils From France and Spain my sai - lor's won, What
2. years are sure e - nough to roam, Too long for one who loves like me, These
3. al - tered were his face and eyes, I'll love my jol - ly sai - lor bold, Tho'
cres.
1. forts he's stormed, how great the spoils From France and Spain my sai - lor's won.
2. years are sure e - nough to roam, Too long for one who loves like me.
3. al - tered were his face and eyes, I'll love my jol - ly sai - lor bold.
f

Little Bess the Ballad-Singer.


Andante.
p
1. When first a babe up - on the knee, My mo - ther used to sing to me; I caught the ac - cents from her tongue, And ere I talked I lisped in song.
2. In ev - 'ry vil - lage where I came, They called me by my in - fant name; And pen - sive as I rove a - long, This still's the bur - den of my song.
3. Thro' woods and vil - lage scenes I stray, With plain-tive suit and art - less lay; And ev - 'ry pass - en - ger I meet, With low - ly curt - sey thus I greet.
I'm little Bess the ballad singer,
I'm lit-tle Bess, I'm lit-tle Bess, I'm lit - tle Bess the bal-lad sin-ger.
p con grazia.
rit.
p
colla voce.
sf

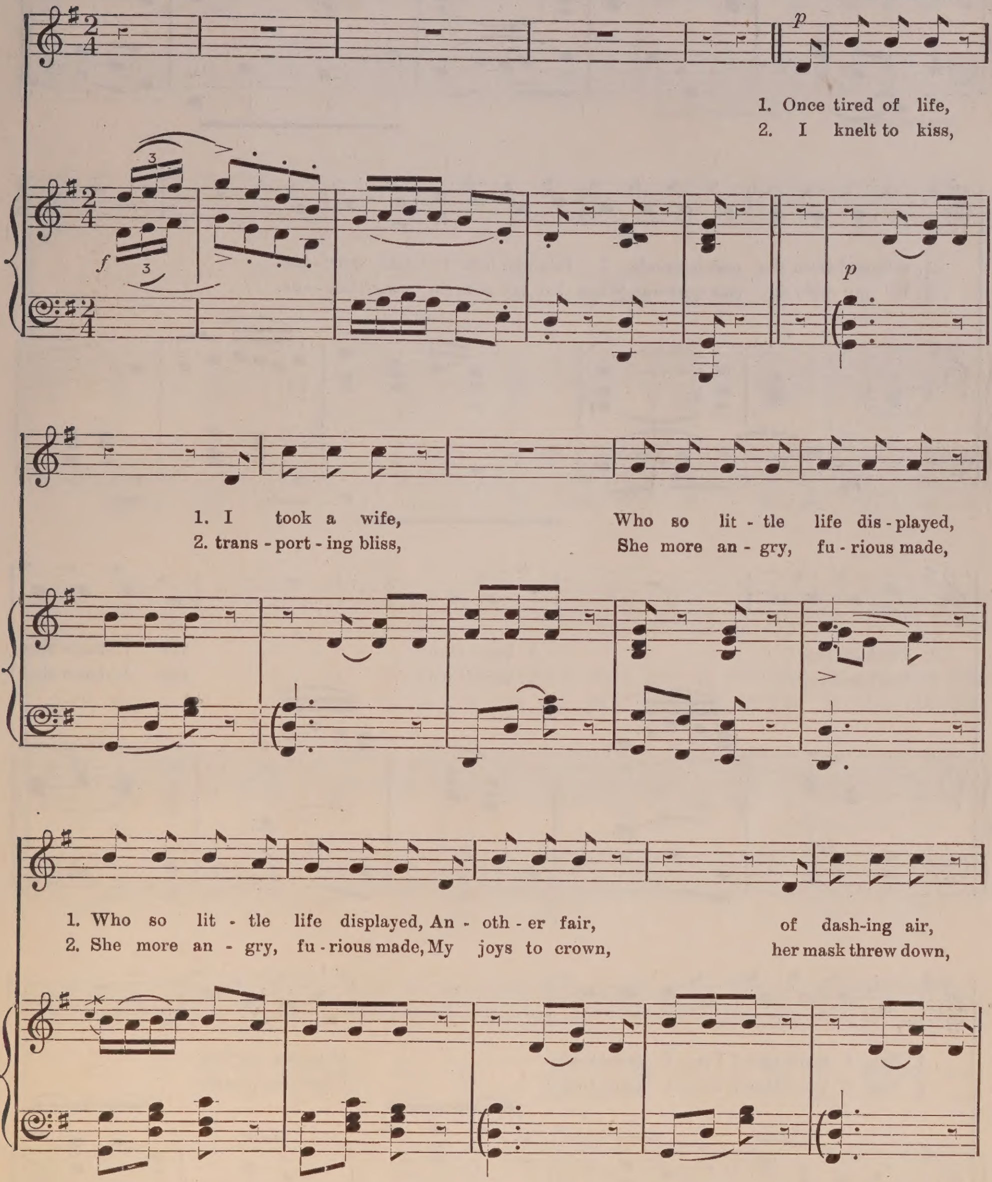
A pretty little ditty so much a favourite that several versions of it are to be found scattered through old song books and on music sheets. The present copy is taken from *The English Musical Repository*, Edinburgh, Wm. Hunter, 1808, and repeated in other editions of the same work published at a later date by B. Crosby in London. Another copy differing in words and music was published in one of *Cahusac's Pocket Companions for the German Flute, circa* 1802, and yet another called "Poor Little Bess," with music by James Hook, was sung by Mrs. Bland in the pantomime, *Love and Magic*, acted at Drury Lane in 1802. It has not been found possible to fix upon the composer of the air we print.

Once Tired of Life.

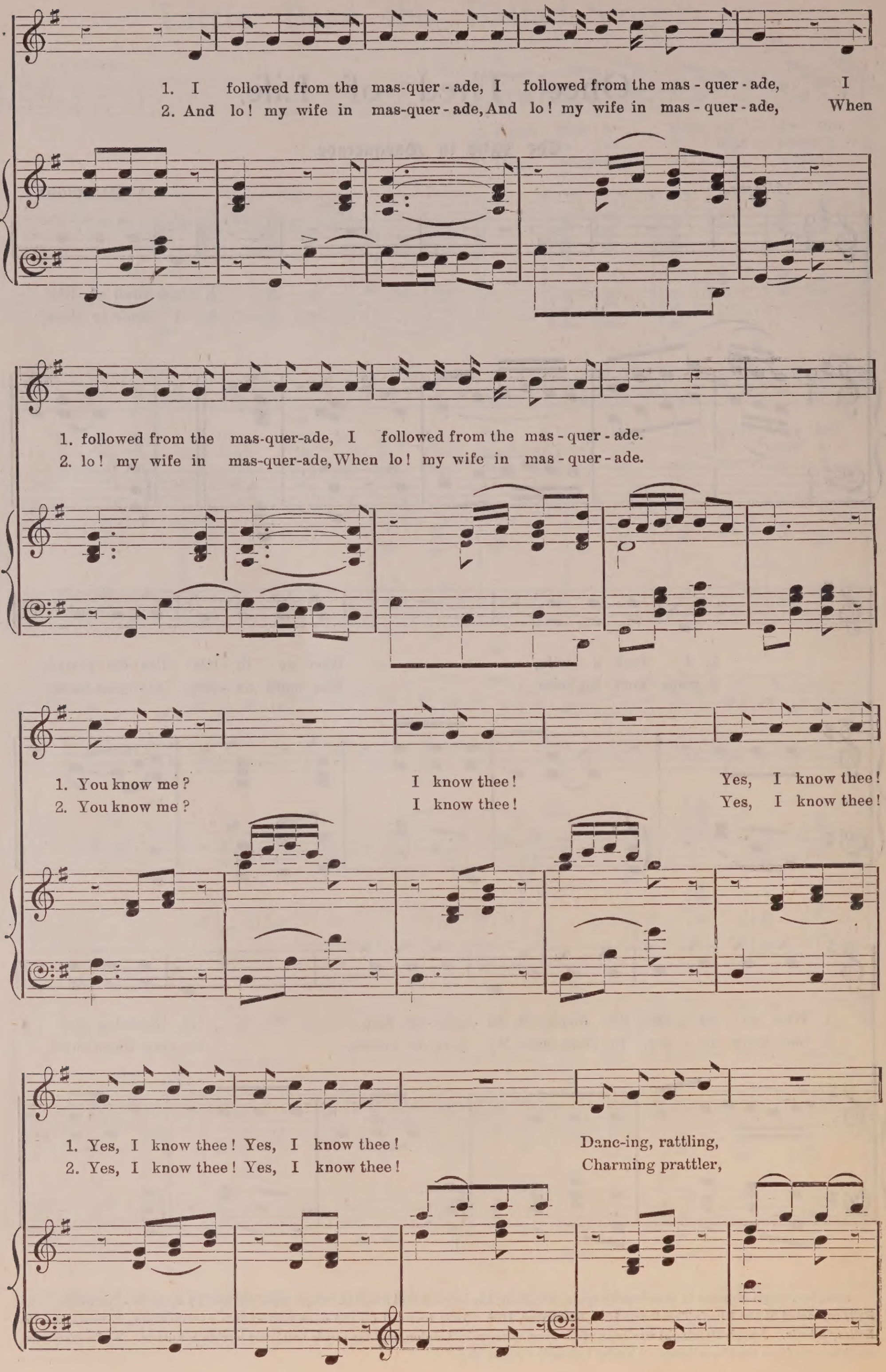
The Wife in Masquerade.

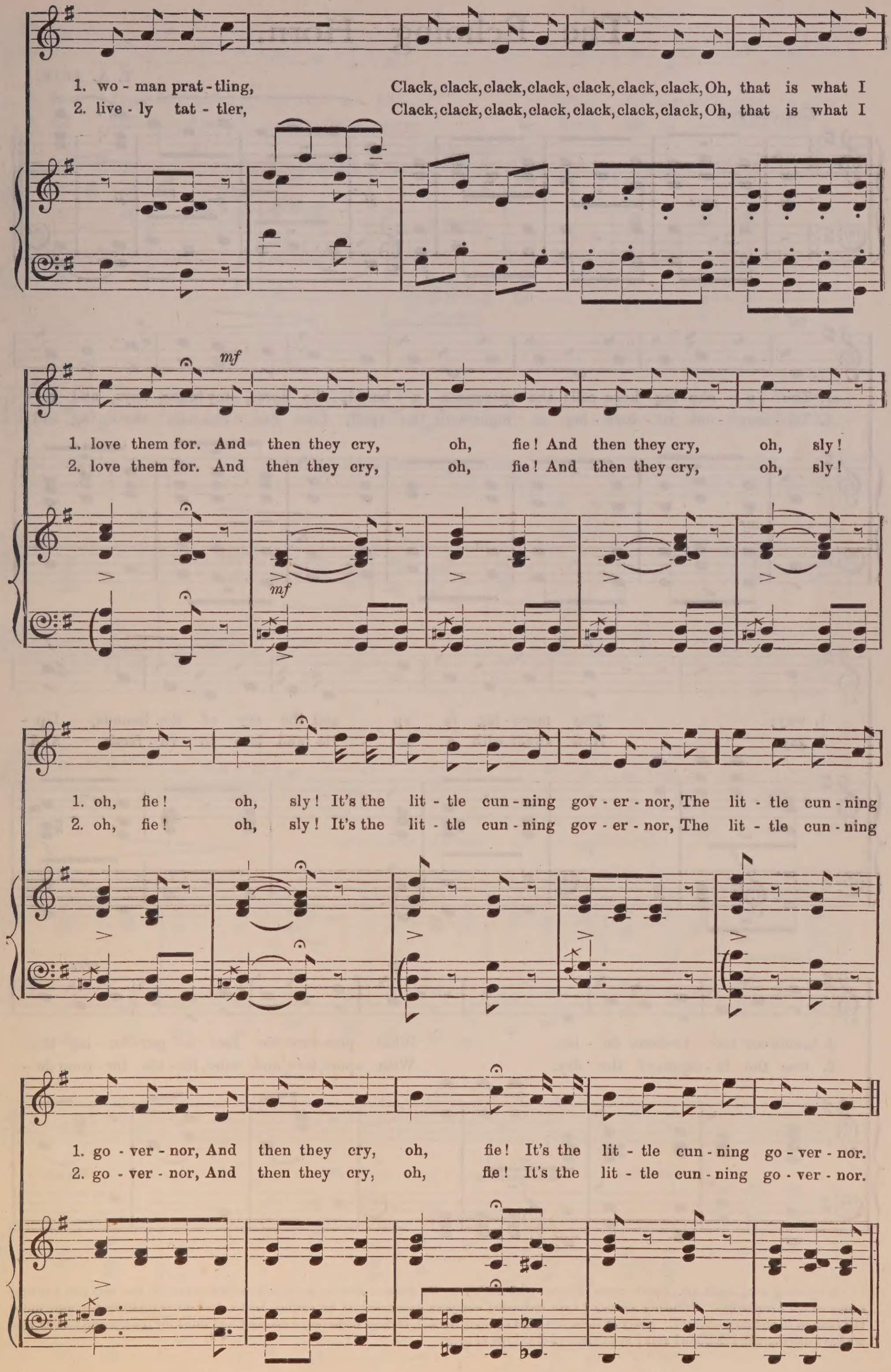
Allegro.

J. Mazzinghi.


p
1. Once tired of life,
2. I knelt to kiss,
f
3
p
1. I took a wife,
2. trans - port - ing bliss,
Who so lit - tle life dis - played,
She more an - gry, fu - rious made,
1. Who so lit - tle life displayed, An - oth - er fair, of dash-ing air,
2. She more an - gry, fu - rious made, My joys to crown, her mask threw down,

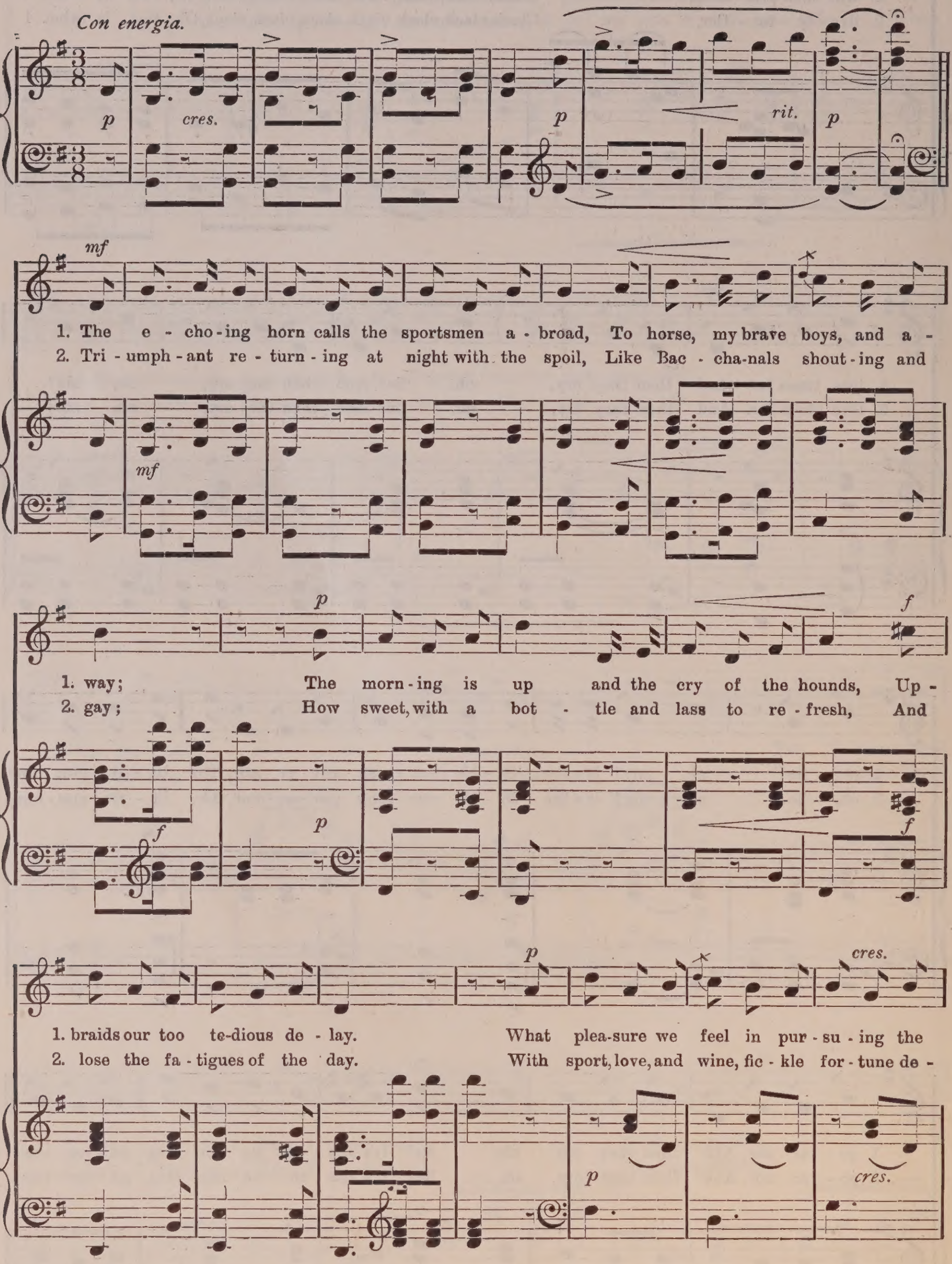
Sung by Joseph Munden in Mazzinghi's opera, *The Exile*, the libretto and songs of which were written by Frederick Reynolds. *The Exile* was acted at the King's Theatre on 10th November, 1808. It is founded on the once well-known French story, *Elizabeth; or, the Exile of Siberia.* Joseph Mazzinghi was born of Corsican parents in London, and his music had little foreign influence. We have selected another song from the above opera—"Young Lobski's Fishing Tale."


1. I followed from the mas-quer - ade, I followed from the mas - quer - ade, I
2. And lo! my wife in mas-quer - ade, And lo! my wife in mas - quer - ade, When
1. followed from the mas-quer-ade, I followed from the mas - quer - ade.
2. lo! my wife in mas-quer-ade, When lo! my wife in mas - quer - ade.
1. You know me? I know thee! Yes, I know thee!
2. You know me? I know thee! Yes, I know thee!
1. Yes, I know thee! Yes, I know thee! Danc-ing, rattling,
2. Yes, I know thee! Yes, I know thee! Charming prattler,

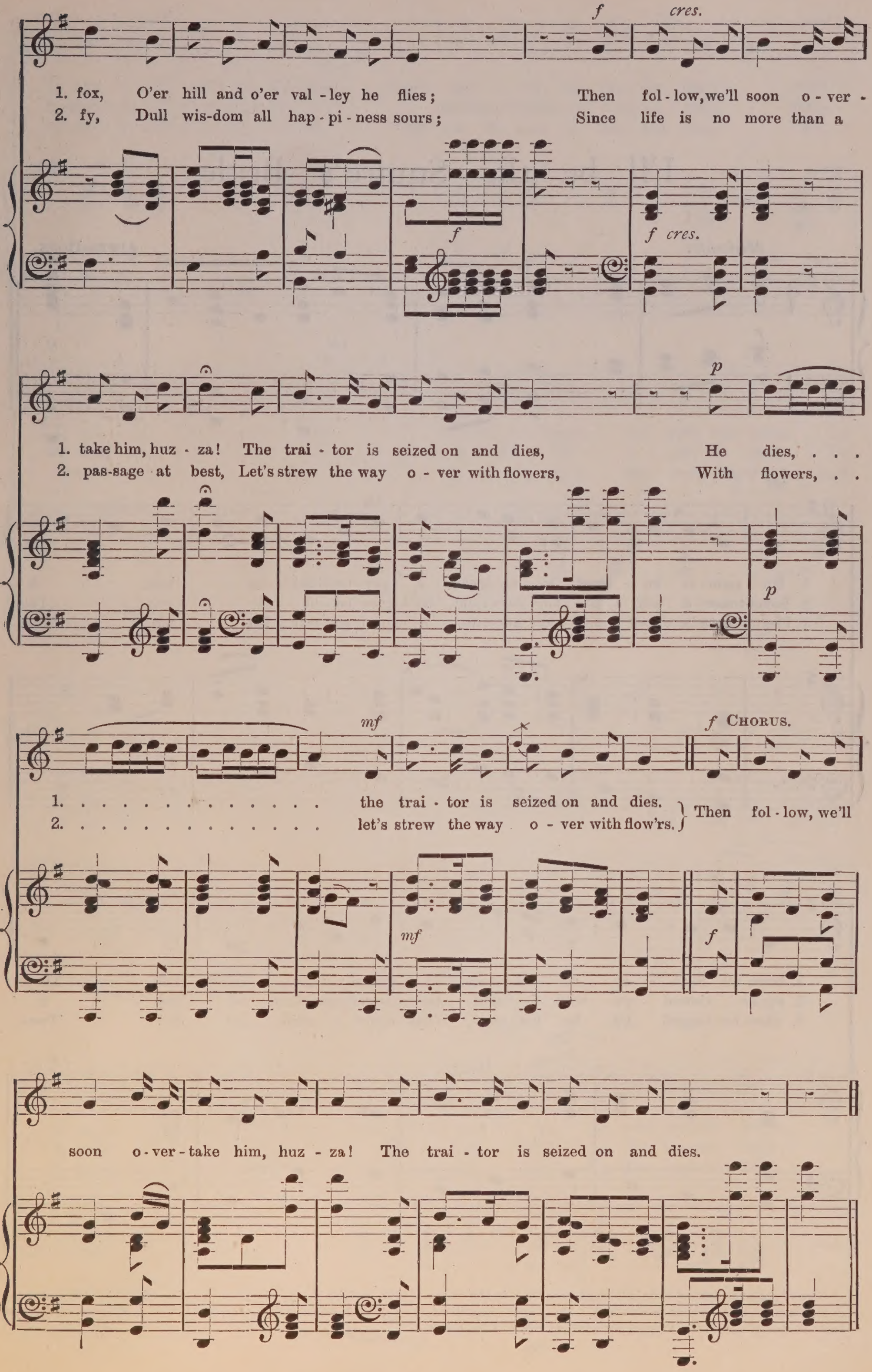

1. wo - man prat - tling, Clack, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack, Oh, that is what I
2. live - ly tat - tler, Clack, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack, clack, Oh, that is what I
mf
1. love them for. And then they cry, oh, fie! And then they cry, oh, sly!
2. love them for. And then they cry, oh, fie! And then they cry, oh, sly!
mf
1. oh, fie! oh, sly! It's the lit - tle cun - ning gov - er - nor, The lit - tle cun - ning
2. oh, fie! oh, sly! It's the lit - tle cun - ning gov - er - nor, The lit - tle cun - ning
1. go - ver - nor, And then they cry, oh, fie! It's the lit - tle cun - ning go - ver - nor.
2. go - ver - nor, And then they cry, oh, fie! It's the lit - tle cun - ning go - ver - nor.

The Echoing Horn.

T. A. Arne.

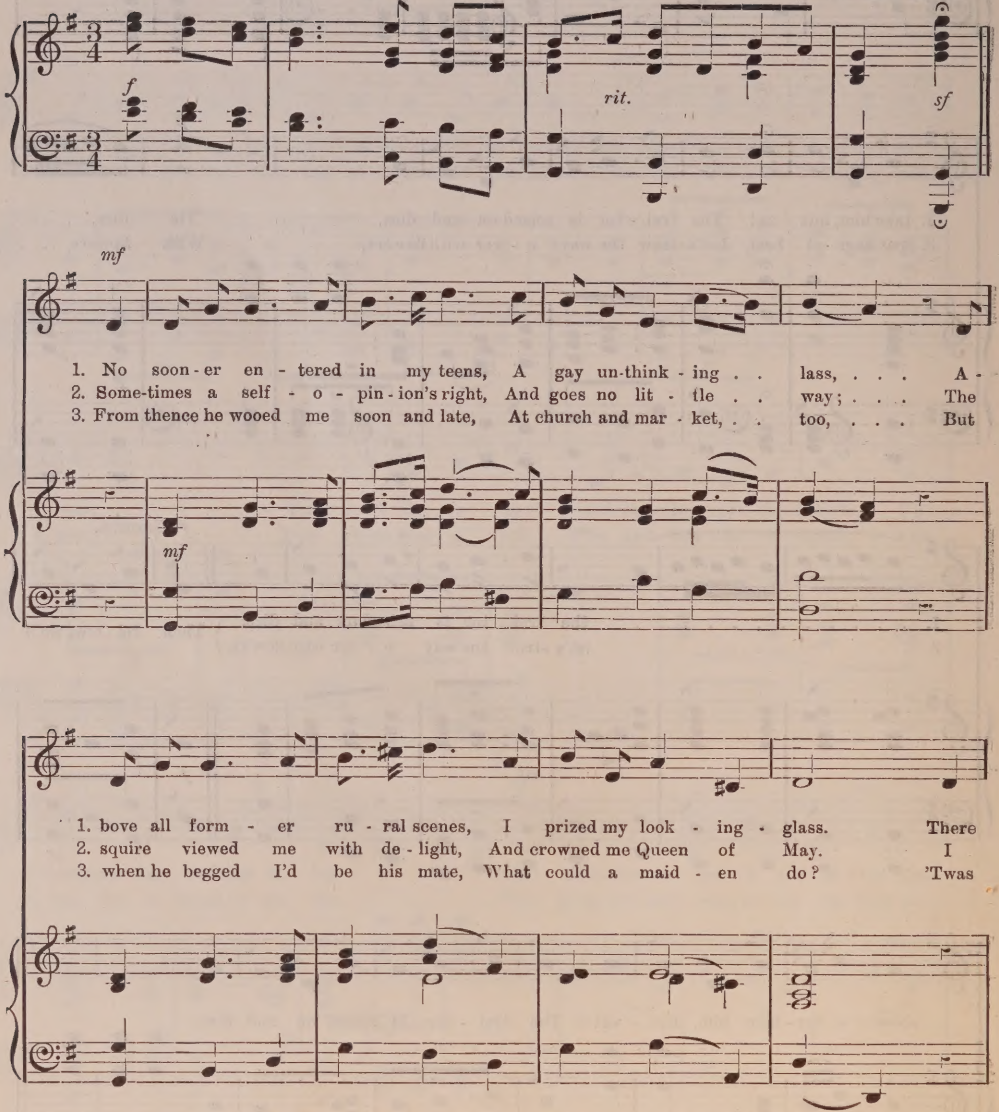

Con energia.
p
cres.
rit.
mf
1. The e - cho - ing horn calls the sportsmen a - broad, To horse, my brave boys, and a -
2. Tri - umph - ant re - turn - ing at night with the spoil, Like Bac - cha-nals shout - ing and
1. way; The morn - ing is up and the cry of the hounds, Up -
2. gay; How sweet, with a bot - tle and lass to re - fresh, And
f
1. braids our too te-dious de - lay. What plea-sure we feel in pur - su - ing the
2. lose the fa - tigues of the day. With sport, love, and wine, fic - kle for - tune de -
cres.

A hunting song from Dr. Arne's opera, *Thomas and Sally; or, the Sailor's Return*, produced in 1760. One of the very few hunting songs which Arne wrote. Hunting songs of very extended compass, accompanied by violins, horns, and other instruments were quite the fashion in the 18th century. Many of these are good compositions, but their wide range makes them unfit for the general singer, and we have not therefore included many specimens of this type of song.

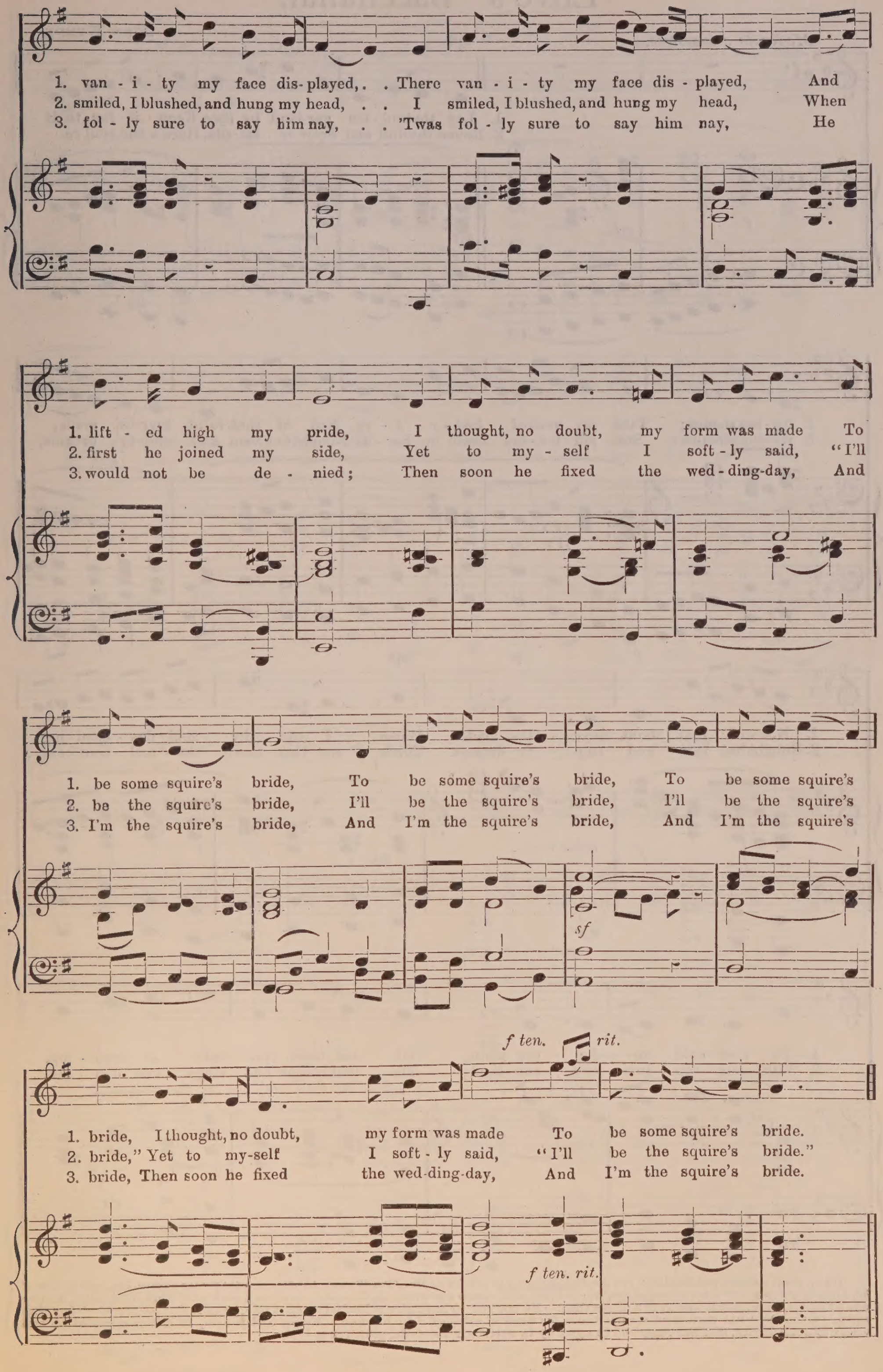

f cres.
1. fox, O'er hill and o'er val - ley he flies; Then fol - low, we'll soon o - ver -
2. fy, Dull wis-dom all hap - pi - ness sours; Since life is no more than a
f
f cres.
p
1. take him, huz - za! The trai - tor is seized on and dies, He dies, . . .
2. pas-sage at best, Let's strew the way o - ver with flowers, With flowers, . .
p
mf
f Chorus.
1. . . . . the trai - tor is seized on and dies.
2. . . . . let's strew the way o - ver with flow'rs.
Then fol - low, we'll
mf
f
soon o - ver - take him, huz - za! The trai - tor is seized on and dies.

I'll be the Squire's Bride.

JAMES HOOK.

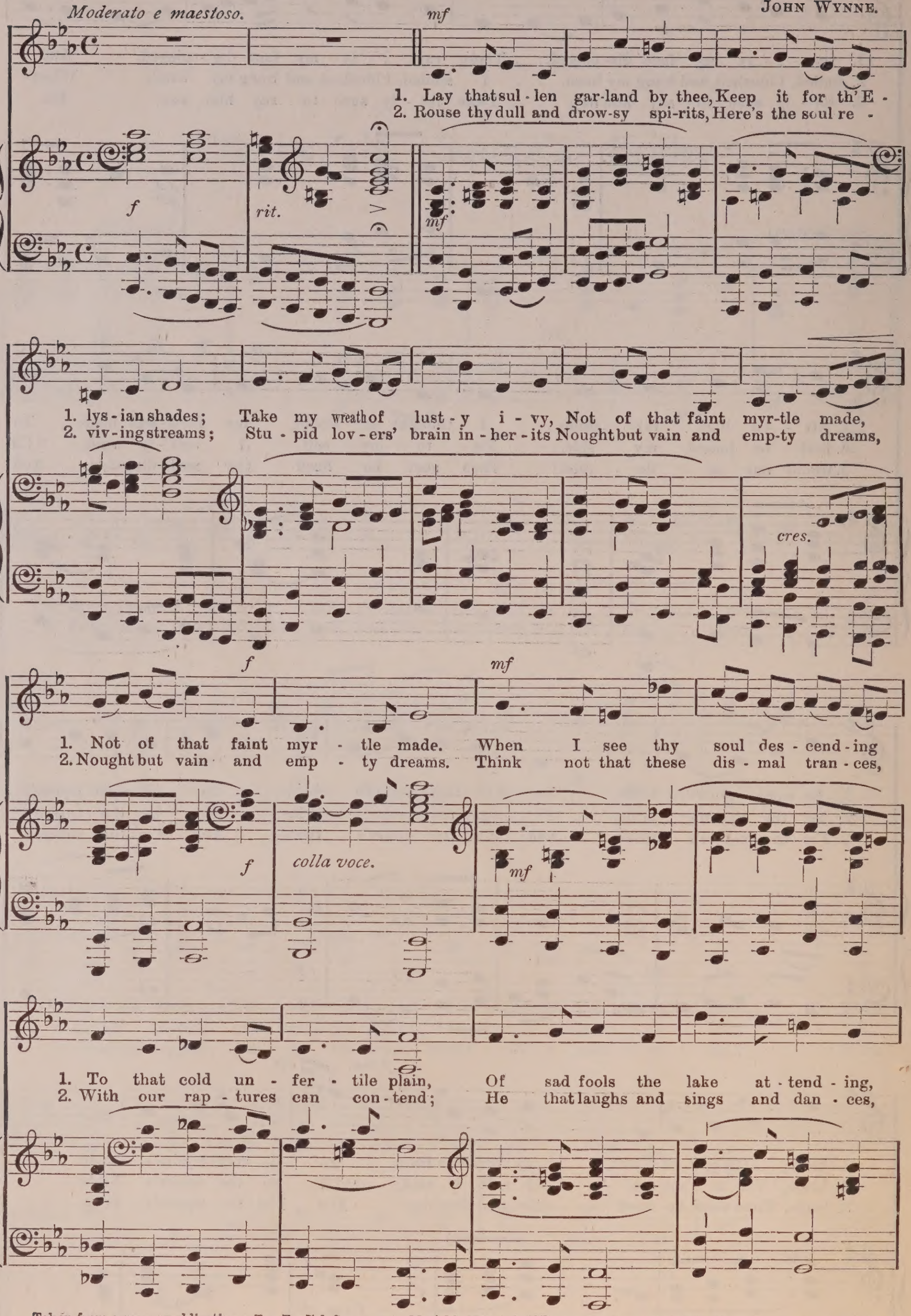

Moderato.
f
rit.
sf
mf
1. No soon-er en-tered in my teens, A gay un-think-ing . . lass, . . . A-
2. Some-times a self-o-pin-ion's right, And goes no lit-tle . . way; . . . The
3. From thence he wooed me soon and late, At church and mar-ket, . . too, . . . But
mf
1. bove all form-er ru-ral scenes, I prized my look-ing-glass. There
2. squire viewed me with de-light, And crowned me Queen of May. I
3. when he begged I'd be his mate, What could a maid-en do? 'Twas

One of the usual type of Vauxhall songs sung there in the season of 1790, by Miss Leary, who for a short time delighted the audiences at the Gardens with similar productions. The words are printed in *The New Whim of the Day; or, Musical Olio*, 1790, and in *The New Vocal Enchantress for 1791*. Preston issued sheet copies of the music.

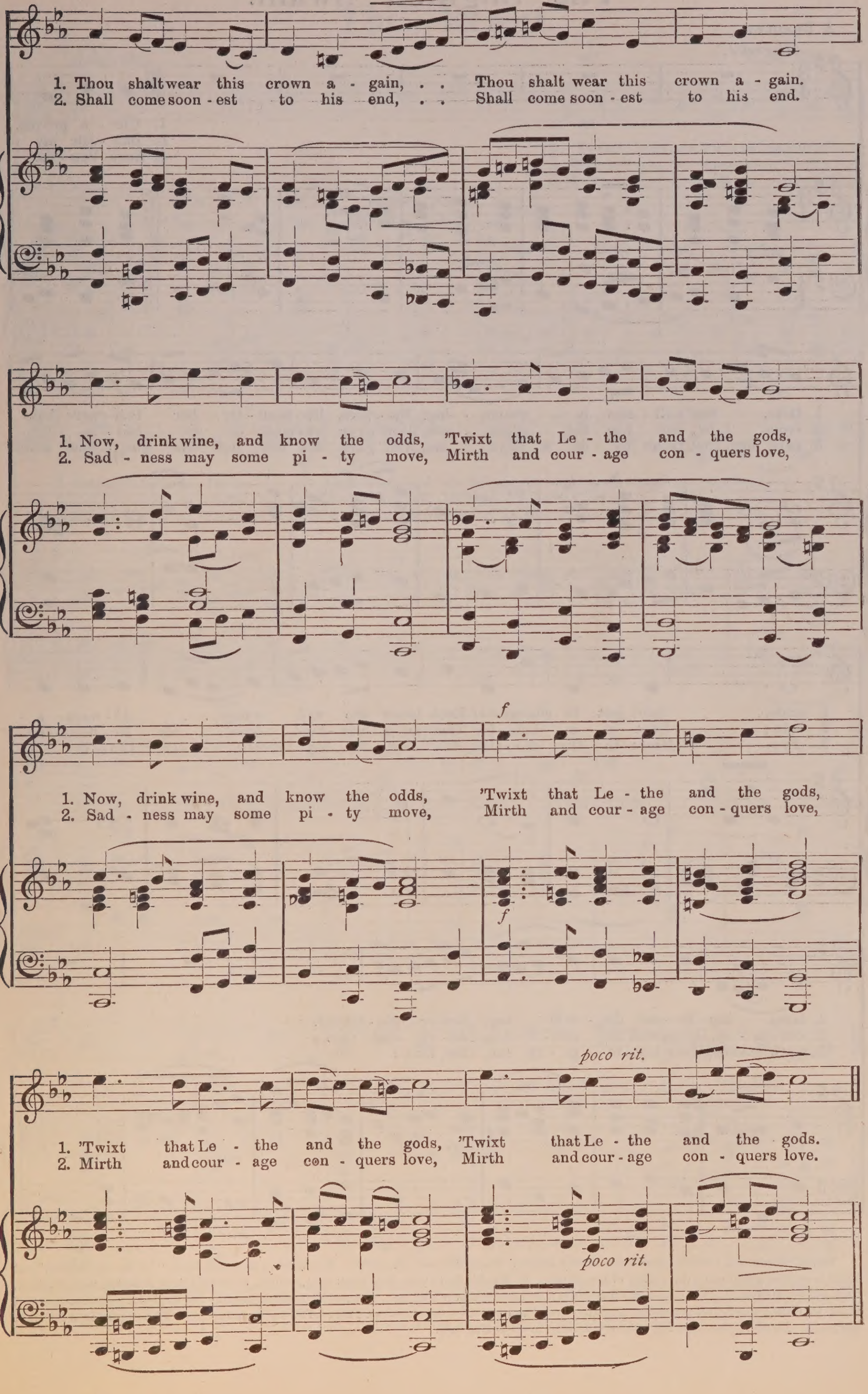

1. van - i - ty my face dis- played, . . There van - i - ty my face dis - played, And
2. smiled, I blushed, and hung my head, . . I smiled, I blushed, and hung my head, When
3. fol - ly sure to say him nay, . . 'Twas fol - ly sure to say him nay, He
1. lift - ed high my pride, I thought, no doubt, my form was made To
2. first he joined my side, Yet to my - self I soft - ly said, "I'll
3. would not be de - nied; Then soon he fixed the wed - ding-day, And
1. be some squire's bride, To be some squire's bride, To be some squire's
2. be the squire's bride, I'll be the squire's bride, I'll be the squire's
3. I'm the squire's bride, And I'm the squire's bride, And I'm the squire's
sf
f ten.
rit.
1. bride, I thought, no doubt, my form was made To be some squire's bride.
2. bride," Yet to my-self I soft - ly said, "I'll be the squire's bride."
3. bride, Then soon he fixed the wed-ding-day, And I'm the squire's bride.
f ten. rit.

Love's Bacchanal.

John Wynne.

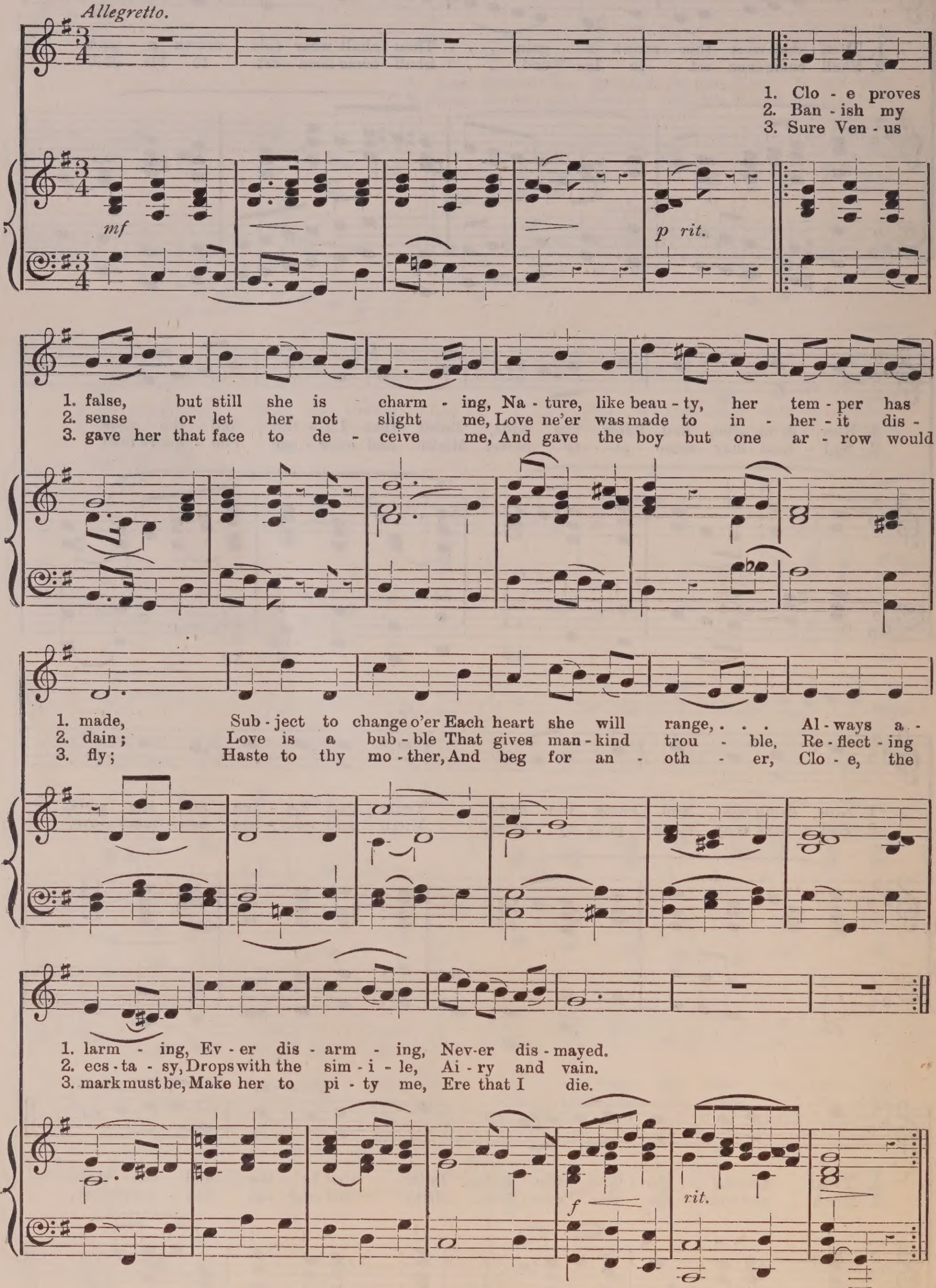

Moderato e maestoso.
mf
f
rit.
mf
1. Lay that sul - len gar - land by thee, Keep it for th'E - lys - ian shades; Take my wreath of lust - y i - vy, Not of that faint myr - tle made,
2. Rouse thy dull and drow - sy spi - rits, Here's the soul re - viv - ing streams; Stu - pid lov - ers' brain in - her - its Nought but vain and emp - ty dreams,
cres.
f
mf
1. Not of that faint myr - tle made. When I see thy soul des - cend - ing
2. Nought but vain and emp - ty dreams. Think not that these dis - mal tran - ces,
colla voce.
1. To that cold un - fer - tile plain, Of sad fools the lake at - tend - ing,
2. With our rap - tures can con - tend; He that laughs and sings and dan - ces,

Taken from a scarce publication: *Ten English Songs set to Musick by Mr. John Wynne, London, printed for the author, and sold by him at his house in the Regent Walk, Cambridge, by John Johnson at the Harp and Crown in Cheapside, and at all the musick shops, 1754*, folio. Wynne was a Cambridge musician who kept a music shop. He appears to have also published another set of *Twelve English Songs*. "Lay that sullen garland by" has been used several times for musical settings. In Playford's *Musical Companion*, 1672, it is arranged for two voices by John Taylor; and was composed as a glee by L. Atterbury about the year 1770 or 1775.


1. Thou shalt wear this crown a - gain, . . Thou shalt wear this crown a - gain.
2. Shall come soon - est to his end, . . Shall come soon - est to his end.
1. Now, drink wine, and know the odds, 'Twixt that Le - the and the gods,
2. Sad - ness may some pi - ty move, Mirth and cour - age con - quers love,
1. Now, drink wine, and know the odds, 'Twixt that Le - the and the gods,
2. Sad - ness may some pi - ty move, Mirth and cour - age con - quers love,
f
f
poco rit.
1. 'Twixt that Le - the and the gods, 'Twixt that Le - the and the gods.
2. Mirth and cour - age con - quers love, Mirth and cour - age con - quers love.
poco rit.

The Slighted Swain.

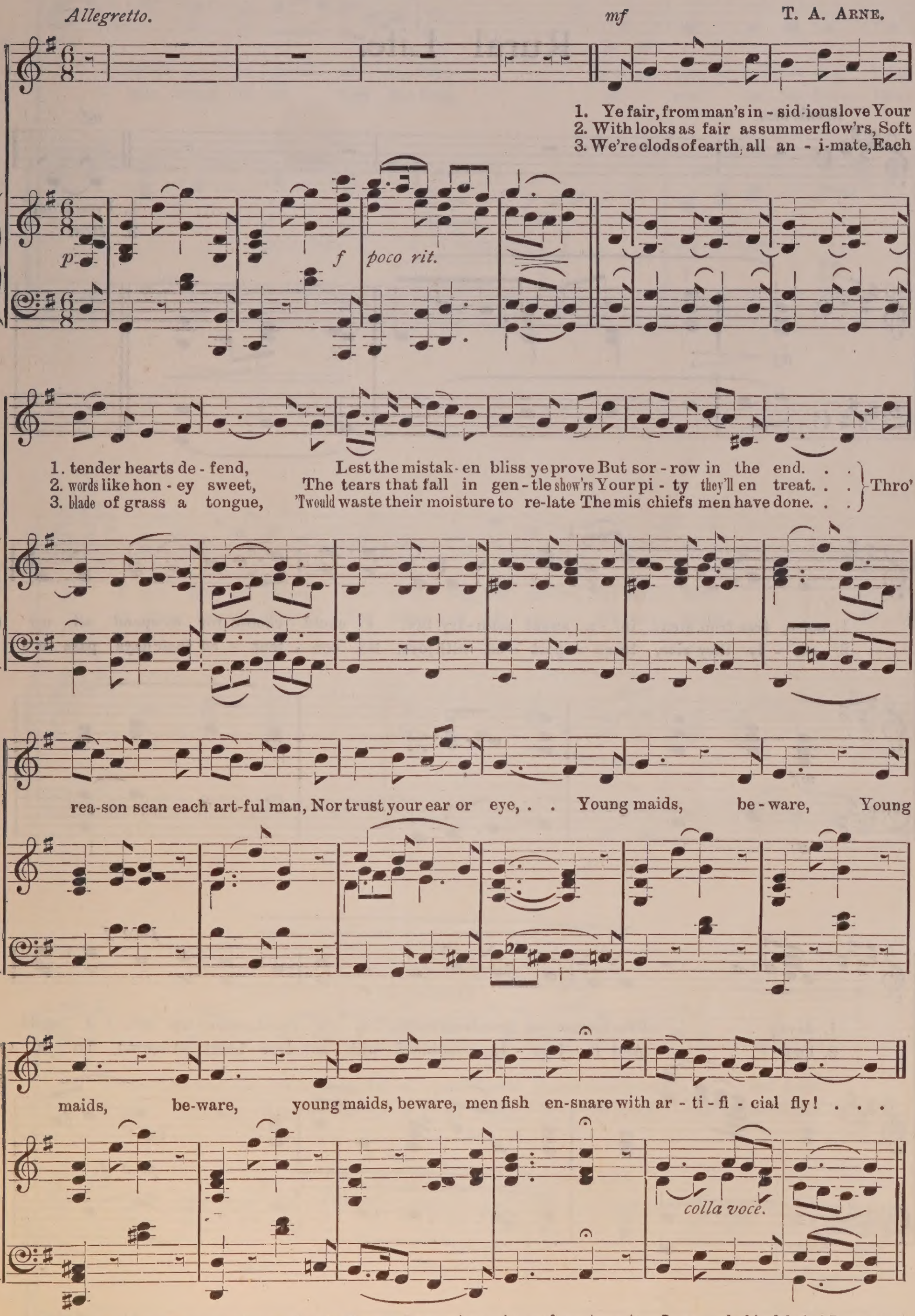
A. Bradley.


Allegretto.
mf
p rit.
f
rit.
1. Clo - e proves false, but still she is charm - ing, Na - ture, like beau - ty, her tem - per has made, Sub - ject to change o'er Each heart she will range, . . . Al - ways a - larm - ing, Ev - er dis - arm - ing, Nev-er dis - mayed.
2. Ban - ish my sense or let her not slight me, Love ne'er was made to in - her - it dis - dain; Love is a bub - ble That gives man - kind trou - ble, Re - flect - ing ecs - ta - sy, Drops with the sim - i - le, Ai - ry and vain.
3. Sure Ven - us gave her that face to de - ceive me, And gave the boy but one ar - row would fly; Haste to thy mo - ther, And beg for an - oth - er, Clo - e, the mark must be, Make her to pi - ty me, Ere that I die.

Taken, words and melody, from John Watt's *Musical Miscellany*, vol. iii., 1730. The words are stated to be "by Mr. A. Bradly," but there is no clue given as to the author of the music. In Walsh's *British Musical Miscellany*, vol. iii., *circa* 1734, it is repeated with heading, "set by Mr. Handel." It is extremely doubtful if this ascription is correct. The music certainly seems too English in character, and it must be remembered that it was the practice of publishers of that day to append Handel's name to many doubtful compositions for trade purposes. Handel's was then the greatest name in musical England.

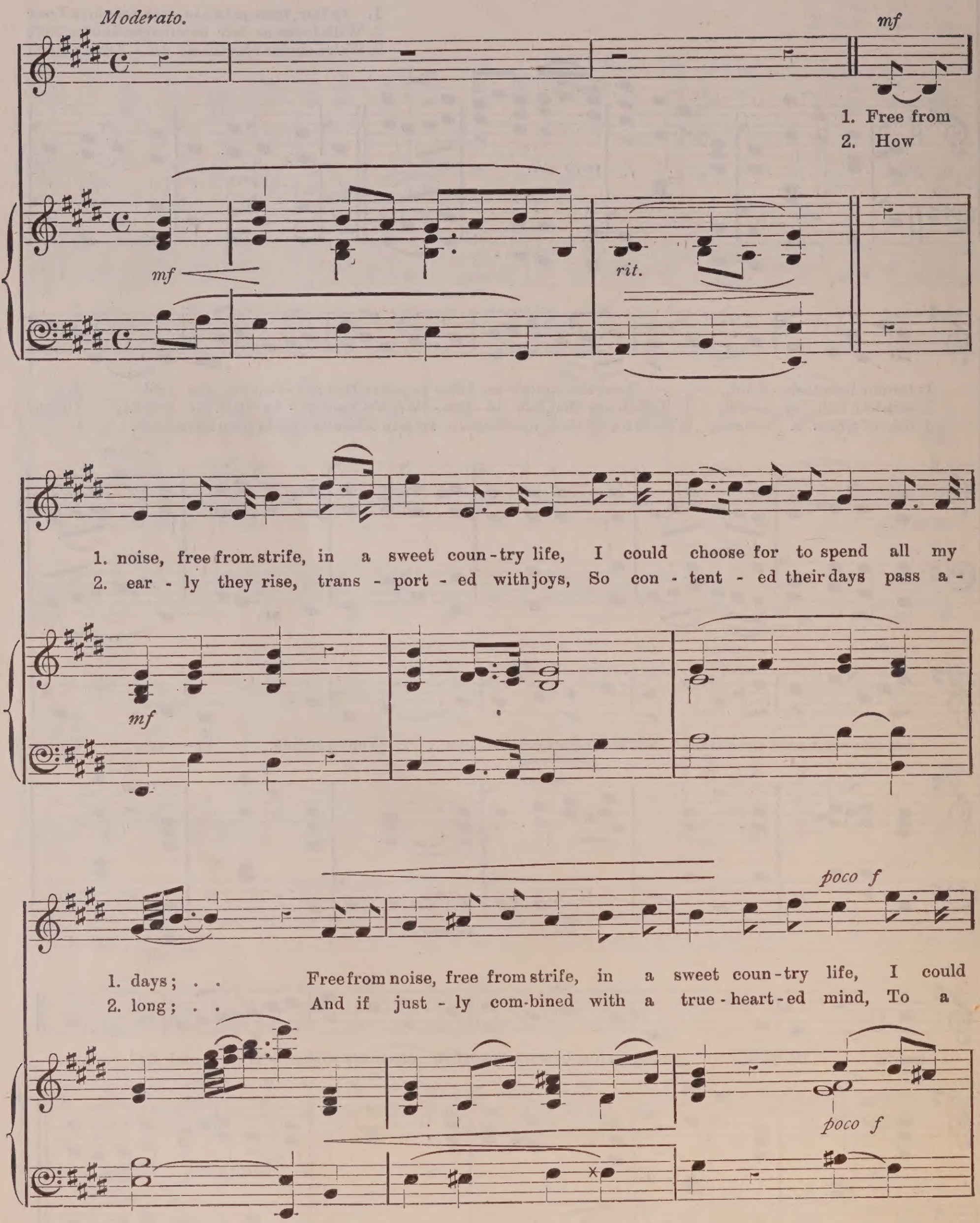
The Retort.

T. A. Arne.

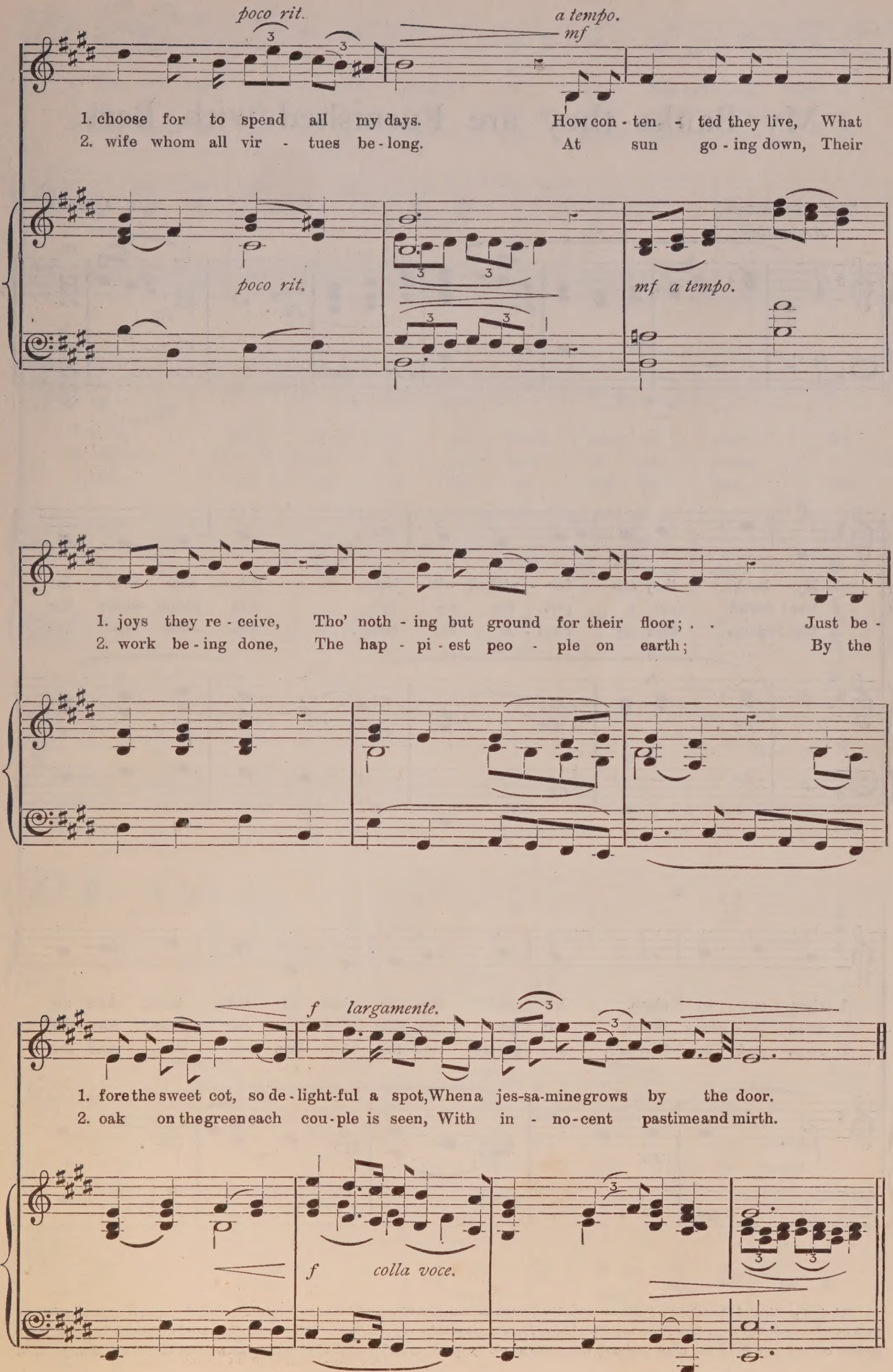

Allegretto.
mf
p
f
poco rit.
1. Ye fair, from man's in - sid-ious love Your
2. With looks as fair as summer flow'rs, Soft
3. We're clods of earth, all an - i-mate, Each
1. tender hearts de - fend, Lest the mistak-en bliss ye prove But sor - row in the end. . .
2. words like hon - ey sweet, The tears that fall in gen - tle show'rs Your pi - ty they'll en treat. . .
3. blade of grass a tongue, 'Twould waste their moisture to re-late The mis chiefs men have done. . .
Thro'
rea-son scan each art-ful man, Nor trust your ear or eye, . . Young maids, be - ware, Young
maids, be-ware, young maids, beware, men fish en-snare with ar - ti - fi - cial fly! . . .
colla voce.

An early Vauxhall song sung at the Gardens by Thomas Lowe, a tenor singer of great repute. Lowe made his debut at Drury Lane Theatre in the autumn of 1748, and soon after that was the principal male singer at Vauxhall. He became manager or part proprietor of the rival Gardens at Mary-le-bone, and died in 1783 after a very extended period of public singing. The pretty melody is by Dr. Arne (before he obtained his degree), and the whole is here reprinted from a music-sheet published about 1750-5.

Rural Life.

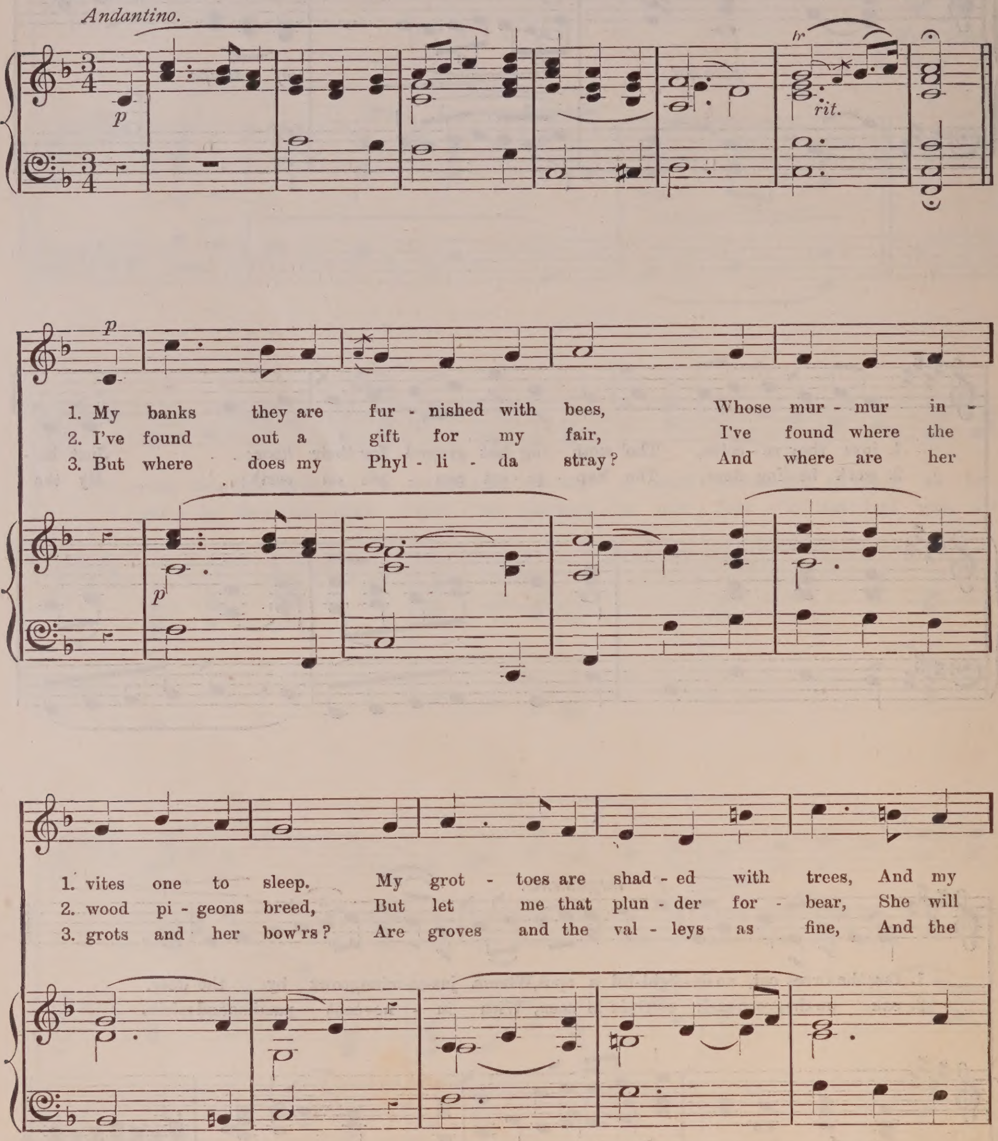

Moderato.
mf
1. Free from
2. How
mf
rit.
1. noise, free from strife, in a sweet coun-try life, I could choose for to spend all my
2. ear-ly they rise, trans-port-ed with joys, So con-tent-ed their days pass a-
mf
1. days; . . Free from noise, free from strife, in a sweet coun-try life, I could
2. long; . . And if just-ly com-bined with a true-heart-ed mind, To a
poco f
poco f

Appears as "a New Song" in the *Universal Magazine* for October, 1770. The same sentiments are expressed in a much earlier production published in the sixth volume of Watt's *Musical Miscellany*. It is distinctly like the composition of Michael Arne, and there are passages in it which remind one very much of his "Lass with the delicate air."

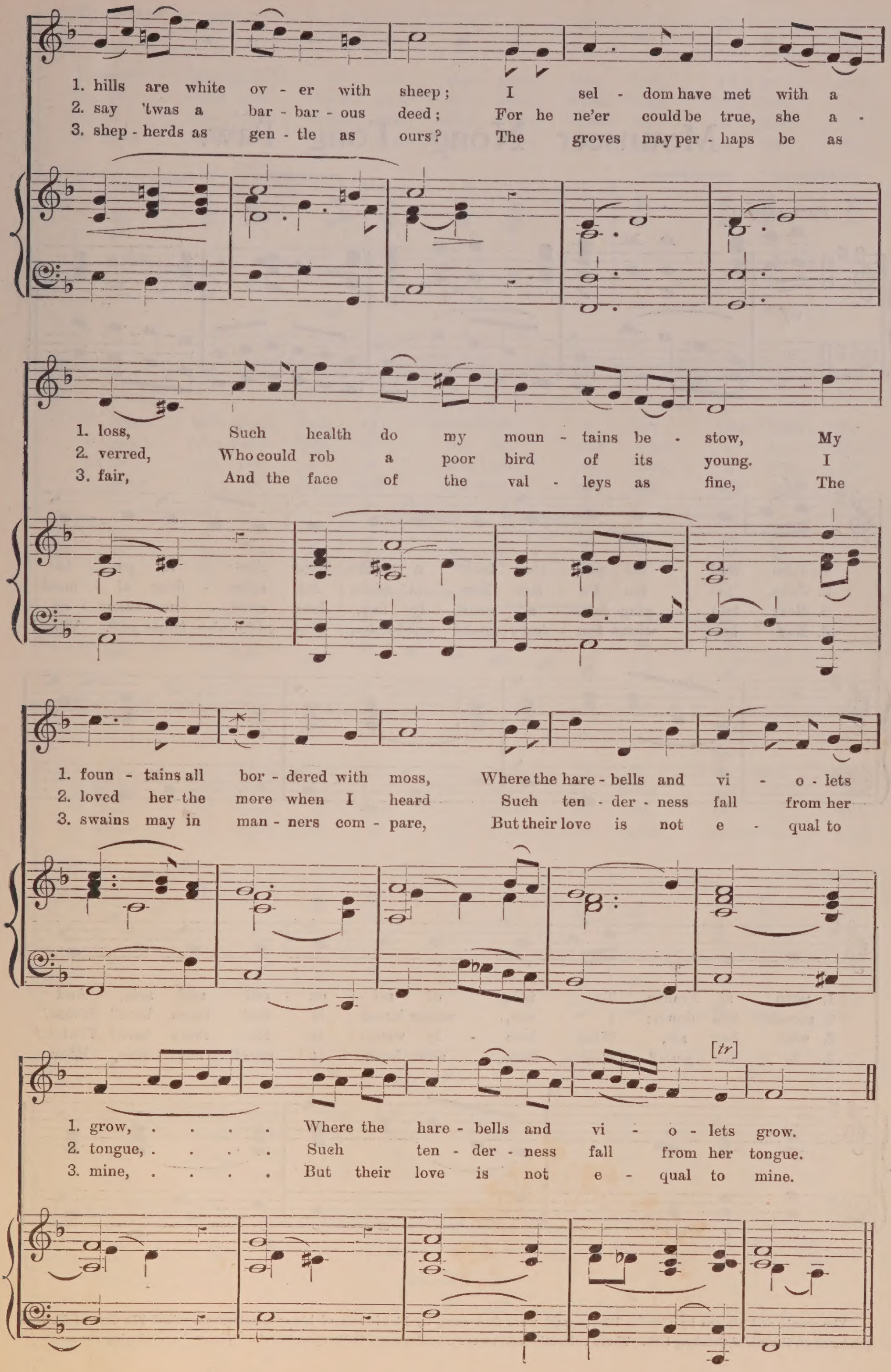

poco rit.
a tempo.
mf
1. choose for to spend all my days. How con - ten - ted they live, What
2. wife whom all vir - tues be - long. At sun go - ing down, Their
poco rit.
mf a tempo.
1. joys they re - ceive, Tho' noth - ing but ground for their floor; . . Just be -
2. work be - ing done, The hap - pi - est peo - ple on earth; By the
f largamente.
1. fore the sweet cot, so de - light-ful a spot, When a jes-sa-mine grows by the door.
2. oak on the green each cou - ple is seen, With in - no-cent pastime and mirth.
f colla voce.

My Banks they are Furnished with Bees.

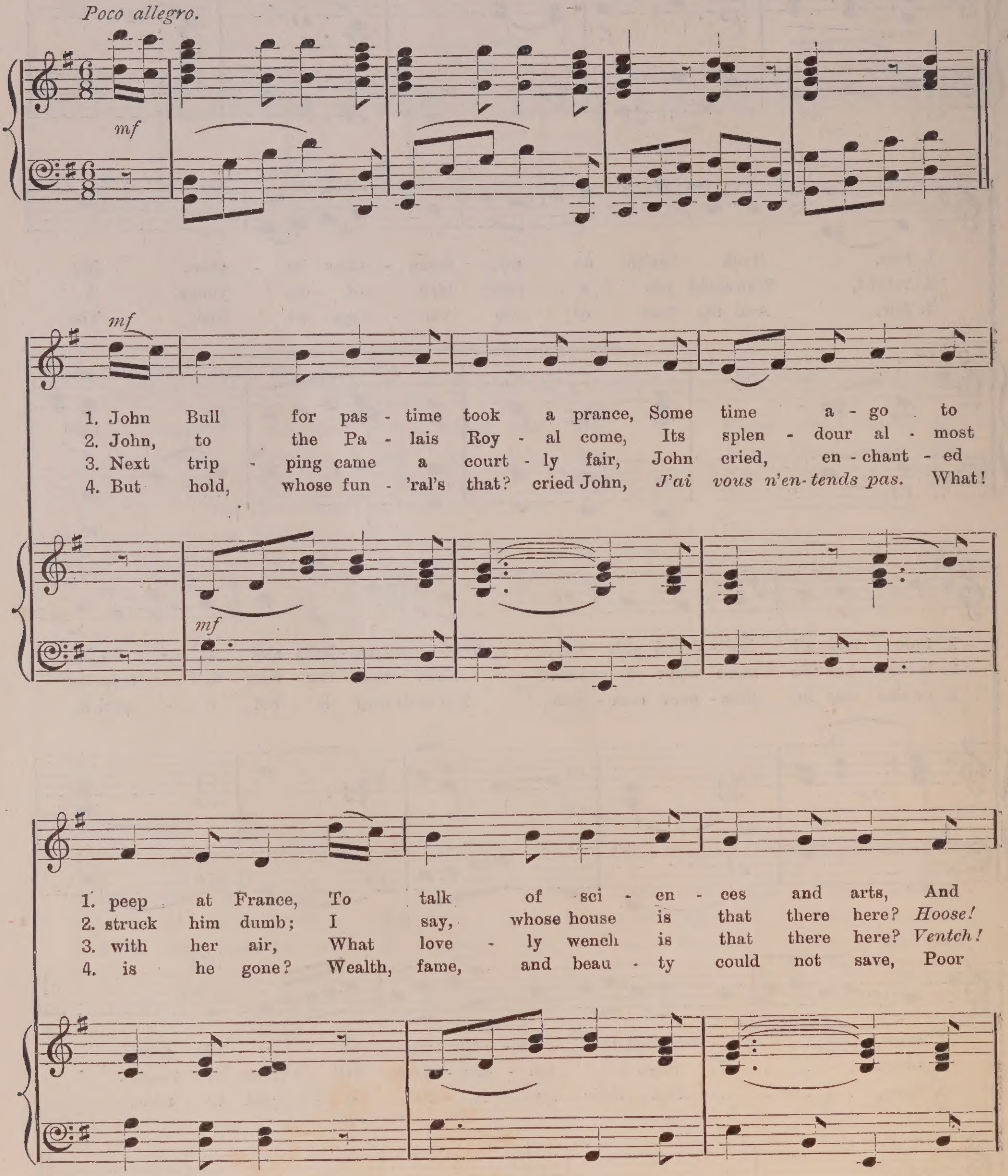
Wm. Shenstone. **T. A. Arne.**


Andantino.
p
tr
rit.
p
p
1. My banks they are fur - nished with bees, Whose mur - mur in - vites one to sleep. My grot - toes are shad - ed with trees, And my
2. I've found out a gift for my fair, I've found where the wood pi - geons breed, But let me that plun - der for - bear, She will
3. But where does my Phyl - li - da stray? And where are her grots and her bow'rs? Are groves and the val - leys as fine, And the

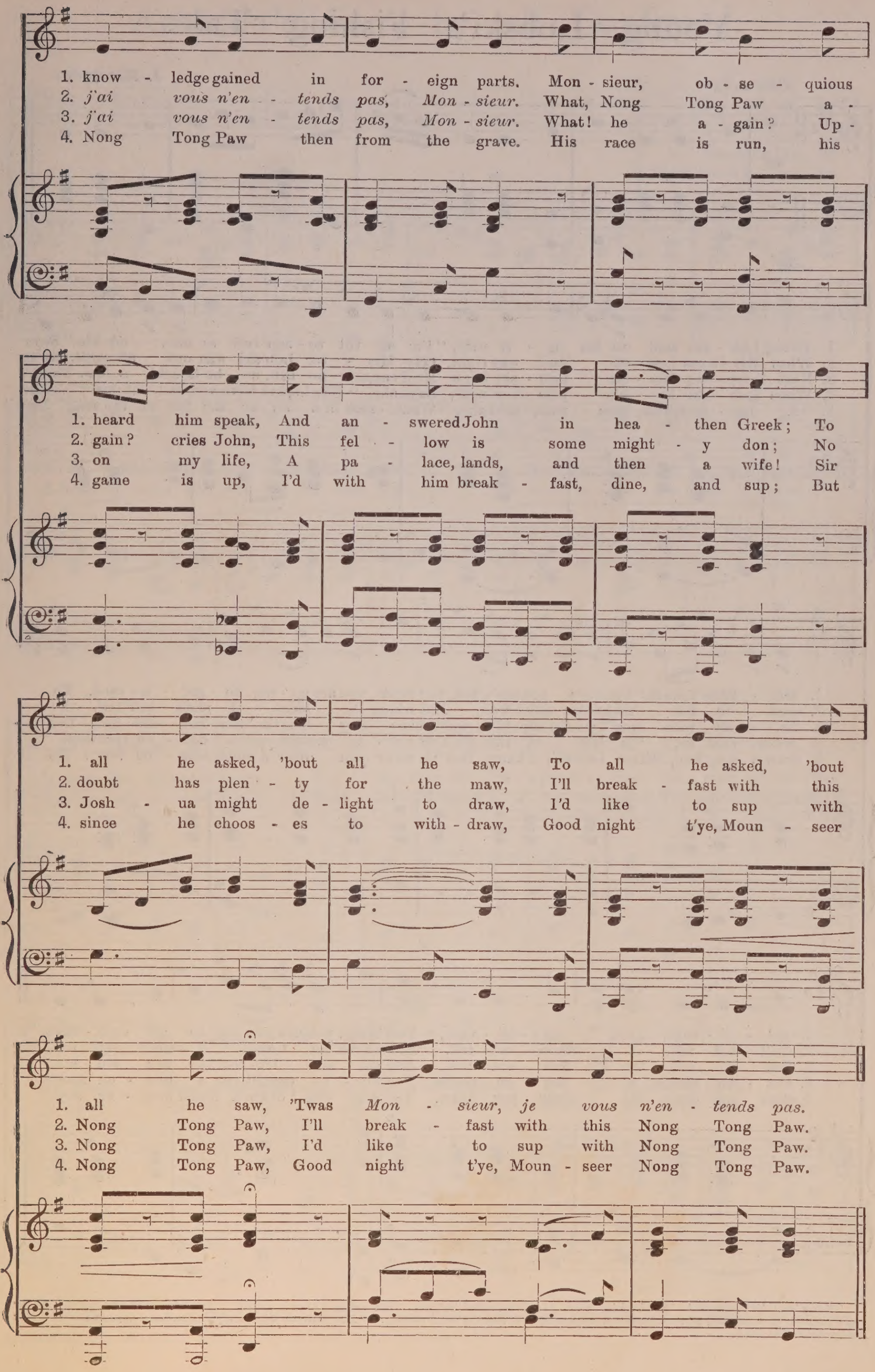
This is a portion of Shenstone's *Pastoral Ballad in four parts*, selections from which have furnished words for several musical settings, such as "When forced from dear Hebe to go," "I have found out a gift for my fair," etc. "My banks they are furnished with bees," with several other songs from the same pastoral, was set to music by Dr. Arne and published in the second volume of *Clio and Euterpe*, 1759.


1. hills are white ov - er with sheep; I sel - dom have met with a
2. say 'twas a bar - bar - ous deed; For he ne'er could be true, she a -
3. shep - herds as gen - tle as ours? The groves may per - haps be as
1. loss, Such health do my moun - tains be - stow, My
2. verred, Who could rob a poor bird of its young. I
3. fair, And the face of the val - leys as fine, The
1. foun - tains all bor - dered with moss, Where the hare - bells and vi - o - lets
2. loved her the more when I heard Such ten - der - ness fall from her
3. swains may in man - ners com - pare, But their love is not e - qual to
1. grow, ... Where the hare - bells and vi - o - lets grow.
2. tongue, ... Such ten - der - ness fall from her tongue.
3. mine, ... But their love is not e - qual to mine.
[tr]

Mounseer Nong Tong Paw.

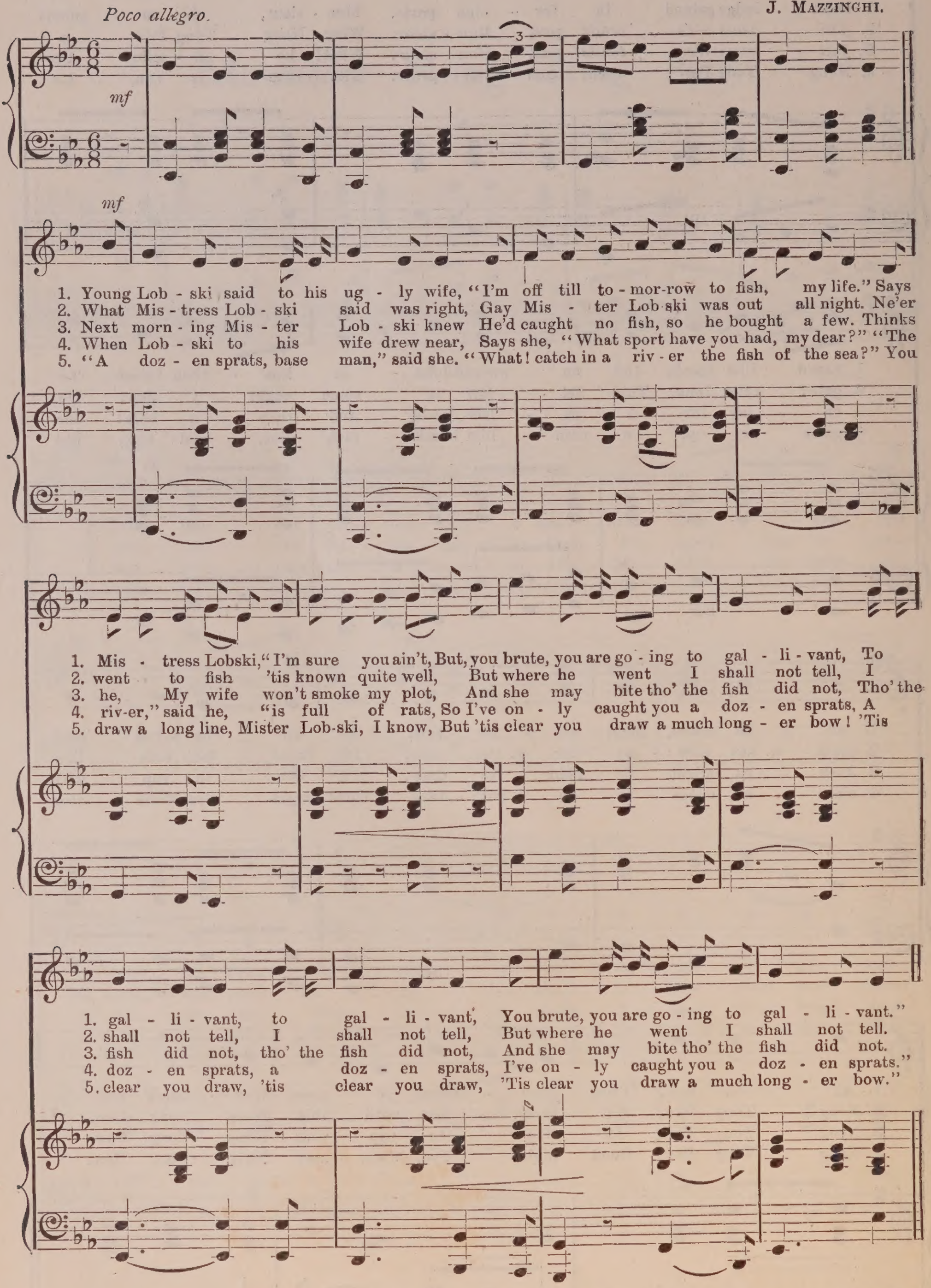

Poco allegro.
mf
mf
mf
1. John Bull for pas - time took a prance, Some time a - go to
2. John, to the Pa - lais Roy - al come, Its splen - dour al - most
3. Next trip - ping came a court - ly fair, John cried, en - chant - ed
4. But hold, whose fun - 'ral's that? cried John, J'ai vous n'en- tends pas. What!
1. peep at France, To talk of sci - en - ces and arts, And
2. struck him dumb; I say, whose house is that there here? Hoose!
3. with her air, What love - ly wench is that there here? Ventch!
4. is he gone? Wealth, fame, and beau - ty could not save, Poor

The words and air are by Charles Dibdin, and were first sung by him in one of his entertainments called *The General Election*, produced on the 9th of October, 1796. These entertainments were monologues, Dibdin speaking the "patter," and singing the song.


1. knowledge gained in foreign parts. Monsieur, obsequious
2. j'ai vous n'en - tends pas, Mon - sieur. What, Nong Tong Paw a -
3. j'ai vous n'en - tends pas, Mon - sieur. What! he a - gain? Up -
4. Nong Tong Paw then from the grave. His race is run, his
1. heard him speak, And answered John in heathen Greek; To
2. gain? cries John, This fellow is some mighty don; No
3. on my life, A palace, lands, and then a wife! Sir
4. game is up, I'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup; But
1. all he asked, 'bout all he saw, To all he asked, 'bout
2. doubt has plenty for the maw, I'll breakfast with this
3. Joshua might delight to draw, I'd like to sup with
4. since he chooses to withdraw, Good night t'ye, Mounseer
1. all he saw, 'Twas Monsieur, je vous n'entends pas.
2. Nong Tong Paw, I'll breakfast with this Nong Tong Paw.
3. Nong Tong Paw, I'd like to sup with Nong Tong Paw.
4. Nong Tong Paw, Good night t'ye, Mounseer Nong Tong Paw.

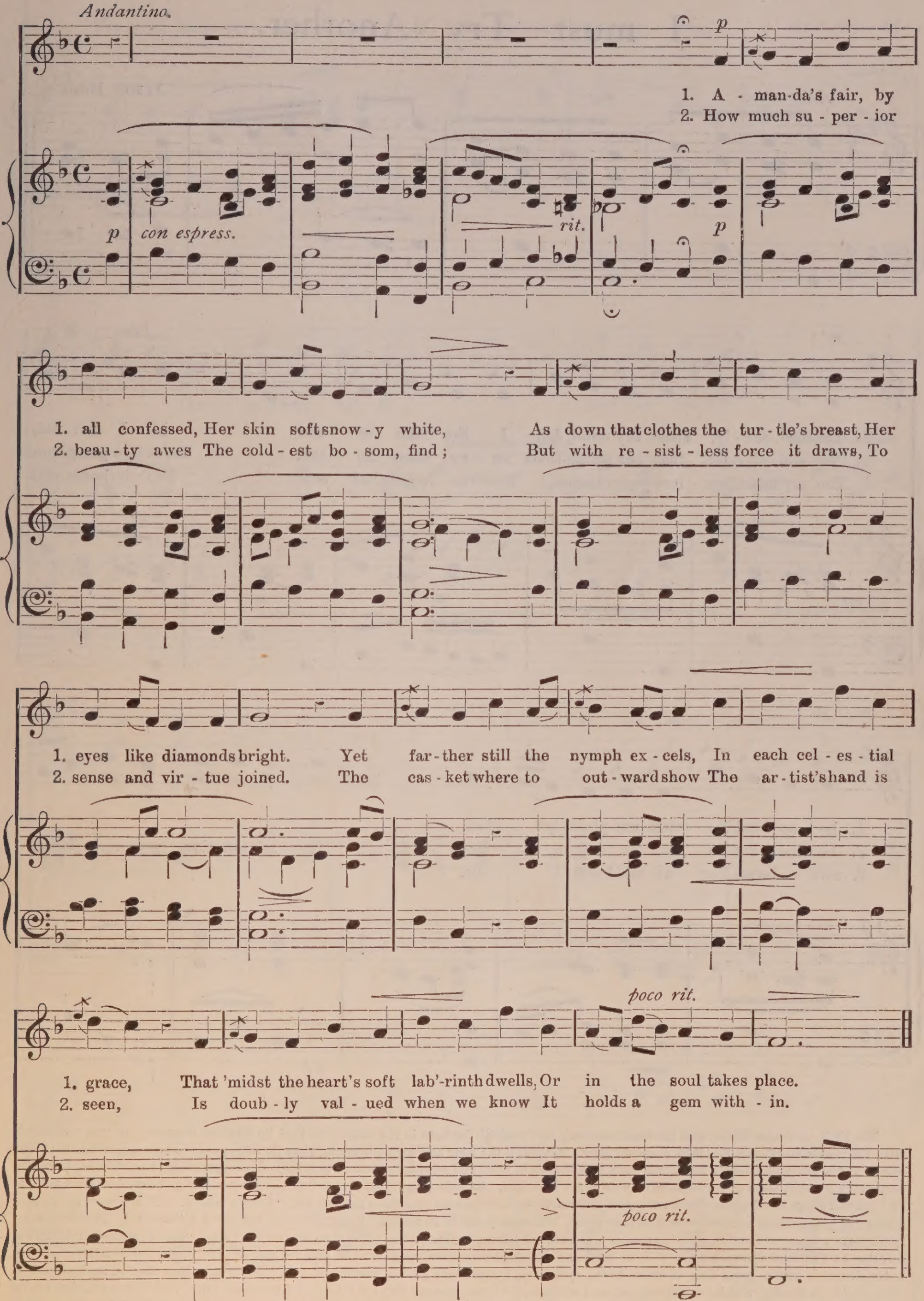
Young Lobski's Fishing Tale.

J. Mazzinghi.


Poco allegro.
mf
3
mf
1. Young Lob - ski said to his ug - ly wife, "I'm off till to - mor-row to fish, my life." Says
2. What Mis - tress Lob - ski said was right, Gay Mis - ter Lob-ski was out all night. Ne'er
3. Next morn - ing Mis - ter Lob - ski knew He'd caught no fish, so he bought a few. Thinks
4. When Lob - ski to his wife drew near, Says she, "What sport have you had, my dear?" "The
5. "A doz - en sprats, base man," said she. "What! catch in a riv - er the fish of the sea?" You
1. Mis - tress Lobski, "I'm sure you ain't, But, you brute, you are go - ing to gal - li - vant, To
2. went to fish 'tis known quite well, But where he went I shall not tell, I
3. he, My wife won't smoke my plot, And she may bite tho' the fish did not, Tho' the
4. riv-er," said he, "is full of rats, So I've on - ly caught you a doz - en sprats, A
5. draw a long line, Mister Lob-ski, I know, But 'tis clear you draw a much long - er bow! 'Tis
1. gal - li - vant, to gal - li - vant, You brute, you are go - ing to gal - li - vant."
2. shall not tell, I shall not tell, But where he went I shall not tell.
3. fish did not, tho' the fish did not, And she may bite tho' the fish did not.
4. doz - en sprats, a doz - en sprats, I've on - ly caught you a doz - en sprats."
5. clear you draw, 'tis clear you draw, 'Tis clear you draw a much long - er bow."

Sung by John Fawcett in Mazzinghi's opera, *The Exile*, acted in 1808. The song, "Young Lobski," long survived the opera. So far as I know it is one of the earliest recorded associations of fibbing with fishing. "The Wife in Masquerade" has been also selected for our work from *The Exile*.

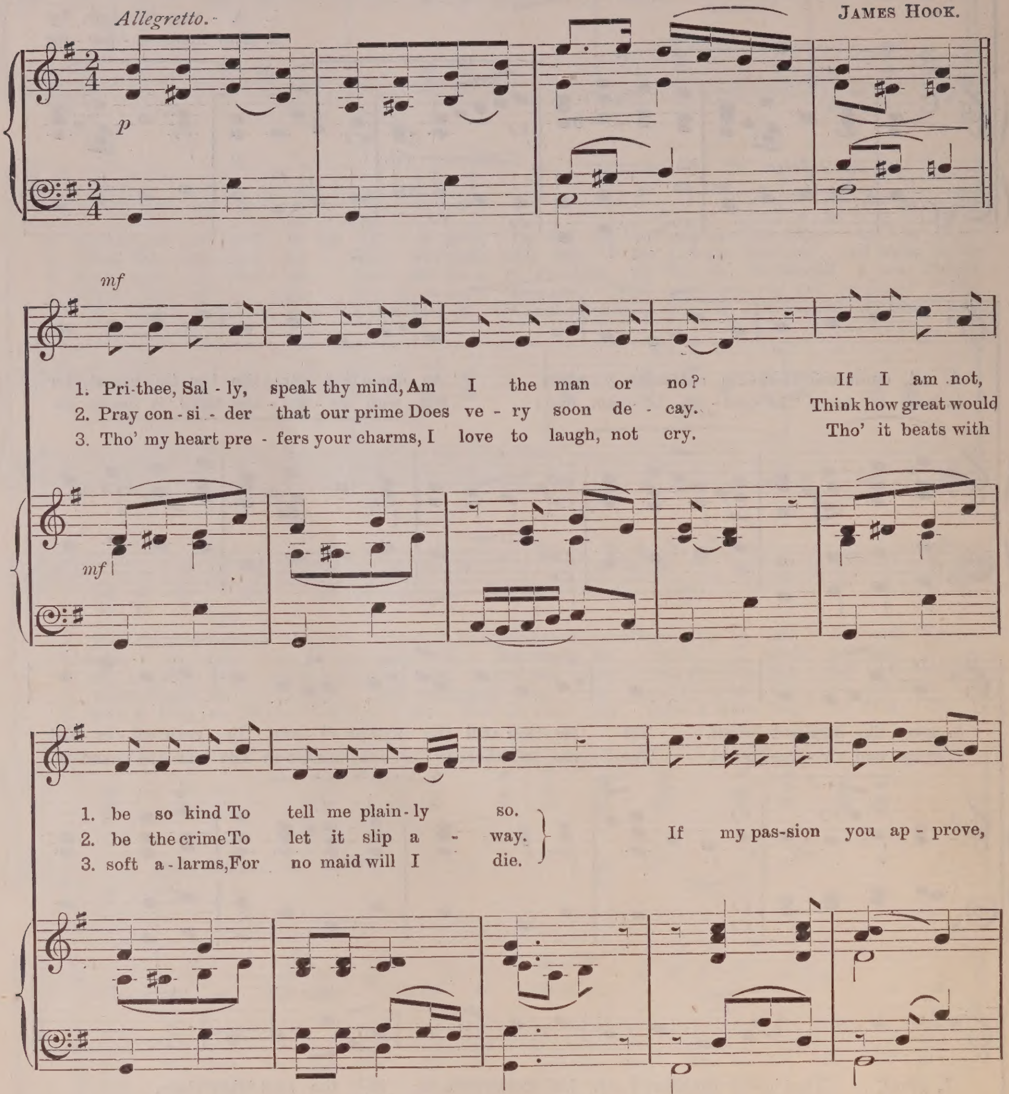
Amanda's Fair, by all Confessed.


Andantino.
p
1. A - man-da's fair, by
2. How much su - per - ior
p con espress.
rit.
p
1. all confessed, Her skin soft snow - y white, As down that clothes the tur - tle's breast, Her
2. beau - ty awes The cold - est bo - som, find; But with re - sist - less force it draws, To
1. eyes like diamonds bright. Yet far - ther still the nymph ex - cels, In each cel - es - tial
2. sense and vir - tue joined. The cas - ket where to out - ward show The ar - tist's hand is
poco rit.
1. grace, That 'midst the heart's soft lab'-rinth dwells, Or in the soul takes place.
2. seen, Is doub - ly val - ued when we know It holds a gem with - in.
poco rit.

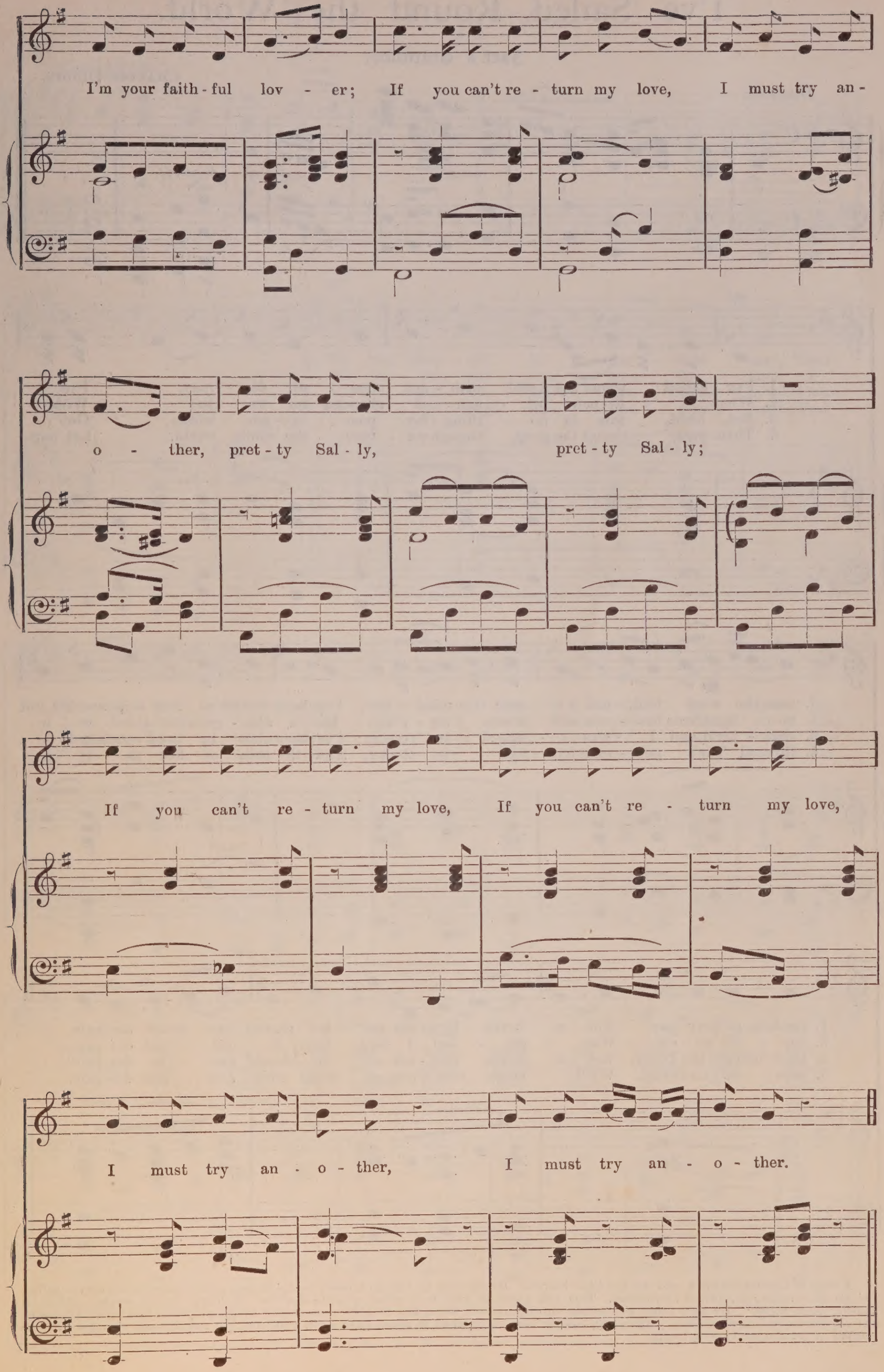
As "The Phœnix: a new song" this is contained in *The Universal Magazine* for 1763. No author's or composer's name is mentioned, and it is either by Dr. Arne or some musician who has closely copied his style.

I must Try Another.

JAMES HOOK.


Allegretto.
p
mf
1. Pri-thee, Sal - ly, speak thy mind, Am I the man or no? If I am not,
2. Pray con - si - der that our prime Does ve - ry soon de - cay. Think how great would
3. Tho' my heart pre - fers your charms, I love to laugh, not cry. Tho' it beats with
mf
1. be so kind To tell me plain - ly so.
2. be the crime To let it slip a - way.
3. soft a - larms, For no maid will I die.
If my pas-sion you ap - prove,

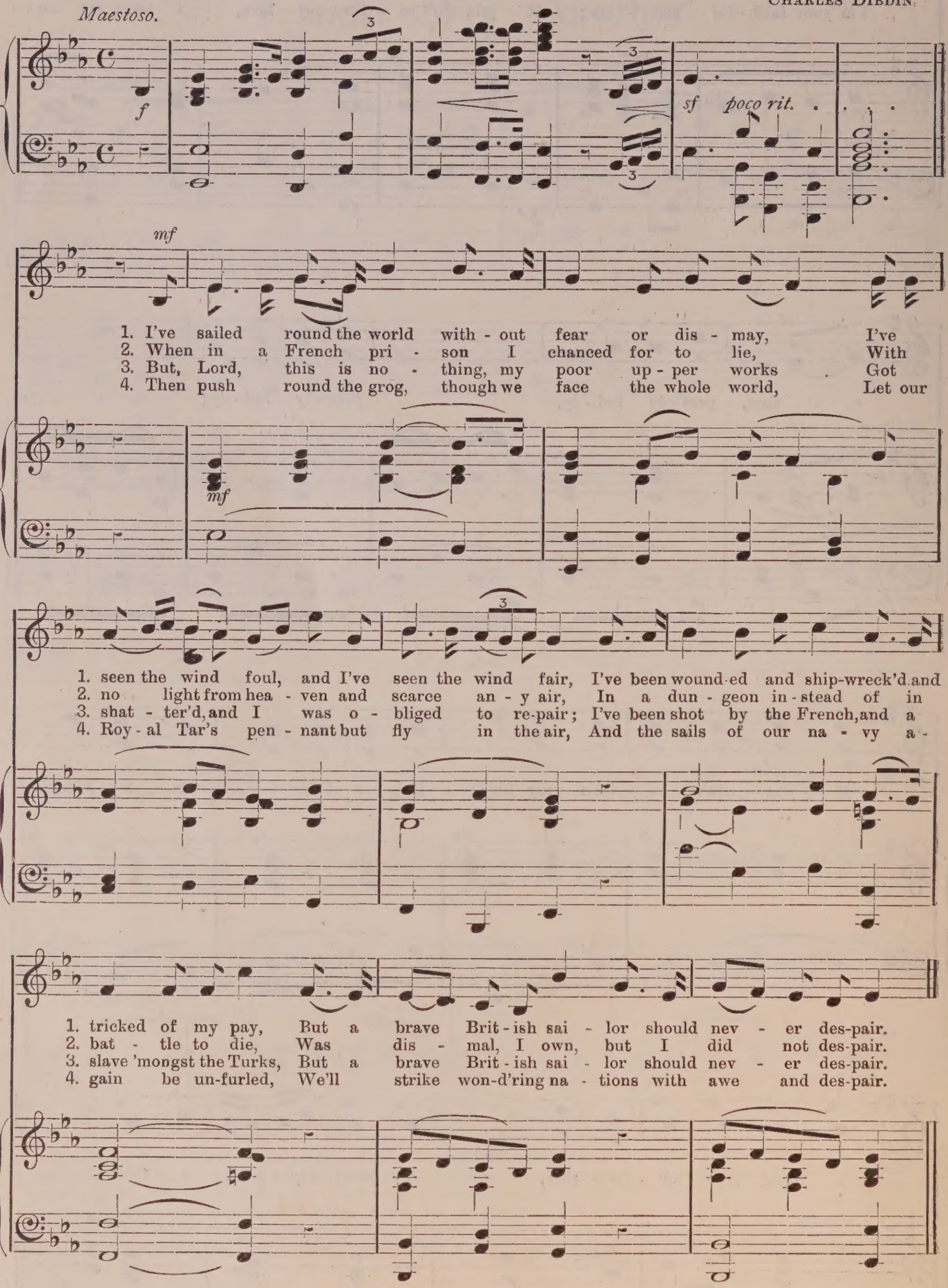
The air is by James Hook, and the song was sung at Vauxhall Gardens in the season of 1799 by Charles Dignum. It was published, with the music, in Hook's *Vauxhall Songs* for 1799. Although the song and air have merit, they do not appear to have survived their first season at the Gardens. James Hook was born at Norwich in 1746, and coming to London in 1769 became organist at Mary-le-bone Gardens, composing for that place of amusement as well as for Vauxhall. In this year (1769) Welcker issued Hook's first published work, a volume of Vauxhall songs bearing the above date, and a concerto with variations on a then popular air, "Lovely Nancy." These were the first of a range of publications so numerous that they must, if it were possible to number them, have run into over a thousand. Hook made an immediate success in London, and his genius was never at a loss in spite of the constant calls on it. Hook was composer and musical director to Vauxhall Gardens from 1772 to 1820, and supplied countless songs for the singers there. He wrote the music for several entertainments and a great deal of other work, concertos, harpsichord pieces, glees, etc., etc. He was author also of an instruction book, *Guida di Musica*, which ran through several editions. At the present day his "Lass of Richmond Hill" and "'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town," the latter first sung at Vauxhall in 1780, have no signs of waning in public favour as standard English songs. Hook died at Boulogne in 1827. Theodore Hook the novelist was his younger son; the elder son and his descendants filled high offices in the Church.


I'm your faith-ful lov-er; If you can't re-turn my love, I must try an-
o-ther, pret-ty Sal-ly, pret-ty Sal-ly;
If you can't re-turn my love, If you can't re-turn my love,
I must try an-o-ther, I must try an-o-ther.

I've Sailed Round the World.

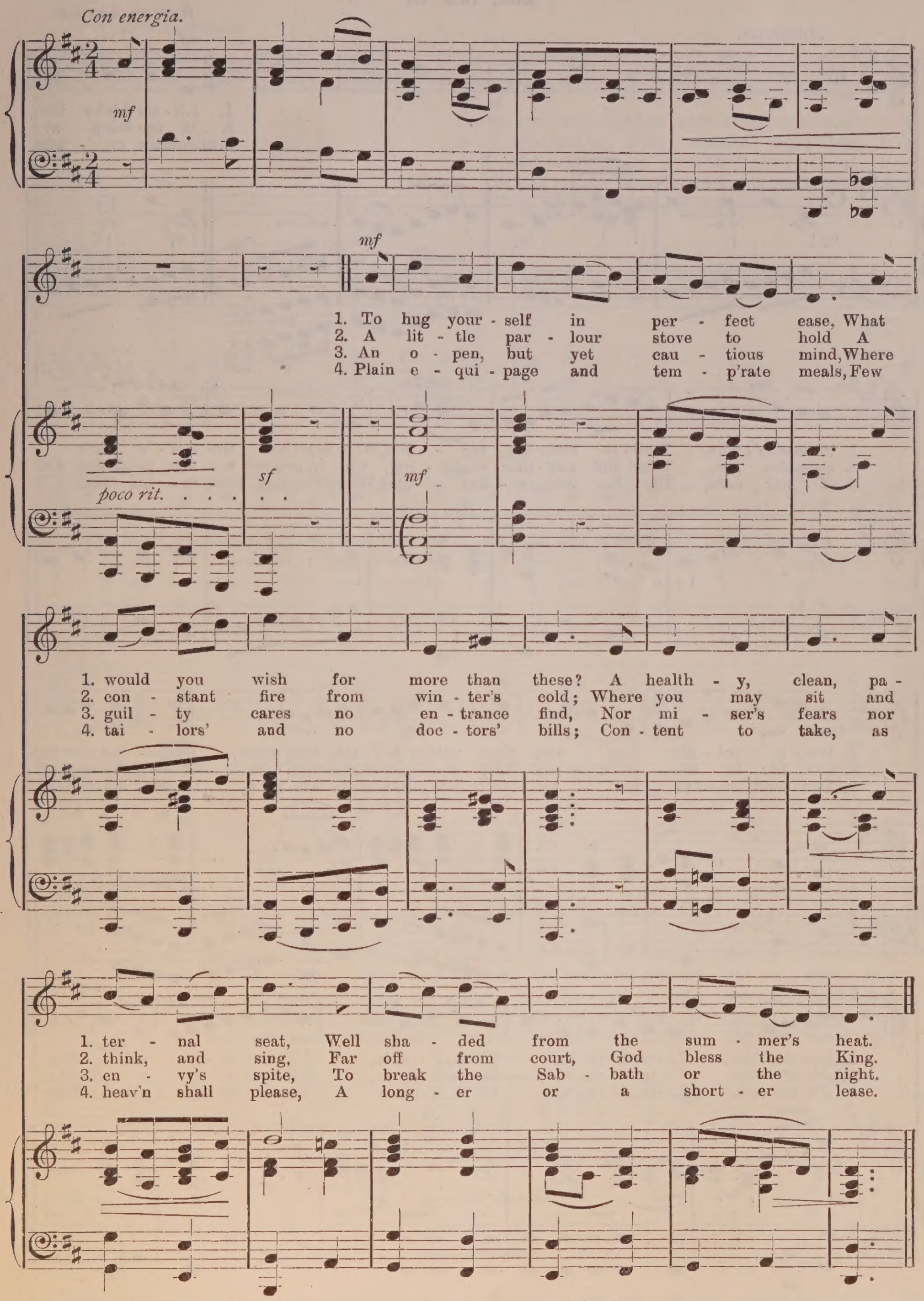
Jack's Gratitude.

CHARLES DIBDIN.


Maestoso.
f
sf
poco rit.
mf
1. I've sailed round the world with - out fear or dis - may, I've seen the wind foul, and I've seen the wind fair, I've been wound-ed and ship-wreck'd and tricked of my pay, But a brave Brit - ish sai - lor should nev - er des-pair.
2. When in a French pri - son I chanced for to lie, With no light from hea - ven and scarce an - y air, In a dun - geon in - stead of in bat - tle to die, Was dis - mal, I own, but I did not des-pair.
3. But, Lord, this is no - thing, my poor up - per works Got shat - ter'd, and I was o - bliged to re-pair; I've been shot by the French, and a slave 'mongst the Turks, But a brave Brit - ish sai - lor should nev - er des-pair.
4. Then push round the grog, though we face the whole world, Let our Roy - al Tar's pen - nant but fly in the air, And the sails of our na - vy a - gain be un-furled, We'll strike won-d'ring na - tions with awe and des-pair.
mf
3
3
3
3

A song of Charles Dibdin's, and one but little known. It was sung by Dibdin himself in one of his monologue entertainments, called *Private Theatricals; or, Nature in Nubibus.* This was given in 1791 in a room opposite Beaufort Buildings in the Strand, which he named "Sans Souci." He gave other succeeding entertainments there, but in 1796 was enabled by the profits he had realised to build a small theatre in Leicester Place. The song, besides being published in sheet form with Dibdin's own imprint and signature, is also printed in contemporary song books.

True Happiness.

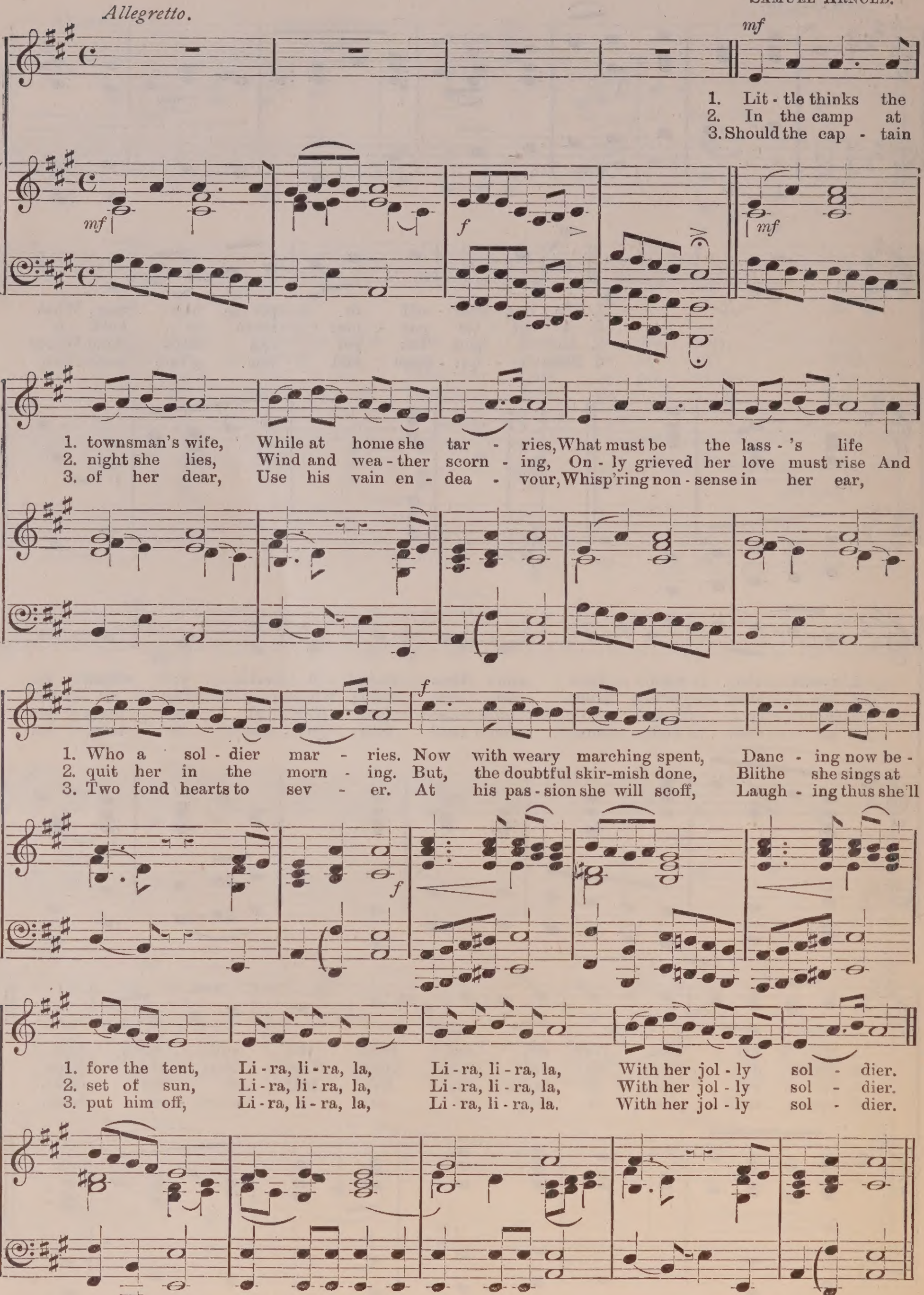

Con energia.
mf
poco rit.
sf
mf
1. To hug your-self in per-fect ease, What would you wish for more than these? A health-y, clean, pa-ter-nal seat, Well sha-ded from the sum-mer's heat.
2. A lit-tle par-lour stove to hold A con-stant fire from win-ter's cold; Where you may sit and think, and sing, Far off from court, God bless the King.
3. An o-pen, but yet cau-tious mind, Where guil-ty cares no en-trance find, Nor mi-ser's fears nor en-vy's spite, To break the Sab-bath or the night.
4. Plain e-qui-page and tem-p'rate meals, Few tai-lors' and no doc-tors' bills; Con-tent to take, as heav'n shall please, A long-er or a short-er lease.

Appears in *The Convivial Songster*, 1782. In another place the composition of the air is attributed to a musician named Dieupart. How far this is correct we are unable to say. The words are by a W. Bedingfield, a forgotten writer of verse.

Little Thinks the Townsman's Wife.

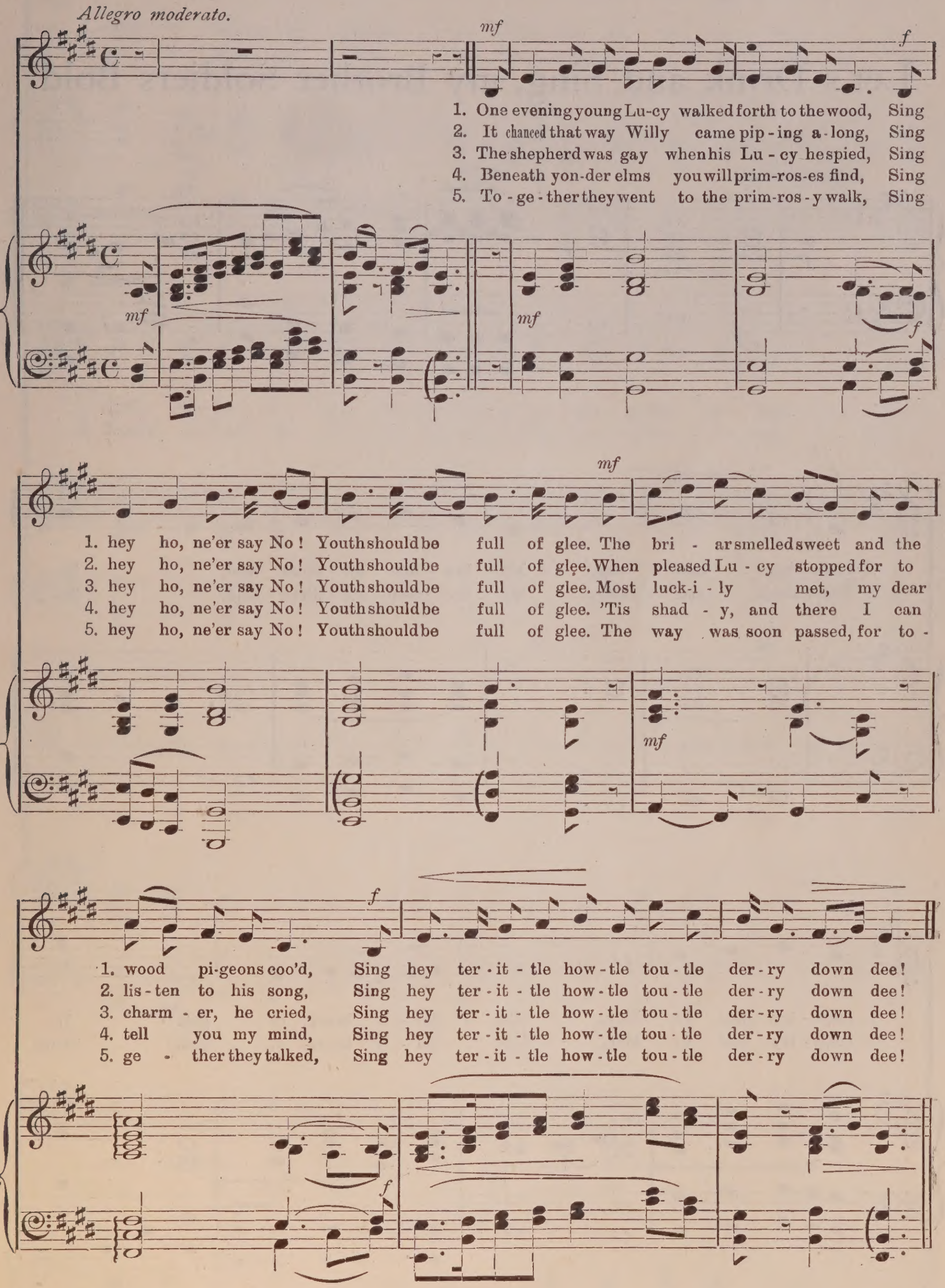
Lira, lira, la.

SAMUEL ARNOLD.


Allegretto.
mf
1. Lit - tle thinks the
2. In the camp at
3. Should the cap - tain
f
1. townsman's wife, While at home she tar - ries, What must be the lass - 's life
2. night she lies, Wind and wea - ther scorn - ing, On - ly grieved her love must rise And
3. of her dear, Use his vain en - dea - vour, Whisp'ring non - sense in her ear,
1. Who a sol - dier mar - ries. Now with weary marching spent, Danc - ing now be -
2. quit her in the morn - ing. But, the doubtful skir-mish done, Blithe she sings at
3. Two fond hearts to sev - er. At his pas - sion she will scoff, Laugh - ing thus she'll
1. fore the tent, Li - ra, li - ra, la, Li - ra, li - ra, la, With her jol - ly sol - dier.
2. set of sun, Li - ra, li - ra, la, Li - ra, li - ra, la, With her jol - ly sol - dier.
3. put him off, Li - ra, li - ra, la, Li - ra, li - ra, la. With her jol - ly sol - dier.

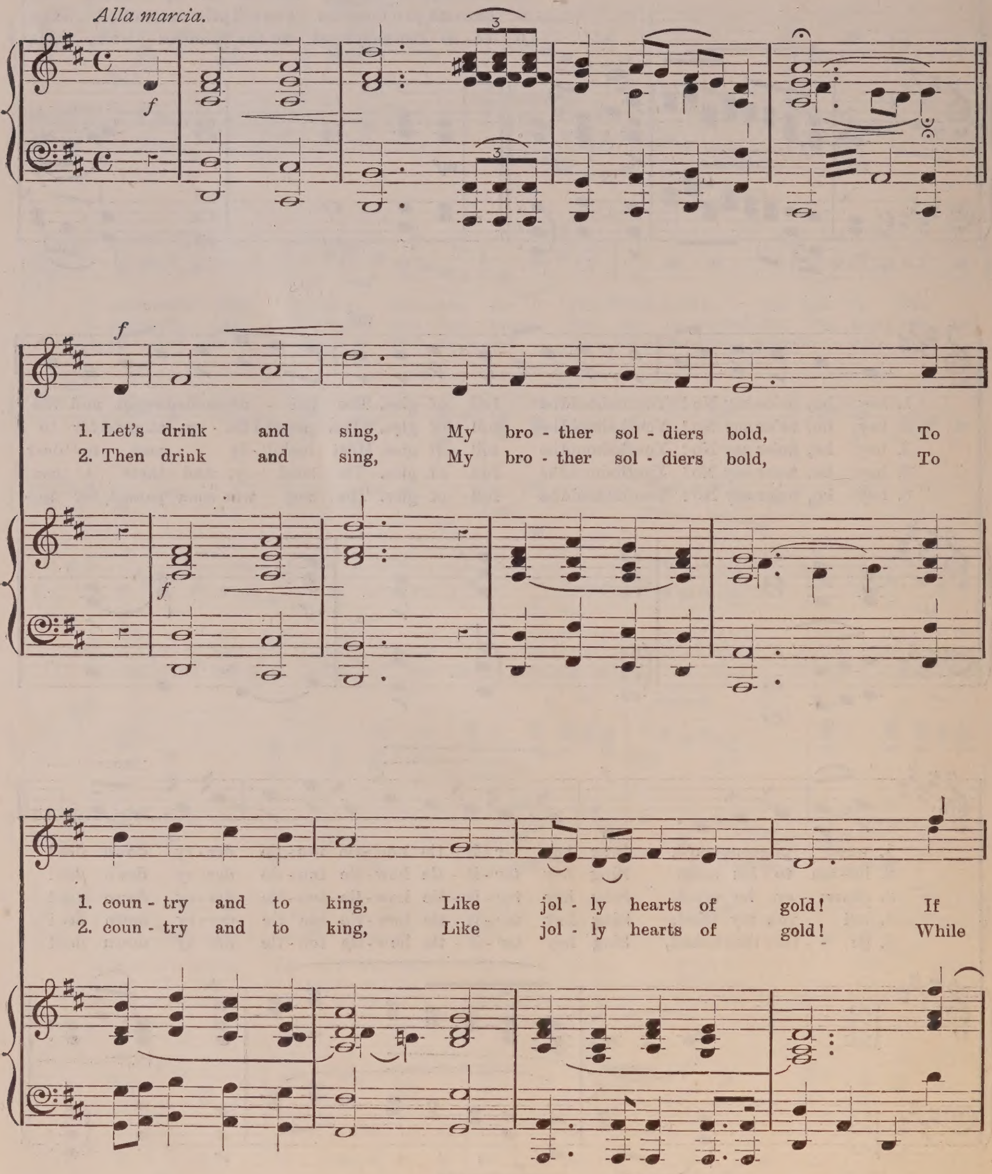
More frequently entitled "Lira, Lira, La." It is from Dr. Samuel Arnold's opera, *The Surrender of Calais*, performed at the Haymarket in 1791. The song was written by George Coleman the younger, and sung by Mrs. Bland. *The Surrender of Calais* was notable for the singing and acting of Johnstone the Irish comedian, who, in the character of O'Carroll first sang on the stage the beautiful Irish traditional air, "Savourneen Deelish," and other Irish melodies which Arnold employed in this piece.
]

Sing Hey ho, Ne'er say No!

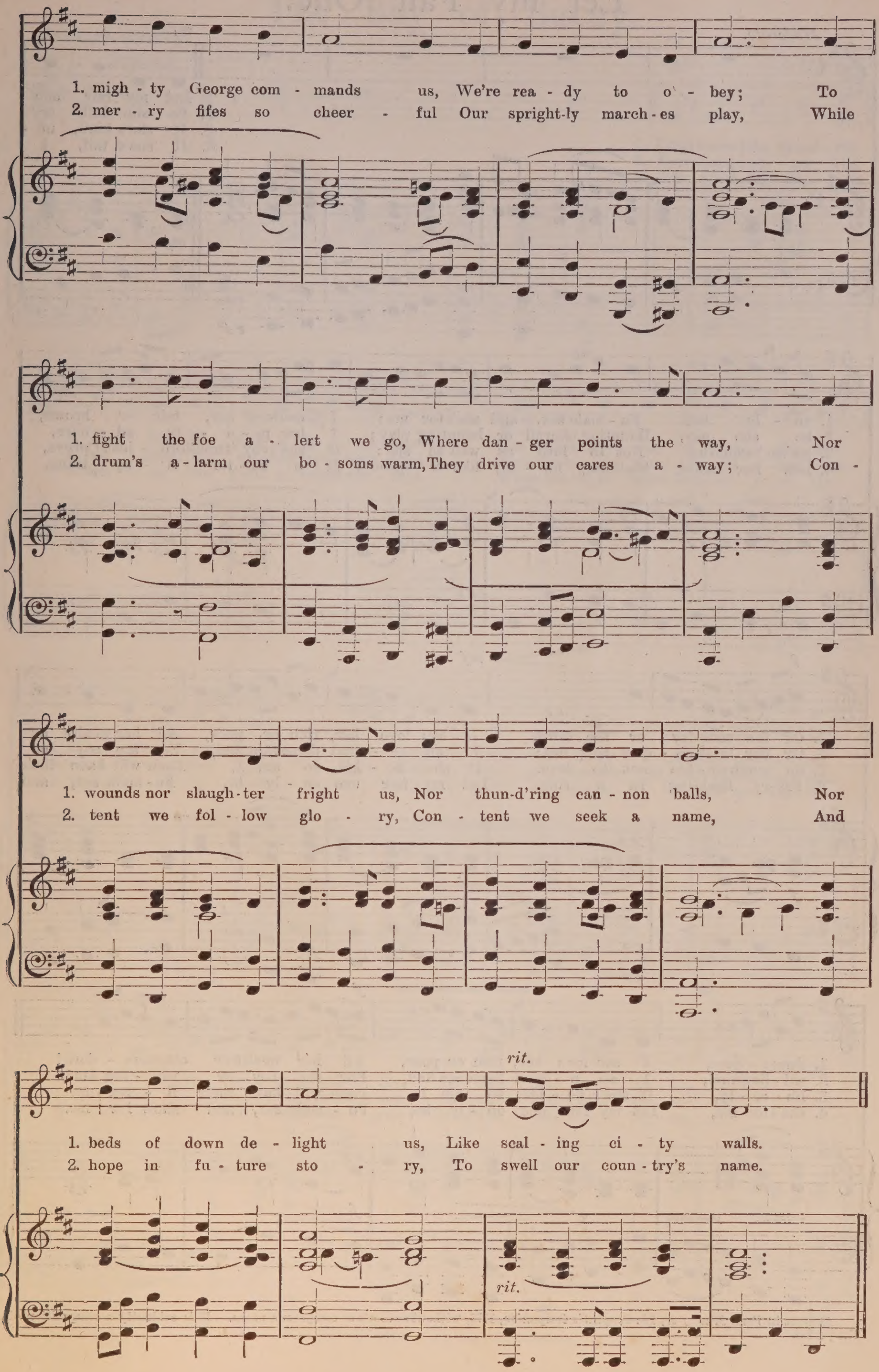

Allegro moderato.
mf
f
1. One evening young Lu-cy walked forth to the wood, Sing
2. It chanced that way Willy came pip-ing a-long, Sing
3. The shepherd was gay when his Lu-cy he spied, Sing
4. Beneath yon-der elms you will prim-ros-es find, Sing
5. To-ge-ther they went to the prim-ros-y walk, Sing
1. hey ho, ne'er say No! Youth should be full of glee. The bri - ar smelled sweet and the
2. hey ho, ne'er say No! Youth should be full of glee. When pleased Lu-cy stopped for to
3. hey ho, ne'er say No! Youth should be full of glee. Most luck-i-ly met, my dear
4. hey ho, ne'er say No! Youth should be full of glee. 'Tis shad - y, and there I can
5. hey ho, ne'er say No! Youth should be full of glee. The way was soon passed, for to-
1. wood pi-geons coo'd, Sing hey ter-it-tle how-tle tou-tle der-ry down dee!
2. lis-ten to his song, Sing hey ter-it-tle how-tle tou-tle der-ry down dee!
3. charm - er, he cried, Sing hey ter-it-tle how-tle tou-tle der-ry down dee!
4. tell you my mind, Sing hey ter-it-tle how-tle tou-tle der-ry down dee!
5. ge - ther they talked, Sing hey ter-it-tle how-tle tou-tle der-ry down dee!

Under the title, "The Bird's Nest," this appears in *The Universal Magazine* for April, 1773. The last verse has been omitted. The song does not appear to have been commonly known even at that day, as search has failed to find other copies in contemporary song collections.

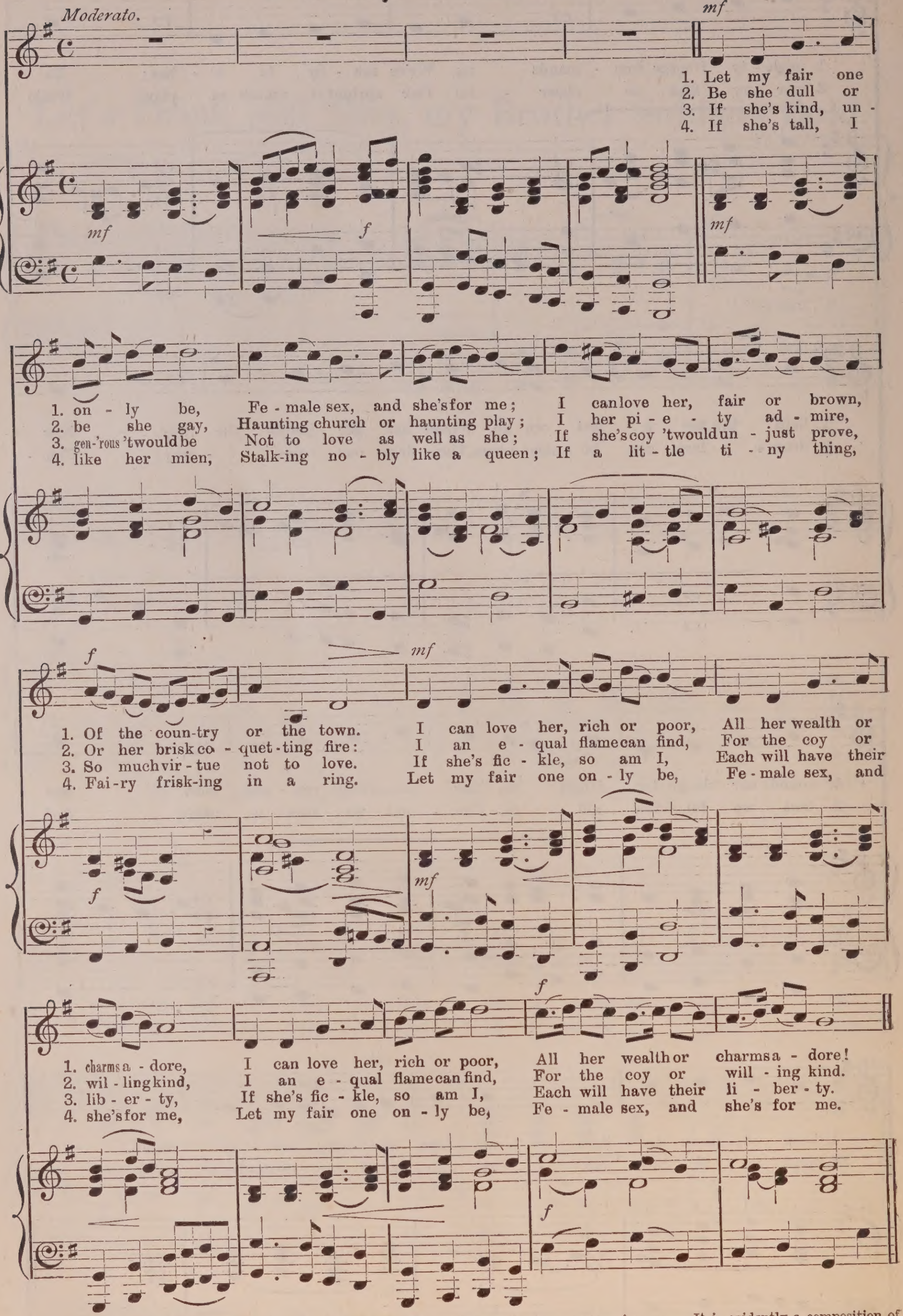
Let's Drink and Sing, my Brother Soldiers Bold.


Alla marcia.
f
3
f
1. Let's drink and sing, My bro - ther sol - diers bold, To
2. Then drink and sing, My bro - ther sol - diers bold, To
f
1. coun - try and to king, Like jol - ly hearts of gold! If
2. coun - try and to king, Like jol - ly hearts of gold! While

A soldier's drinking song with a fine, spirited melody. It appears in *The Convivial Songster*, 1782, and in one passage the melody gives a remembrance of Handel.


1. migh - ty George com - mands us, We're rea - dy to o - bey; To
2. mer - ry fifes so cheer - ful Our spright-ly march - es play, While
1. fight the foe a - lert we go, Where dan - ger points the way, Nor
2. drum's a - larm our bo - soms warm, They drive our cares a - way; Con -
1. wounds nor slaugh - ter fright us, Nor thun-d'ring can - non balls, Nor
2. tent we fol - low glo - ry, Con - tent we seek a name, And
rit.
1. beds of down de - light us, Like scal - ing ci - ty walls.
2. hope in fu - ture sto - ry, To swell our coun - try's name.
rit.

Let my Fair One.

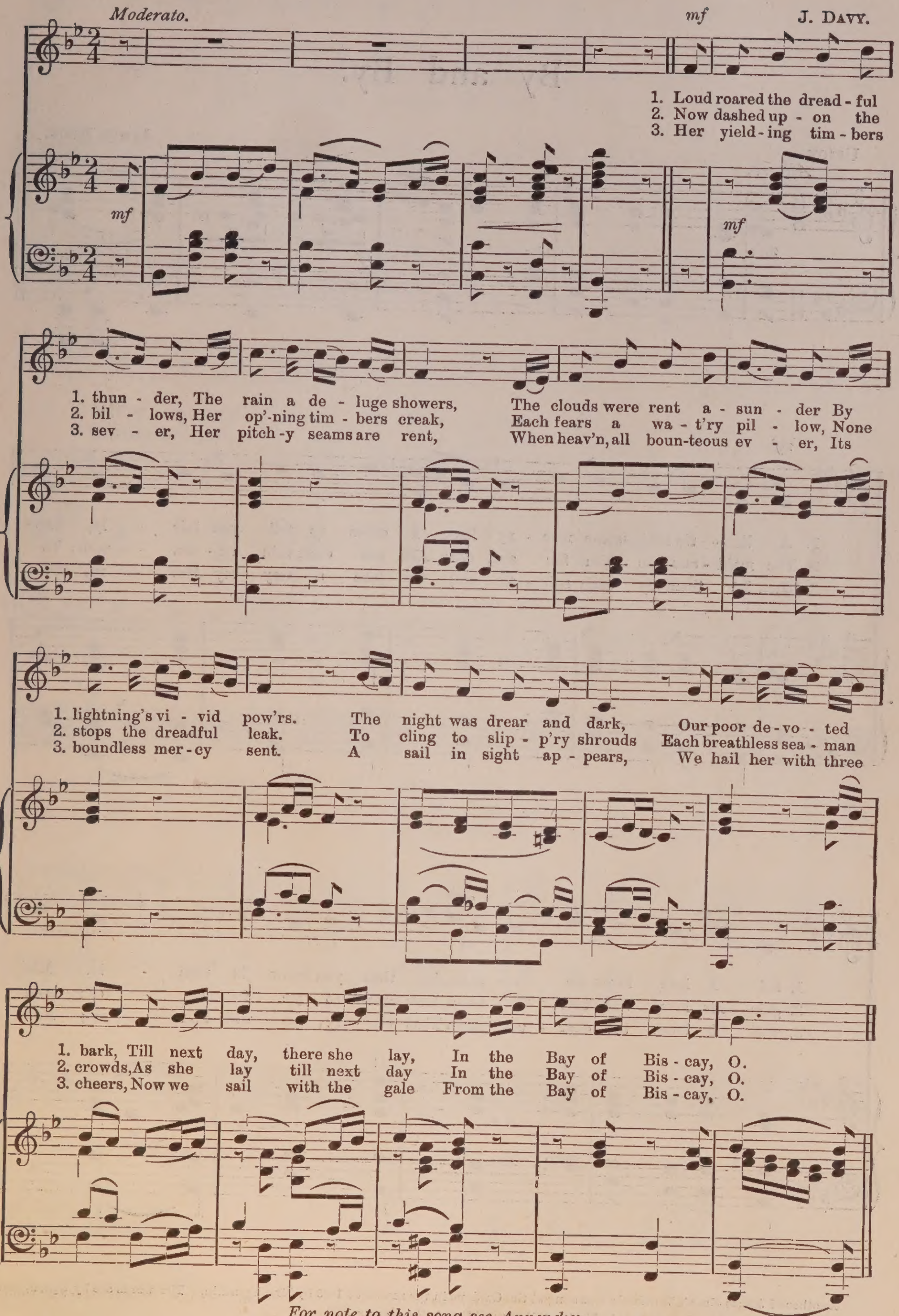

Moderato.
mf
f
1. Let my fair one
2. Be she dull or
3. If she's kind, un -
4. If she's tall, I
1. on - ly be, Fe - male sex, and she's for me; I can love her, fair or brown,
2. be she gay, Haunting church or haunting play; I her pi - e - ty ad - mire,
3. gen-'rous 'twould be Not to love as well as she; If she's coy 'twould un - just prove,
4. like her mien, Stalk-ing no - bly like a queen; If a lit - tle ti - ny thing,
1. Of the coun-try or the town. I can love her, rich or poor, All her wealth or
2. Or her brisk co - quet-ting fire: I an e - qual flame can find, For the coy or
3. So much vir - tue not to love. If she's fic - kle, so am I, Each will have their
4. Fai-ry frisk-ing in a ring. Let my fair one on - ly be, Fe - male sex, and
1. charms a - dore, I can love her, rich or poor, All her wealth or charms a - dore!
2. wil - ling kind, I an e - qual flame can find, For the coy or will - ing kind.
3. lib - er - ty, If she's fic - kle, so am I, Each will have their li - ber - ty.
4. she's for me, Let my fair one on - ly be, Fe - male sex, and she's for me.

Appears in *Vocal Music; or, The Songster's Companion*, 1775, without author's or composer's name. It is evidently a composition of the period.

The Bay of Biscay.

ANDREW CHERRY.

J. DAVY.


Moderato.
mf
mf
mf
1. Loud roared the dread - ful
2. Now dashed up - on the
3. Her yield - ing tim - bers
1. thun - der, The rain a de - luge showers, The clouds were rent a - sun - der By
2. bil - lows, Her op'-ning tim - bers creak, Each fears a wa - t'ry pil - low, None
3. sev - er, Her pitch - y seams are rent, When heav'n, all boun-teous ev - er, Its
1. lightning's vi - vid pow'rs. The night was drear and dark, Our poor de - vo - ted
2. stops the dreadful leak. To cling to slip - p'ry shrouds Each breathless sea - man
3. boundless mer - cy sent. A sail in sight ap - pears, We hail her with three
1. bark, Till next day, there she lay, In the Bay of Bis - cay, O.
2. crowds, As she lay till next day In the Bay of Bis - cay, O.
3. cheers, Now we sail with the gale From the Bay of Bis - cay, O.

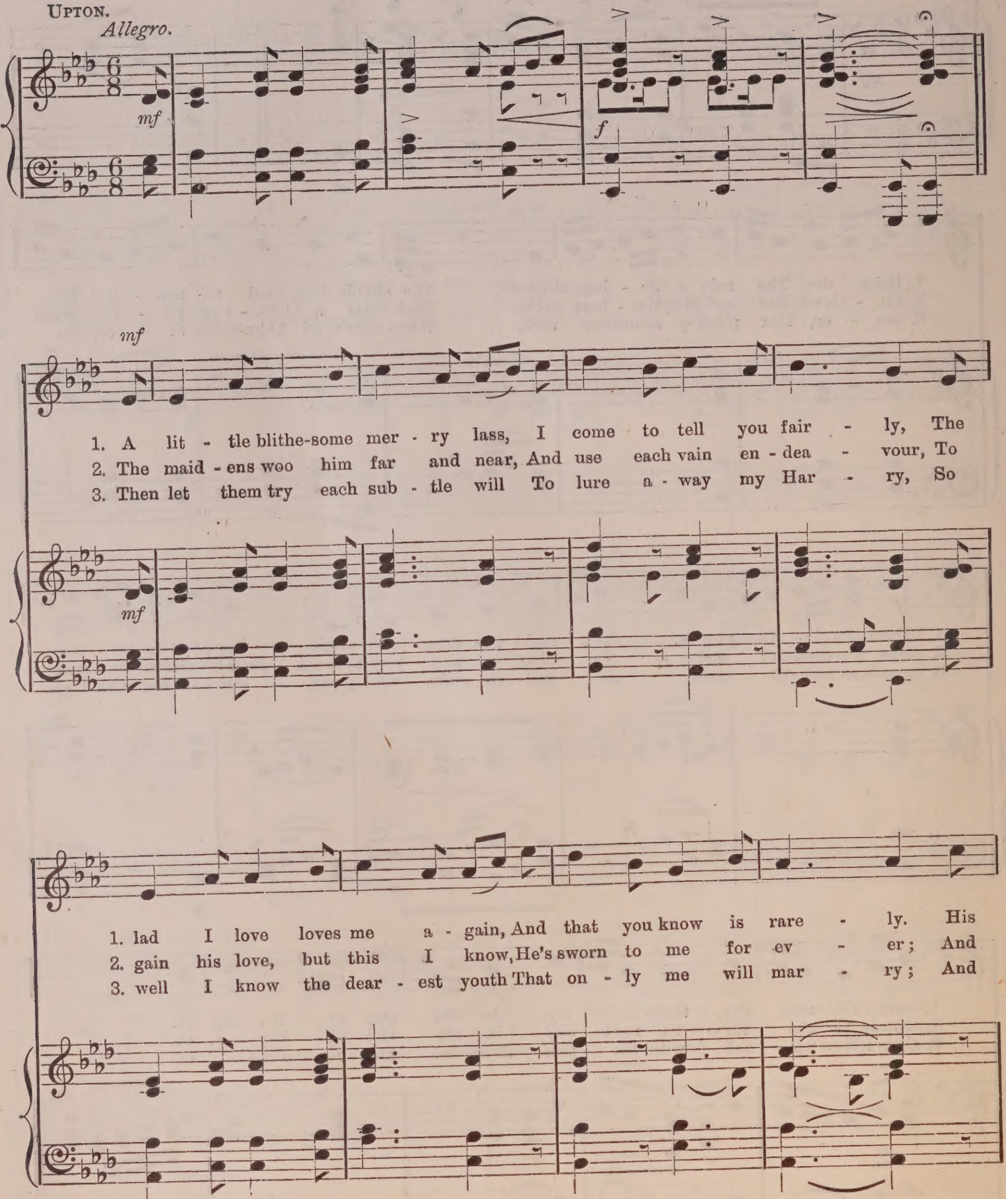
For note to this song see Appendix.

x

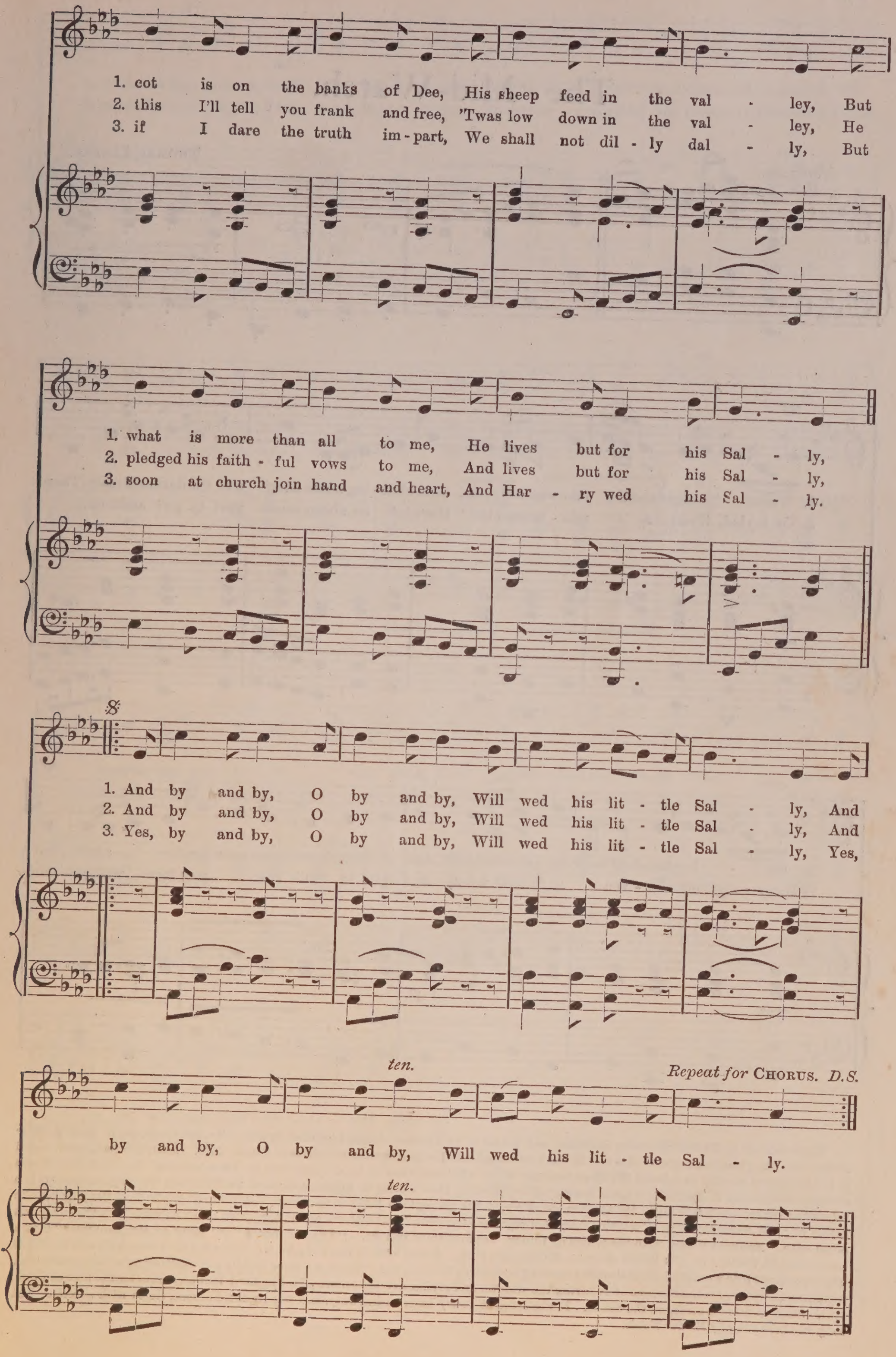
By and By.

UPTON.

JAMES HOOK.

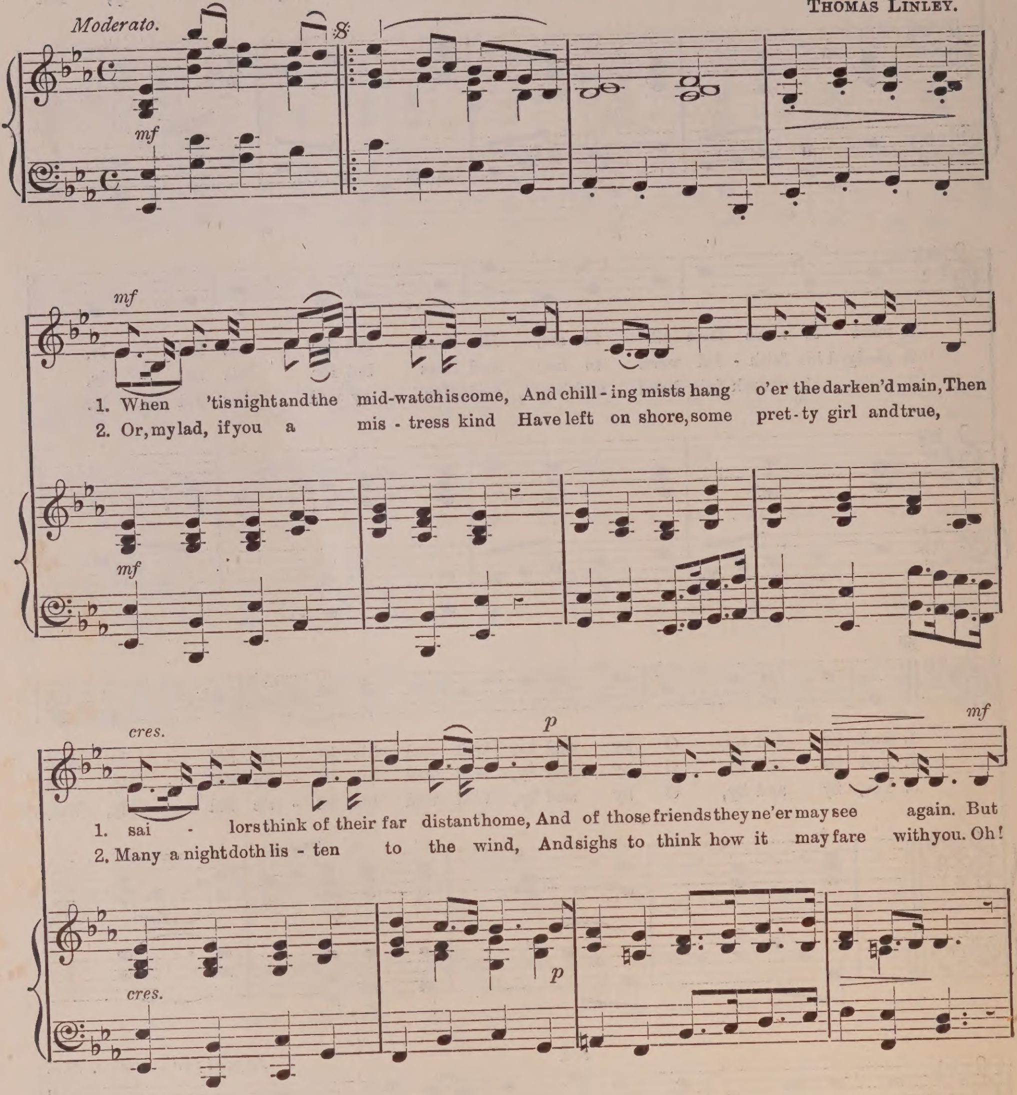

Allegro.
mf
f
mf
mf
1. A little blithesome merry lass, I come to tell you fairly, The
2. The maidens woo him far and near, And use each vain endeavour, To
3. Then let them try each subtle will To lure away my Harry, So
1. lad I love loves me again, And that you know is rarely. His
2. gain his love, but this I know, He's sworn to me for ever; And
3. well I know the dearest youth That only me will marry; And

Another of James Hook's Vauxhall songs sung at the Gardens in the season of 1803 by Mrs. Franklin. The words are by Upton, and the song was published by Joseph Dale in Hook's *Collection of Vauxhall Songs for 1803.*

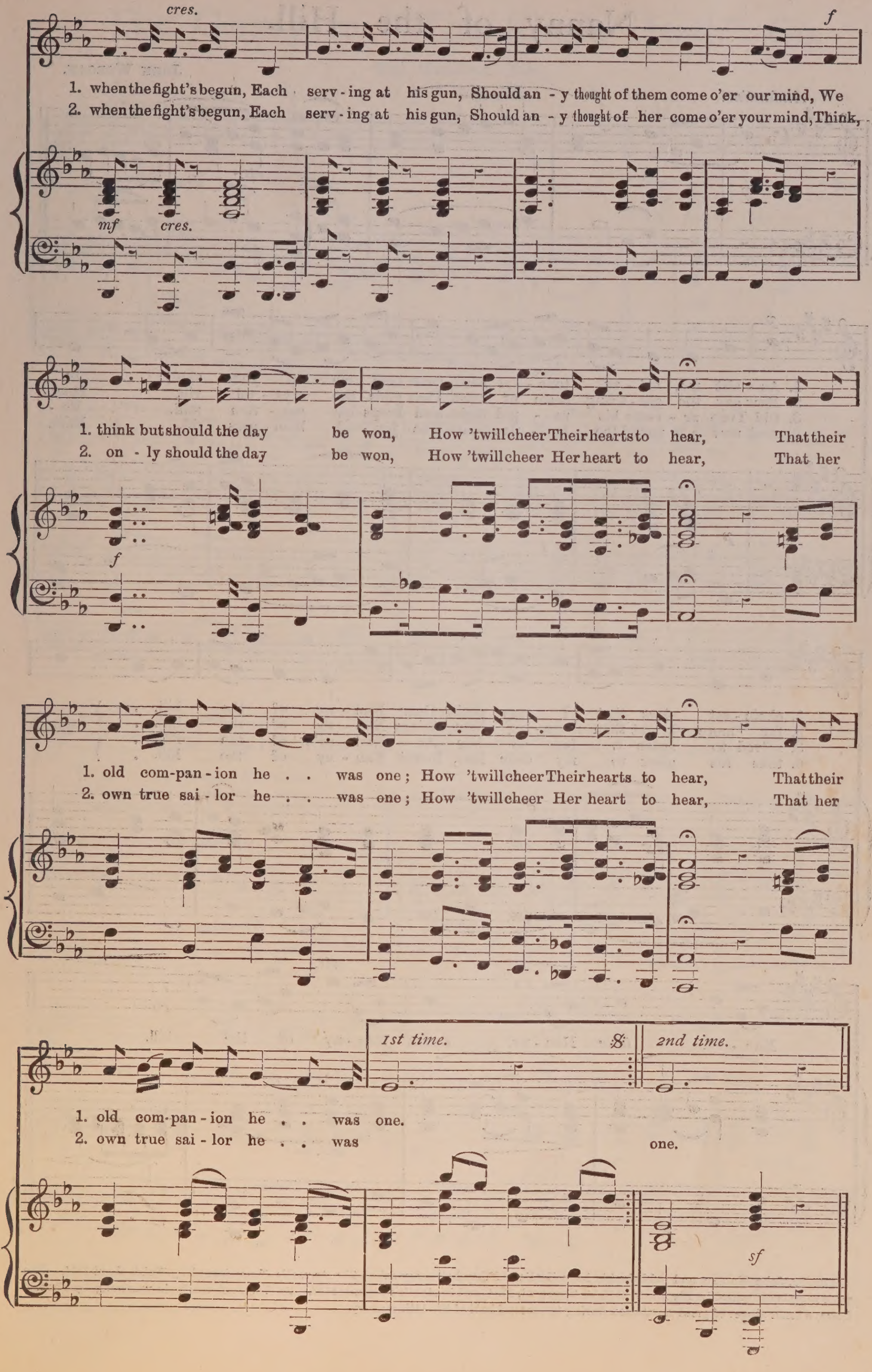

1. cot is on the banks of Dee, His sheep feed in the val - ley, But
2. this I'll tell you frank and free, 'Twas low down in the val - ley, He
3. if I dare the truth im-part, We shall not dil - ly dal - ly, But
1. what is more than all to me, He lives but for his Sal - ly,
2. pledged his faith - ful vows to me, And lives but for his Sal - ly,
3. soon at church join hand and heart, And Har - ry wed his Sal - ly.
1. And by and by, O by and by, Will wed his lit - tle Sal - ly, And
2. And by and by, O by and by, Will wed his lit - tle Sal - ly, And
3. Yes, by and by, O by and by, Will wed his lit - tle Sal - ly, Yes,
ten.
Repeat for Chorus. D.S.
by and by, O by and by, Will wed his lit - tle Sal - ly.
ten.

The Mid-Watch.

THOMAS LINLEY.

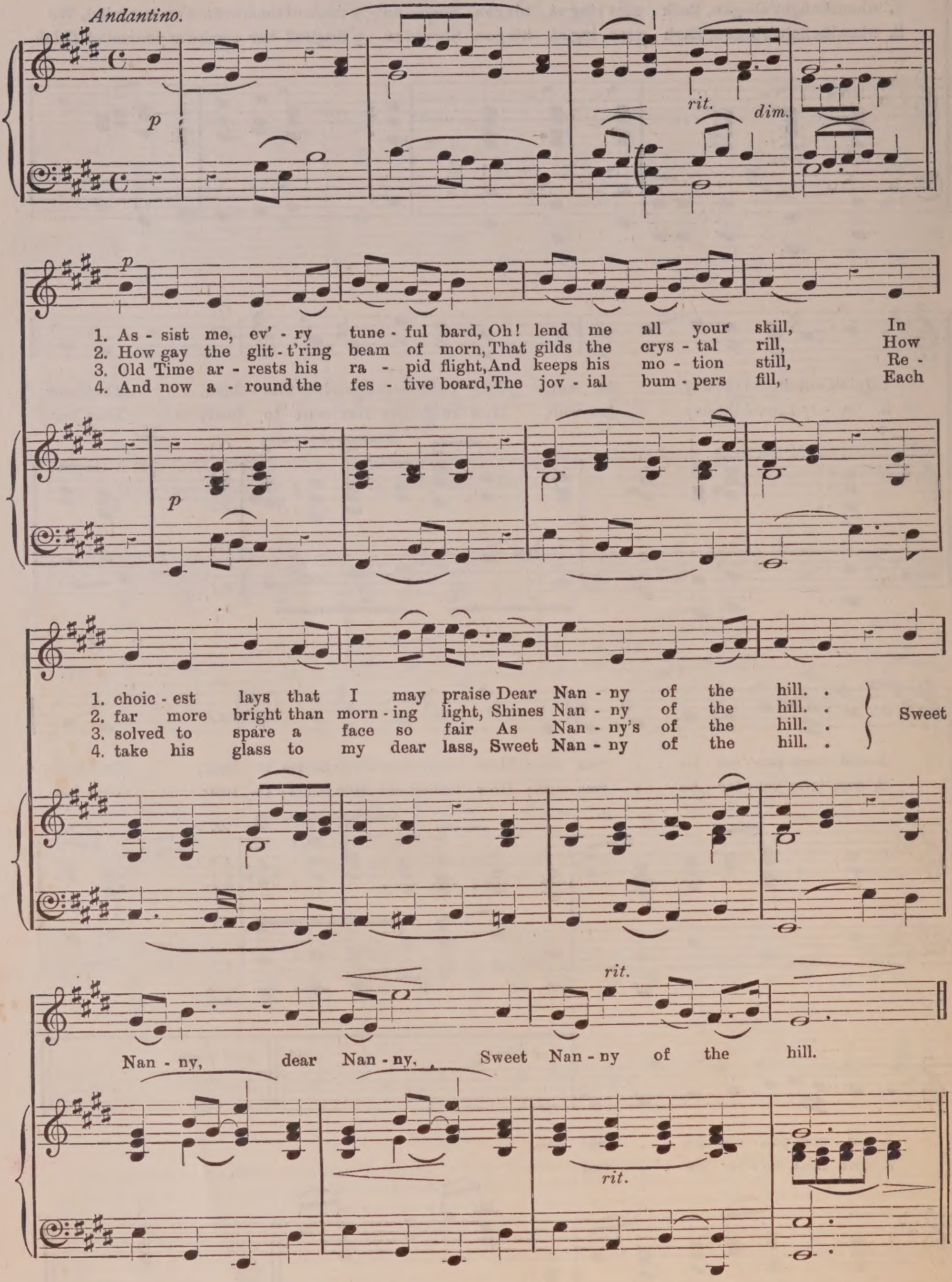

Moderato.
mf
mf
1. When 'tis night and the mid-watch is come, And chill - ing mists hang o'er the darken'd main, Then
2. Or, my lad, if you a mis - tress kind Have left on shore, some pret - ty girl and true,
mf
cres.
p
mf
1. sai - lors think of their far distant home, And of those friends they ne'er may see again. But
2. Many a night doth lis - ten to the wind, And sighs to think how it may fare with you. Oh!
cres.
p

The words are by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and the air is by Thomas Linley, his father-in-law. Mr. Baring-Gould in *English Minstrelsie*, vol. iii., gives this account of it:—"It was introduced into his pantomime of *Robinson Crusoe*, 1800. Sheridan happened to call in at the theatre one day and found the stage manager at his wits' end what to do, as there was no time between the conclusion of one scene for the setting of another. It was suggested to Sheridan that a song if introduced there might afford the stage carpenters the requisite time for scene shifting. He at once sat down at the prompter's table on the stage, and wrote on the back of the play-bill the ballad of 'The Midnight Watch,' which Linley thereupon set to music." The above account may be quite correct, with the exception of the date. *Robinson Crusoe*, with the music by Linley, was first acted in 1781. "The Mid-Watch" as "sung by Mr. Bannister" is in a song book, *St. Cecilia; or, The British Songster*, Edinburgh, 1782. About 1790 it was sung by Mr. Arrowsmith at Vauxhall, and in 1794 it was introduced into a musical entertainment named *The Glorious First of June*. This was a piece rapidly put together by several gentlemen, including Sheridan, for the purpose of relieving the widows and orphans of the sailors killed in Lord Howe's action on the first of June, 1794. Stephen Storace arranged the music. It was acted at Drury Lane on 2nd July, and was repeated several times with success. The song was here sung by Master Walsh.


cres.
f
1. when the fight's begun, Each serv - ing at his gun, Should an - y thought of them come o'er our mind, We
2. when the fight's begun, Each serv - ing at his gun, Should an - y thought of her come o'er your mind, Think,
mf
cres.
1. think but should the day be won, How 'twill cheer Their hearts to hear, That their
2. on - ly should the day be won, How 'twill cheer Her heart to hear, That her
f
1. old com-pan - ion he . . was one; How 'twill cheer Their hearts to hear, That their
2. own true sai - lor he . . was one; How 'twill cheer Her heart to hear, That her
1st time.
2nd time.
1. old com-pan - ion he . . was one.
2. own true sai - lor he . . was one.
sf
]

Nanny of the Hill.

JOHN WORGAN.

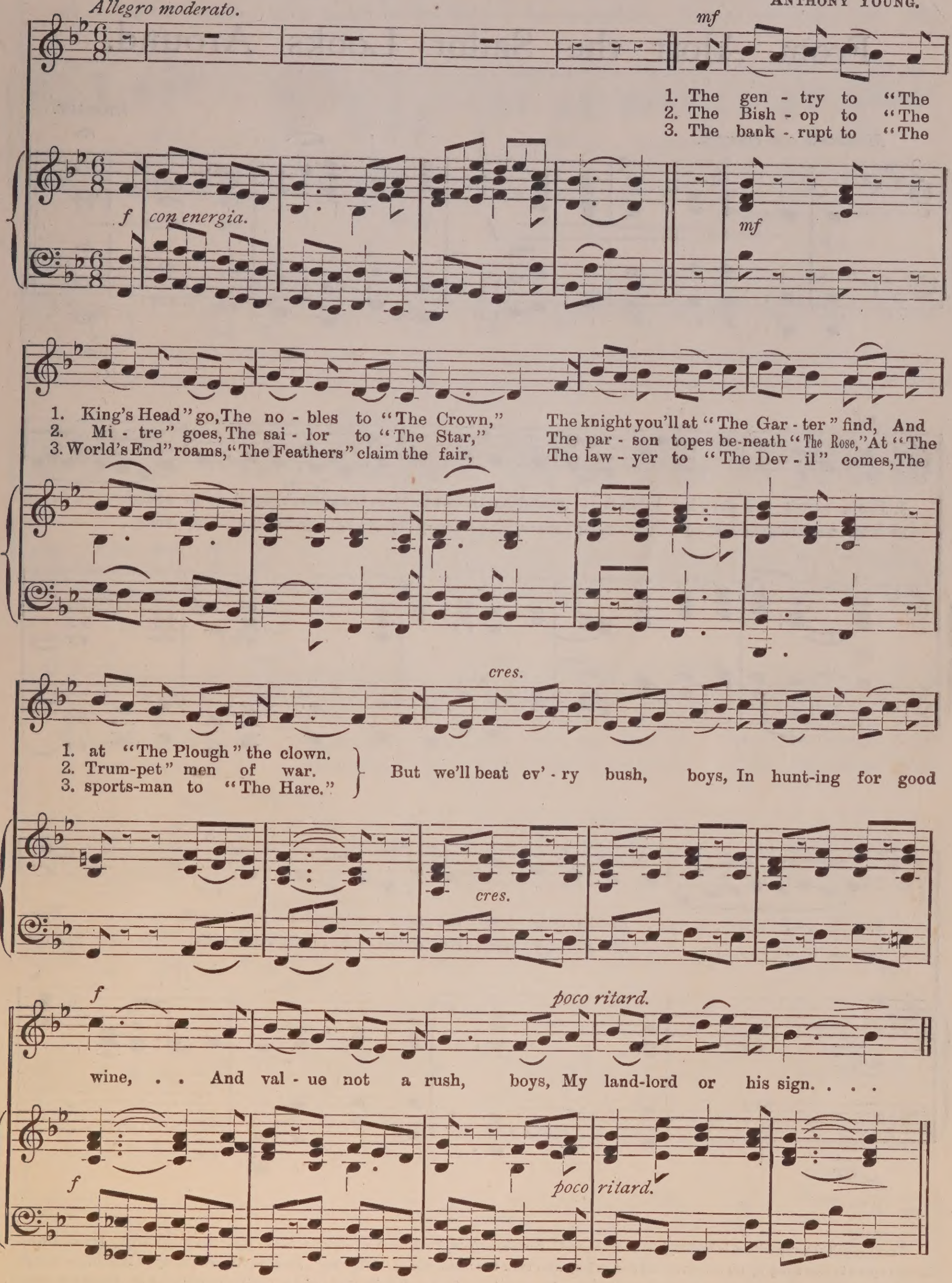

Andantino.
p
rit.
dim.
p
p
1. As - sist me, ev' - ry tune - ful bard, Oh! lend me all your skill, In
2. How gay the glit - t'ring beam of morn, That gilds the crys - tal rill, How
3. Old Time ar - rests his ra - pid flight, And keeps his mo - tion still, Re -
4. And now a - round the fes - tive board, The jov - ial bum - pers fill, Each
1. choic - est lays that I may praise Dear Nan - ny of the hill. .
2. far more bright than morn - ing light, Shines Nan - ny of the hill. .
3. solved to spare a face so fair As Nan - ny's of the hill. .
4. take his glass to my dear lass, Sweet Nan - ny of the hill. .
Sweet
rit.
Nan - ny, dear Nan - ny, Sweet Nan - ny of the hill.
rit.

By Dr. John Worgan, and published in his collection of Vauxhall songs called *The Agreeable Choice*, issued by Walsh about 1750. The same song is contained in *The Muses' Delight*, Liverpool, 1754, and in *Apollo's Cabinet*, 1757. At Vauxhall the lyric was sung by Thomas Lowe, a tenor singer of great reputation during the second half of the 18th century.

The Gentry to "The King's Head" Go.

The Taverns' Song.

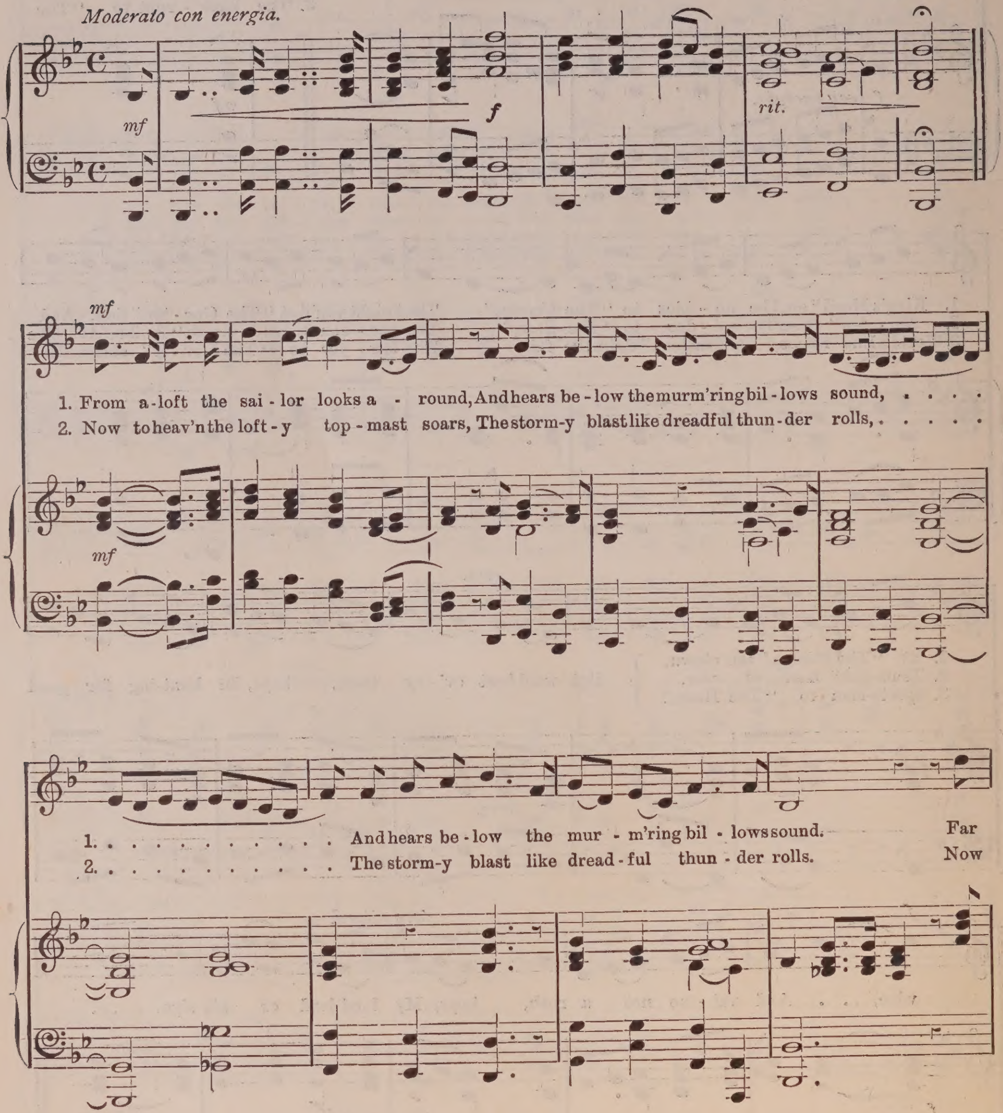
ANTHONY YOUNG.


Allegro moderato.
mf
1. The gen - try to "The King's Head" go, The no - bles to "The Crown," The knight you'll at "The Gar - ter" find, And at "The Plough" the clown.
2. The Bish - op to "The Mi - tre" goes, The sai - lor to "The Star," The par - son topes be-neath "The Rose," At "The Trum-pet" men of war.
3. The bank - rupt to "The World's End" roams, "The Feathers" claim the fair, The law - yer to "The Dev - il" comes, The sports-man to "The Hare."
But we'll beat ev' - ry bush, boys, In hunt-ing for good wine, . . And val - ue not a rush, boys, My land-lord or his sign. . . .
f
con energia.
mf
cres.
cres.
f
f
poco ritard.
poco ritard.

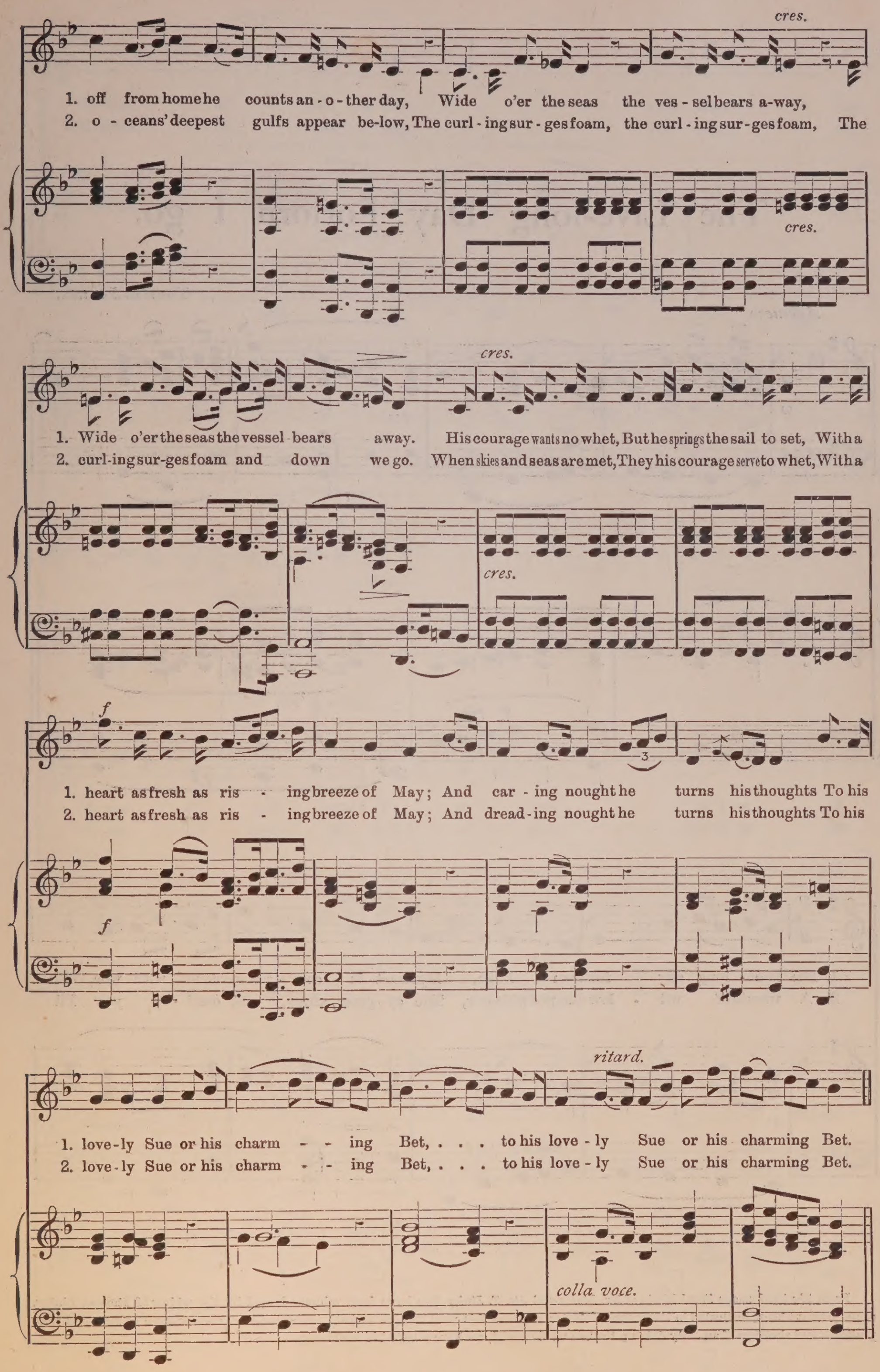
A quaint song with a play upon the names of the old inn signs. I know of no other early copy than the one which appears in Walsh's *British Musical Miscellany*, vol. iv., 1734. It is there said to be "set by Mr. Young," really Anthony Young, a musician of good standing whose daughter, Isabella, became famous as a vocalist, and who married Dr. Arne.

From Aloft the Sailor Looks Around.

STORACE.

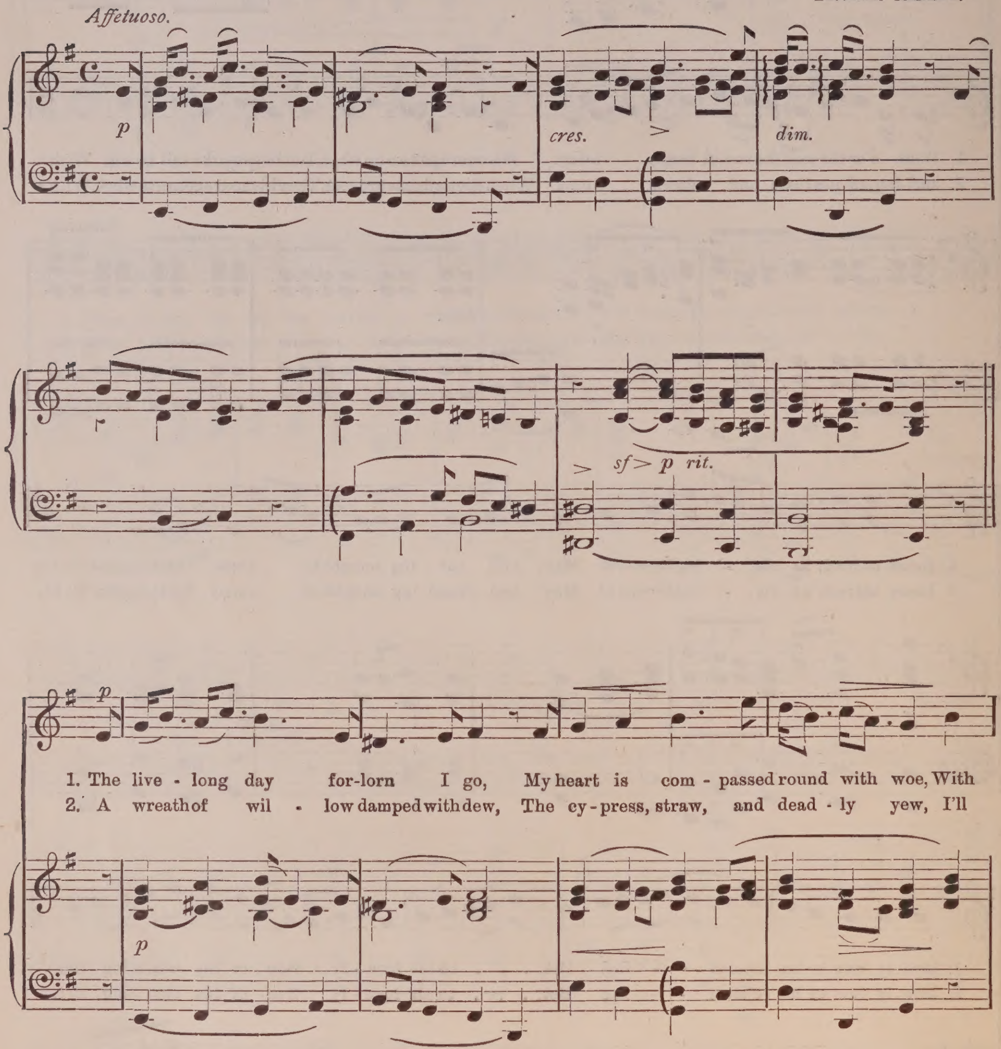

Moderato con energia.
mf
f
rit.
mf
1. From a-loft the sai-lor looks a - round, And hears be-low the murm'ring bil-lows sound, ...
2. Now to heav'n the loft-y top-mast soars, The storm-y blast like dreadful thun-der rolls, ...
mf
1. . . . . And hears be-low the mur - m'ring bil - lows sound. Far
2. . . . . The storm-y blast like dread-ful thun - der rolls. Now

This beautiful composition is by Stephen Storace, and is from his opera, *No Song, No Supper*, acted in 1790; the words are by Prince Hoare. In the opera it was sung by an actor named Sedgwick, who took the character of "William." Storace, though partly of Italian parentage, may be well claimed as among our English musicians. He was born in London in 1763, of an Italian father and an English mother. Though but short-lived (he died in 1796), he enriched English music with much excellent work, and is mostly remembered by the pieces from his operas. The most famous of these are: *Haunted Tower*, 1789, *No Song, No Supper*, 1790, *Siege of Belgrade*, 1791, *The Pirates*, 1792, *The Prize*, 1793, *The Cherokee*, 1794, *Iron Chest*, 1796, etc. His sister, Anna Selina Storace, was a soprano singer of great ability and fame.

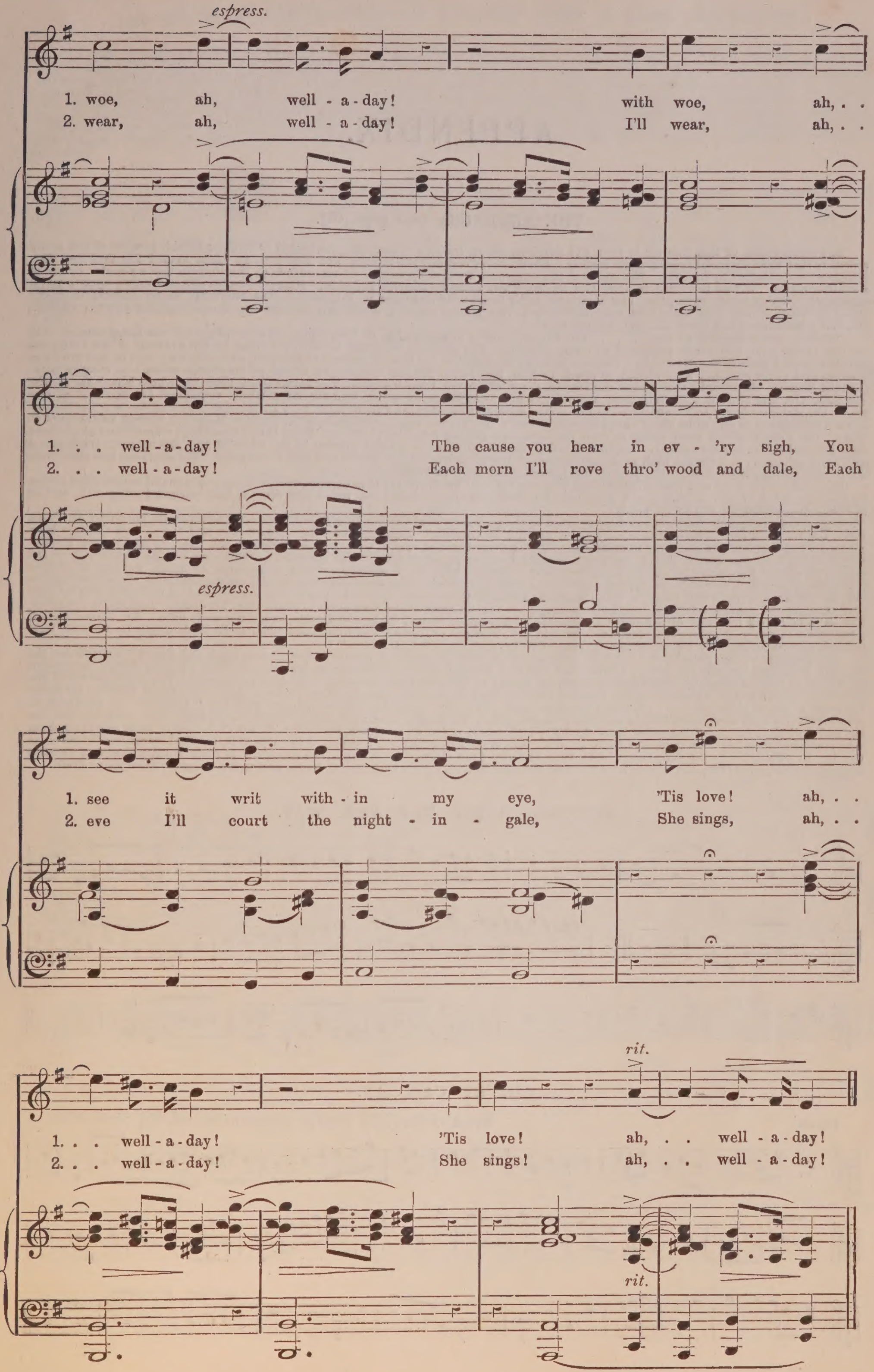

cres.
1. off from home he counts an-o-ther day, Wide o'er the seas the ves-sel bears a-way,
2. o-ceans' deepest gulfs appear be-low, The curl-ing sur-ges foam, the curl-ing sur-ges foam, The
cres.
cres.
1. Wide o'er the seas the vessel bears away. His courage wants no whet, But he springs the sail to set, With a
2. curl-ing sur-ges foam and down we go. When skies and seas are met, They his courage serve to whet, With a
cres.
f
1. heart as fresh as ris-ing breeze of May; And car-ing nought he turns his thoughts To his
2. heart as fresh as ris-ing breeze of May; And dread-ing nought he turns his thoughts To his
f
3
ritard.
1. love-ly Sue or his charm-ing Bet, . . . to his love-ly Sue or his charming Bet.
2. love-ly Sue or his charm-ing Bet, . . . to his love-ly Sue or his charming Bet.
colla voce.

The Live-long Day Forlorn I go.

THOMAS LINLEY.


Affetuoso.
p
cres.
dim.
sf
p
rit.
p
1. The live - long day for-lorn I go, My heart is com - passed round with woe, With
2. A wreath of wil - low damped with dew, The cy - press, straw, and dead - ly yew, I'll
p

From *The Posthumous Vocal Works of Mr. Linley and Mr. T. Linley*, two large folio volumes issued by the widow of Thomas Linley, senior, about 1796-8, dedicated to the Prince of Wales. From this work, which probably consists in a great measure of scattered compositions and sketches of an early date up to then unpublished, we have selected several songs.


espress.
1. woe, ah, well - a - day! with woe, ah, . .
2. wear, ah, well - a - day! I'll wear, ah, . .
1. . . well - a - day! The cause you hear in ev - 'ry sigh, You
2. . . well - a - day! Each morn I'll rove thro' wood and dale, Each
espress.
1. see it writ with - in my eye, 'Tis love! ah, . .
2. eve I'll court the night - in - gale, She sings, ah, . .
rit.
1. . . well - a - day! 'Tis love! ah, . . well - a - day!
2. . . well - a - day! She sings! ah, . . well - a - day!
rit.

APPENDIX.

THE ARETHUSA (see page 66).

The composition of this fine air is even yet persistently, in modern collections, attributed to William Shield, in spite of the many accounts that have appeared regarding its history. Shield never claimed the melody, but used it in an opera named *The Lock and Key*, composed and selected by himself. The words of the song were written by Prince Hoare, author of the libretto and a popular writer of such-like pieces. It was produced in 1796, and the song was sung by Charles Incledon. Hoare wrote his spirited words upon a naval engagement which really took place, and which he fairly accurately describes in the verses. The following, being Admiral Keppel's dispatch, dated at sea June 20th, 1778, records briefly a very plucky act of a single ship against one of much greater power. Captain Marshal commanded the *Arethusa*, and Keppel says:—

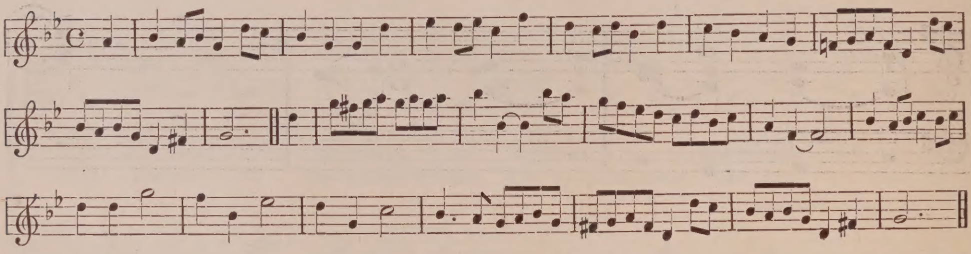
"Before noon yesterday we saw . . . the *Valiant* with a crippled ship in tow, which we soon perceived was the *Arethusa*, with her main mast gone and much shattered in other respects. The *Arethusa* had come up with her chase on the evening of the 17th; she proved a large frigate (the *Belle Poule*). Captain Marshal requested of the French captain to bring-to, and informed him he had orders to conduct him to his admiral, who wished to speak to him, but which request the French officer peremptorily refused to comply with. Captain Marshal then fired a shot across the frigate, upon which the French captain instantaneously fired her whole broadside on the *Arethusa*, who was at that time very close alongside, which brought on an action on both sides, which continued for upwards of two hours, the *Arethusa* being much shattered in her masts, sails, and riggings, and there being very little wind to govern her she was thrown in such a situation as not to be able to get her head towards the French ship, notwithstanding Captain Marshal's utmost endeavours to do so. The French ship's head being in with the land, and getting her foresail set, she stood into a small bay, where boats at daylight came out and towed her into safety. Captain Marshal appears to have conducted himself in the whole of this matter with the greatest spirit and gallantry, and speaks with great satisfaction of the behaviour of his officers and ship's company. The *Arethusa* had eight men killed and thirty-six wounded; the loss of the French must be considerable."

So much for the song and the gallant sea fight it deals with. O'Keeffe, in his *Recollections*, speaks of the engagement as described to him by the lieutenant of the *Arethusa*, and tells how he himself went on board the vessel just after it had reached Portsmouth, and of the gruesome sights he beheld on board.

Regarding the melody itself, it was first ascribed to the composition of Carolan in *O'Farrell's Pocket Companion for the Irish; or, Union Pipes*, vol. iv., *circa* 1810, where it is simply given as "Air by Carolan." Bunting and others follow this, and it was said to have been composed in honour of the daughter of Macdermott Roe, a descendant of one of the kings of Ireland; the title, "The Princess Royal," by which the tune was known in the eighteenth century, was supposed to favour this statement Whatever be the nationality of the melody, it cannot be settled by such a vague tradition. Carolan, who was a musician over a wide range of music, perhaps may have played it in the lady's honour as an appropriately named air, and possibly may have enriched it with extemporaneous variations; but as Carolan could not write down music or affix his name to compositions (being blind), and as he was accustomed to embellish airs by such performances, we cannot accept as conclusive a simple statement made more than seventy years after his death. Besides, the melody, fine as it is, is not included in a professed collection of his music, issued by Lee of Dublin, at a fairly early date. Mr. Alfred Moffat, collaborator in the present work, includes this tune in his *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, and founds his belief in its Irish origin on its structural features and resemblance in character to a supposed Carolan melody, "Abigail Judge."

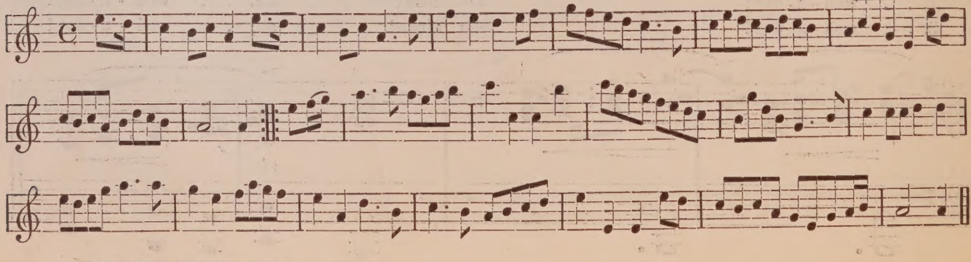
The present writer claimed it—and still does so—as English in one of a series, "New Lights upon Old Tunes," written for the *Musical Times* (see October 1st, 1894). He pointed out that about 1727-1730 there was an air named, "The Princess Royal," composed, no doubt, in honour of Sophia Dorothea, daughter of George I., and that this gave place to another air, named "The Princess Royal the New Way," published in Walsh's *Compleat Country Dancing Master*, *circa* 1730, and as "New Princess Royal" in Daniel Wright's *Compleat Collection of Country Dances*, vol. i , of about the same date. This air is practically note for note with the "Arethusa" as we know it. About 1735 the tune is repeated merely as "The Princess Royal" in Daniel Wright's *Compleat Tutor for ye Flute*, thus showing that the air had entirely superseded the older one. In 1787, M'Glashan, a Scotch musician, revived it in his *Collection of Scots Measures*, from whence Shield probably took it for *The Lock and Key*. Neil Gow also published a copy. After this it is, for the first time, attributed to Carolan in *O'Farrell's Pocket Companion*. The tune has also been claimed as Welsh. The following is from Walsh's *Compleat Country Dancing Master*, *circa* 1730, and is note for note with the copy in D. Wright's *Collection of Dances* and in his *Compleat Tutor for ye Flute*.

PRINCESS ROYAL THE NEW WAY.



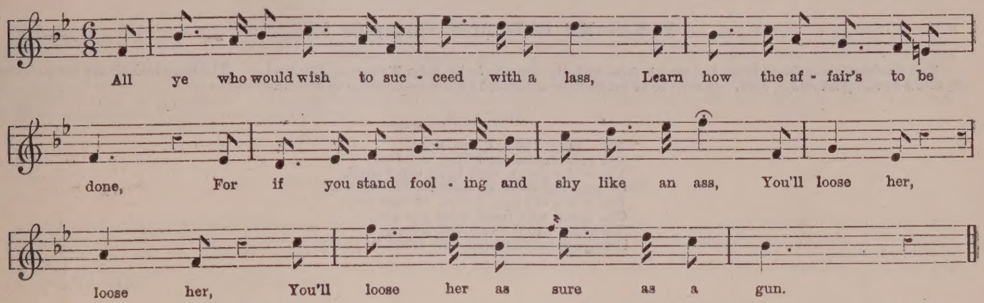
AIR BY CAROLAN.

IRISH. From *O'Farrell's Pocket Companion*, vol. iv., *circa* 1810.



ALL YE WHO WOULD WISH TO SUCCEED WITH A LASS (See page 96).

The copy of the song which we adopt is printed in *The Lady's Magazine*, January 1761, with the statement that the composition was "sung by Mrs. Vernon in the new entertainment," *Thomas and Sally*. It is curious to note that in all copies of *Thomas and Sally*, including the first edition issued by Dr. Arne, and dated 1761, the verses are set to a different air. Probably the *Lady's Magazine* setting was used at the first representation of the opera, but, for some reason, was discarded before the publication of the work. Mrs. Vernon took the part of Dorcas, who sings the song, "All ye who would wish"; she was succeeded in this character by Miss Poitier. Dr. Arne's dramatic pastoral, *Thomas and Sally; or, the Sailor's Return*, was first acted in London at Covent Garden in 1760. and not, as so frequently stated, in Dublin in 1742. The piece was written by Isaac Bickerstaffe, the writer of several other successful and similar operas. The following is a copy of the melody from the printed opera. It may be mentioned that another 18th century song bears the title, "As sure as a gun."


All ye who would wish to suc - ceed with a lass, Learn how the af - fair's to be
done, For if you stand fool - ing and shy like an ass, You'll loose her,
loose her, You'll loose her as sure as a gun.

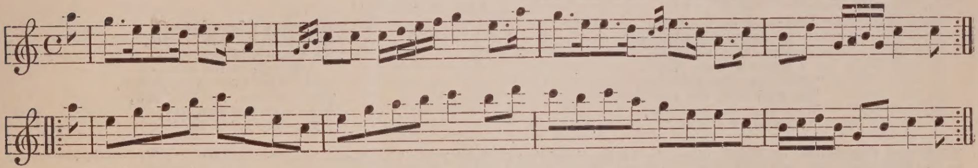
THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME (See page 104).

Original printed copies of the air appear under the title, "Brighton Camp," and these not before the early years of the 19th century. One occurs in *The Gentleman's Amusement*, Book iii., an oblong volume for the flute, published by J. Balls, London, about 1810. In a manuscript, *circa* 1815, in the writer's library, the air without words bears its better known name. The earliest copy of the words known to the writer is in a manuscript collection of songs bearing the date 1797, and apparently written down about that year. These songs are from different sources; this volume is also in his possession. The late William Chappell speaks of a manuscript then in Rimbault's hands about the date 1770, but the whereabouts of this is now not known. Chappell fixes the date of the song as 1758. In 1812 an altered version of the words appears in Bell's *Rhymes of Northern Bards*. Thomas Moore uses the tune in Book vii. of his *Irish Melodies*, 1818, to words beginning, "As slow our ship," and this is the first printed attribution of it as an Irish tune. Edward Bunting in 1840 includes it in his *Ancient Music of Ireland*, and tells us that he got it "from A. O'Neil, harper, A.D. 1800, author and date unknown." Since this time it has been printed in many Irish collections. So far definite facts. Chappell in his *Popular Music* stoutly denies that the air is Irish, and quotes opinions in his favour from Bunting himself, from J. A. Wade, and from other Irish authorities. Mr. Alfred Moffat, collaborator in the present work, considers the melody to be Irish, as he finds much in its construction to favour that view. A correspondent points out a similarity in the opening bars to "Jock o' Hazeldean," but fails to see Irish characteristics. The present writer certainly does not think that the Irish characteristics are too plainly manifested, and that they are by no means conclusive. Whatever its origin the air has evidently been a traditional one with rude verses adapted to it, probably more about the year 1778 than 1758, for at the former date a camp was formed at Coxheath, near Maidstone, and in other parts near the south coast, for defence against a threatened French invasion.

To bring out the full beauty of the air, which is great, it should be sung or played in moderate *tempo*, not as a quick march. The earliest printed version known to the writer, also his manuscript copy, *circa* 1815, are appended:—

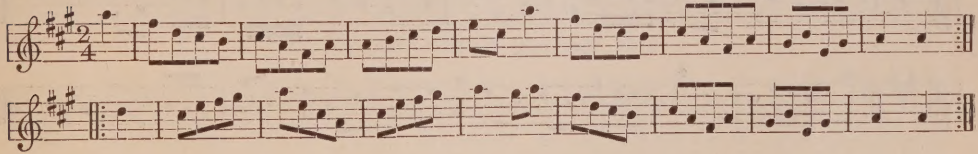
BRIGHTON CAMP.

From the *Gentleman's Amusement, circa* 1810.



THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

From a Manuscript Book, *circa* 1815.



KITTY FELL (See page 114).

One of the numerous songs which chant the beauties of some famous toast. We give two other examples of the kind, "Peggy Wynne" and "Nancy Gay." Many additional ones might be named. Kitty Fell, the lady, must have been a beauty of no ordinary kind, for there are at least two songs which sing her charms. One by John Cunningham commences:—

> "The courtly bard in verse sublime,
> May praise the toasted belle;
> A country maid (in careless rhyme),
> I sing my Kitty Fell." Etc.,

and the other we give in the body of the work. The latter is taken from *A Favourite Collection of English Songs sung by Mr. Beard, Miss Young, etc., at Ranelagh Gardens, 1757.* All the pieces in the book are marked as by Dr. Arne, except "Kitty Fell," which is anonymous. The air is also found in other collections, and the words alone are in *The Nightingale*, 1776, *The Bullfinch*, 1780, and other song books.

NED THAT DIED AT SEA (See page 156).

A song written and composed by Charles Dibdin, who sang it in a short table entertainment called, *Christmas Gambols*, performed on the 28th December, 1795. It was in these table entertainments that Dibdin first produced some of his most famous sea songs. Poor Dibdin had resolved to seek better fortune in India, and accordingly in 1788, embarked and set sail. Fortunately for himself, and certainly for the cause of English song, the vessel by stress of a gale put into Torbay, and Dibdin, repenting of his rash resolve, left the ship, and abandoned his intention. He commenced a series of musical lectures at the town of landing, continued in different country towns, until drifting back to London, he thought of the happy idea of a monologue entertainment, the dialogue, songs, and music to be written, composed, spoken, and sung by himself. *The Oddities*, in 1789, was the first venture, and here, "Tom Bowling," "The Greenwich Pensioner," and some other songs, made his plan a great success.

PLEASANT OLD AGE (See page 157).

The words are translated from Anacreon's *Odes*, and the melody is by John Wynne of Cambridge. The song and air are taken from Wynne's *Ten English Songs*, 1754. It may be of interest to compare Fawkes' translation of the same ode :—

ODE XLVII.

"Yes! yes! I own I love to see
Old men facetious, blithe and free;
I love the youth that light can bound,
Or graceful swim th' harmonious round.
But when old age, jocose, though grey,
Can dance and frolic with the gay,
'Tis plain to all the jovial throng,
Though hoar the head, the heart is young."

ON THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER (See page 176).

The Allan Water commemorated in the song is probably the stream which flows under the Bridge of Allan, near Stirling, and in close proximity to the bridge stands or stood a water mill which those interested may conjecture to have been the home of the unfortunate miller's daughter. The words are from the pen of Matthew Gregory Lewis, the friend of Sir Walter Scott. The air in all probability is by a lady amateur, put into musical form by C. E. Horn. The tune with the song was first published by James Power about the year 1815, on a music sheet which bears the following statement :—"The words by M. G. Lewis, Esq., composed by Lady ———." In one of Power's collections for the flute, the lady's name is more fully hinted at as "Lady C. S." Who this mysterious lady of title was it is now difficult to guess. She or Horn has succeeded in producing an excellent piece of pathetic melody, and one which from its vocal qualities has always been a favourite. The Song was sung in Lewis's play, *Rich and Poor*, acted in 1812.

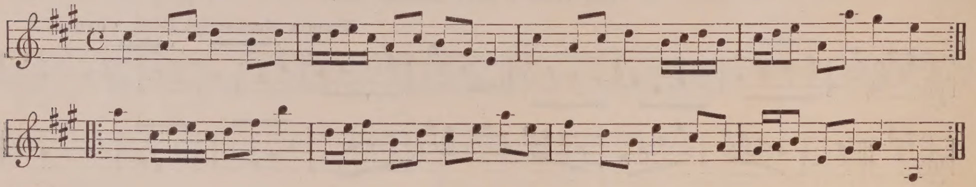
WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW (See page 203).

To Tynesiders, "The Keel Row" is of as much importance as "Auld Lang Syne" is to Scotsmen. There have been hot disputes as to its nationality, for it has been claimed by the Scots and by the Tyneside dwellers, each as their own special property. Without entering into the maze of this discussion, the following facts may be pointed out :—"The Keel Row," under the title, is said to appear in a manuscript book of airs which bears the date 1752. Whether the tune was entered into the book at this date is of course uncertain. As "Well may the Keel Row" the tune is for the first time found in print in *A Collection of favourite Scots Tunes with variations . . . by the late Charles M'Lean and other eminent masters*, printed by N. Stewart, Edinburgh, about 1770-72. Previous to this date the first strains of the tune had become popular by being used in country dances in varied forms and under many different titles. The earliest appears to be "The Yorkshire Lad," published in vol. iv. of John Johnson's *200 Country Dances*, 1748. Tunes nearly identical with the "Keel Row" bear the following titles (and others somewhat similar might be named): "The Dumb Glutton," "The Dumb Waiter," "La Double Entendre" (1759), "Charlie is at Edinburgh," "Shamboy Breeches," "Smiling Polly" (1763), etc. The old verses generally associated with the "Keel Row," are :—

"As I went up Sandgate,
Up Sandgate, up Sandgate,
As I went up Sandgate,
I heard a lassie sing—
'Weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row,
That my lad is in.'

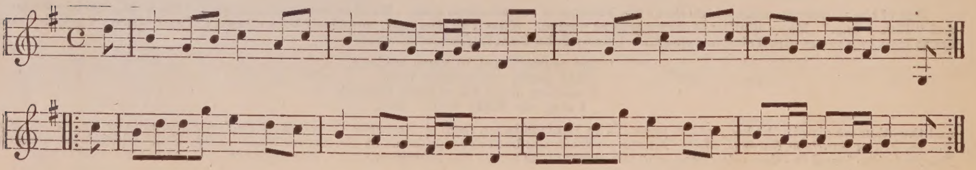
"He wears a blue bonnet,
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet,
A dimple in his chin—
And 'Weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row,
That my lad is in.'"

These were first printed by Joseph Ritson in the *Northumbrian Garland*, 1793. The present song was written by a Newcastle verse maker named Thompson, and was published about 1830. The following is "The Yorkshire Lad," from *Johnson's Dances*, 1748 :—



WELL MAY THE KEEL ROW.

From M'Lean's *Collection*.



AH, WELL-A-DAY! (See page 207.)

The above song is from an engraved half-sheet in date about 1740-5; there is no indication given as to composer of the air. The same words were also, about the middle of the 18th century, sung to a setting by Dr. Maurice Greene, which was included in the *Muse's Delight*, Liverpool, 1754, *Apollo's Cabinet*, Liverpool. 1757, and *Clio and Euterpe*, vol. i., 1758. Greene's setting was sung by Thomas Lowe at Ranelagh. In some editions of *The Bullfinch*, a song book which ran through many editions (1761 to 1780, etc.), the verses are printed without the music, headed, "set by Mr. Howard." Samuel Howard (1710-1782) who composed much vocal music, may or may not be the author of the above melody.

THE MODERN BEAU (See page 213).

The words and music are by Henry Carey, and they occur in his little ballad-farce, *The Honest Yorkshireman*, acted with success at Drury Lane Theatre in 1735. At the original representation the song was sung by an actor named Kelly. It is published in Carey's *Musical Century*, 1740, etc. Henry Carey was one of the cleverest and most versatile men of his kind. Though his musical education was picked up in a very haphazard and unconventional manner, yet his talents in this direction were of a high order, and a great number of his songs (himself author and composer), have enriched English music. As to his lyrical muse, who does not regard "Sally in our Alley" as among the sweetest of our ballads? Carey was born late in the 17th century, and died (some say by his own hand), in 1743. The claim which has been made for him as composer of the air, "God save the King," is fully dealt with in our previous volume.

DOWN IN A VALLEY (See page 258).

A pretty little song which probably suggested one which appeared in Storace's opera, *Mahmound*, acted in 1796. The present lyric was printed in a great number of song collections at the beginning of the 19th century: *The Gentleman's Pocket Companion for the German Flute, circa* 1799; *Gentleman's Vade Mecum, circa* 1805; *The Naval and Convivial Vocal Harmonist*, etc. The song in *Mahmound* differs in words from the one we give. It was sung by Storace's sister in the character of Zelica, and the air used is much like a version of the Irish air, "Savourna Deelish." The opera words run:—

Zelica—Don't you remember a carpet weaver,
Whose daughter lov'd a youth so true?
He promised one day he never would leave her,
Ah! down in the vale where violets grow.
He flattered and vow'd where she sat beside him,
Soft tales telling of love's long ago,
He vow'd to her but can you tell if she her love denied him,
Ah! down in the vale where violets grow.

Never, he told her, he wou'd be a rover,
She fondly thought he told her true,
But how shall the maid her truth discover?
Ah! will he plight his vows anew?
If never, never, her voice deceiv'd him,
Now while telling of love's long ago;
Can he forget the girl who believ'd him,
Down in the vale where violets grow?

THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR (See page 259).

This once popular ballad was written by George Saville Carey (the posthumous son of Henry Carey), and set to music by James Hook. It was probably first sung in public at Vauxhall about 1788-9, and was published at that period by John Preston in sheet form with a rude pictorial heading. The words are included in *The New Whim of the Day for 1790*, and other similar song books. George Saville Carey, the author, wrote songs for Vauxhall, etc., and appears to have been somewhat of a ne'er-do-weel who traded on the reputation of a clever father. He had the extraordinary effrontery to allow to be published a music sheet (by J. Watlen, Edinburgh), with the title, "Sally in our Alley; a favourite song composed and sung by George Saville Carey." The words are his father's, and the air the traditional tune to which they are now always sung; both words and music had been in print twenty or thirty years before G. S. Carey was born. The value of his claim for a pension on the ground that his father composed "God save the King," may be thus estimated.

GAFFER GRAY (See page 281).

The old song, "Gaffer Gray," though bitter and democratic in spirit, is a clever production. It was written by Thomas Holcroft, and is given in his novel, *Hugh Trevor*, a work depicting the vices of the rich and the virtues of the poor. "Gaffer Gray" soon became popular, and in 1797 it is found in *The Vocal Magazine*, a work published in Edinburgh, whose editor disapproving of the sentiments expressed in the song, by a few ingenious touches, made "Gaffer Gray" brought to poverty by dissolute and reckless conduct, after having been helped by the squire, parson, and lawyer. The editor gives as his acknowledgment of the author, "Words, with a few alterations, by Holcroft." The air we print is good and pleasing, but the song has had other musical settings, one being by a composer named Pitman, printed on sheet music by J. Dale. The present melody is always given without composer's name. It is included in *The Yorkshire Musical Miscellany*, Halifax, 1800, and on sheet music issued by George Goulding and by Cahusac about the same date. As Holcroft was somewhat of a musician it is quite possible that he was author of the tune as well as of the words. His career was a varied one. He was born in 1744 of very poor parents, his father being a shoemaker. Getting employment after many wanderings as a stable boy at Newmarket, he ultimately came to Liverpool, where in 1765 he opened a school. Then having a good voice for singing he joined a company of strolling players. In 1777 his literary life began, and he produced a musical farce called *The Crisis*. Many other dramatic productions rapidly followed, among which was *The Road to Ruin*. At the French Revolution in 1792 his sympathies with the cause of liberty led him into very dangerous ground, and he was arrested for high treason, but was dismissed without trial. He died in 1809. Some verses of the song have been omitted for want of space.

THE BAY OF BISCAY (See page 327).

One of our finest specimens of national sea songs. The melody is strong, manly, and full of "body." The song with the air was first sung in a little piece called *Spanish Dollars; or, the Priest of the Parish*, written by Andrew Cherry, with the music by John Davy. It was acted at Covent Garden on 9th May, 1805, for the benefit of Charles Incledon. Incledon frequently afterwards sang the song, which was eminently in his style. There is a tradition that Davy, passing along one night, ran against some drunken negro sailors who were singing an air which he afterwards turned into that for the "Bay of Biscay." How far this is true it would be of course now impossible to tell, but the fact remains that there are several old traditional airs, mostly sea songs, which bear a distinct likeness to the "Bay of Biscay." John Davy was a Devonshire man, born near Exeter in 1763. He studied under Jackson of that city, and became violinist at Covent Garden Theatre. He died in poverty in 1824. Andrew Cherry was author of several operas of the period.

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